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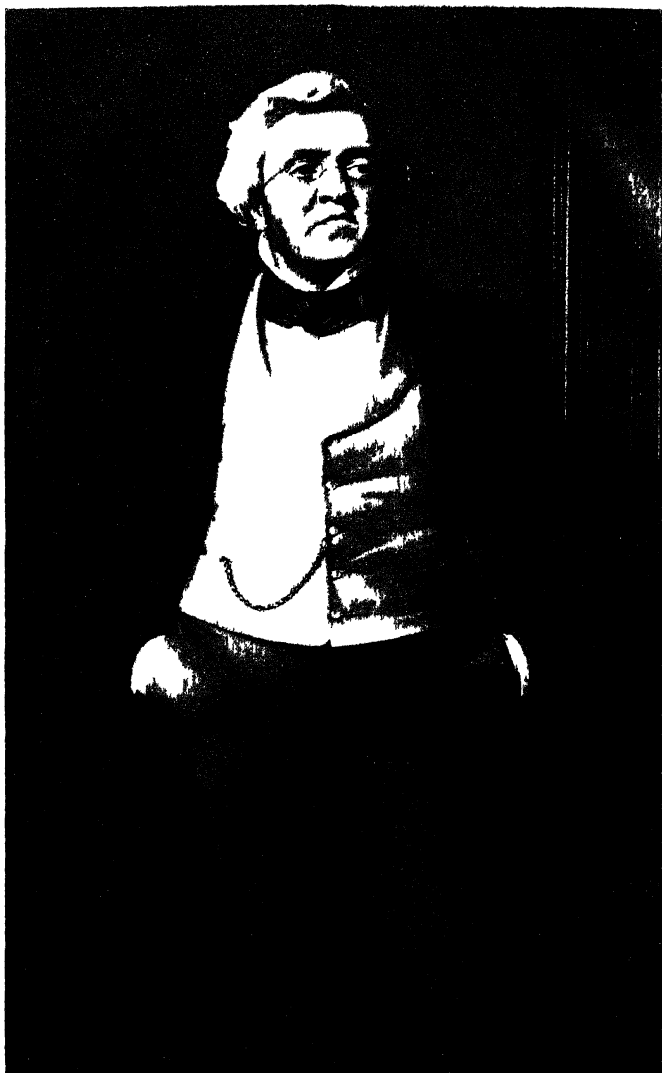
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W M THACKERAY

From a painting by Samuel Laurence in the Reform Club

Ballads

and

Contributions to 'Punch'

1842-1850

By
William Makepeace Thackeray

Edited, with an Introduction, by
George Saintsbury

With 106 Illustrations

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INTRODUCTION

BALLADS, AND CONTRIBUTIONS TO 'PUNCH'

It has sometimes been held that in no single volume of Thackeray's works can his literary quality be better and more completely discerned than in that which contains his work in verse. Here, as elsewhere, he never made the smallest mistake of over-valuation in respect of his performances; here, almost more than elsewhere, he did, not hypocritically but honestly, undervalue them. The very title which he chose for them generally is an evidence of this: for, though 'ballad' is not out of place for the very highest creations of poetry, it also has, and had still more in his time, a belittling sense—a connotation of 'street'-ballad and the like. Most of the things are avowedly burlesque: some of them are almost (though of course intentionally) doggerel.

Yet neither side of the great combination—'thinking in jest: feeling in earnest'—is ever far away: and the shield turns, or, without turning, shows its other side through, with a magical rapidity and illumination. Perhaps he only once worked the process of his poetry out 'in a popular style that the *reader* could well understand'. This is in the 'Willow Song' already once discussed, where, having executed a quite serious and rather beautiful pastiche of Shelley or of Lewis, he proceeds to parody the parody and make the tragedy farcical for the benefit of the meanest apprehension. But the double development, or rather the inconceivably rapid gyration of mood, in the single picture

not ; indeed the idea occurs—and it certainly would not be unlike him—that, not having a copy of *Fraser* at hand, he wrote out the *Sketch Book* version from memory. In either form it runs a little more easily than the directly translated *King of Yvetot* which accompanied the second. Of the other three Béranger versions *Jolly Jack* is, I think, the least good : while the only perfectly serious piece *O Virgin Blest* is very good indeed and (except that the final point is lost) miles above the French as poetry. There is one loose rhyme in it, but Thackeray was always given to licence in this way. It is curious to think of him as a hymn-writer, though *Pendennis* seems clearly to indicate that as a boy he felt the influence of *The Christian Year*, which came out when he was sixteen, and is said to have been partly composed at or near ‘ Baymouth ’. At any rate, the enormous and astoundingly unequal corpus of English hymnology contains ‘ many worse, better few ’ than this.

His first considerable piece of verse—in fact the longest single piece that he ever wrote (unless *Ariadne in Naxos* was longer)—was not a translation : but it was certainly an imitation. The *Ingoldsby Legends*, though not yet collected, had been appearing for some time with great and just popularity, and *The Legend of St. Sophia*, originally called ‘ The Great Cossack Epic of Demetrius Rigmarolovicz ’, which appeared in *Fraser* for December, 1839, is neither more nor less than an Ingoldsby pastiche. It is much the best of such imitations, but with the originals in possession one does not quite see the necessity for it. The later Béranger versions were of 1840 ; the next year saw two of his *opuscula majora* in rhyme, the return to Brentford in the *Testament* of its monarch, and the admirable *Chronicle of the Drum*. It is not the least amusing of literary anecdotes that George Cruikshank, for whom *The King of Brentford’s Testament* was written on regular literary commission, estimated it, and paid

for it, at the rate of one guinea. Perhaps he thought that the omission to rhyme in the odd lines was a mark of carelessness and to be 'considered in the bill'. There is a story, I believe authentic, of a London publisher and editor who, in the days of the popularity of rondeaux, triolets and ballades, insisted on deducting for the refrains. The thing is curiously perfect with a very minimum of apparatus: the sober sarcastic 'underhum' of the verse being achieved by sheer mastery of style and rhythm exactly suiting the drift. But in range and scale it of course comes short of the *Chronicle*—one of the very greatest things in serio-comic verse-literature, no matter what the age or what the language. It is curious that *here* Thackeray's anti-militarism, while giving the motive of the piece, is so kept in hand by his art that it never becomes obtrusive, and almost offensive, as it does in prose. In fact, the piece is a signal example of the truth that treatment, not subject or sentiment, is the secret of art itself. He is much more lavish of rhyme here than in the *Testament* but cavalierly lavish still, giving or withholding it as it suits him, and with an effect which, though it would not have pleased Dr. Johnson, may please us very much. The fashion in which he has assimilated in his anapaestic metre the lighter and more rapid as well as the slower and more solemn rub-a-dub of the drum itself is really *prestigious* (the adjective was English in the seventeenth century) and the choice of the contrasted stanza for the conclusion could not be bettered. The vividness of the satirical-historical panorama, the ironical-natural tone of the whole, the felicity of occasional phrases, and the solemn beauty of the sudden turn at the end—these are things that cannot easily be paralleled. Thackeray may owe suggestions to Praed here and elsewhere, but they are mere suggestions of the vaguest kind, and he always makes them his own. Years passed before these two masterpieces were reinforced, first in 1847 by *The Mahogany Tree*, then in 1849 by

The Ballad of Bowillabaisse, and more than a decade after these before what I should class as the supreme and characteristic quintet of Thackeray's verse¹ was concluded with *Vanitas Vanitatum* in the heyday of the *Cornhill* triumph. To dwell in detail on any were impertinent. They all illustrated in different ways what it was not quite so impertinent to point out in their forerunners, the extraordinary conjugation of spirit and form, which never lose touch of each other as they float and flit between the Houses of Mirth, and (if not exactly of Mourning yet) of Melancholy. Poet Laureate, Historiographer-Royal, and Jester at once to the Goddess Melancholia—that is Thackeray's real station and title as a verseman, and indeed as a man of letters.

He does not forget his office in the minor pieces, but Melancholy often lends him to her sister Mirth altogether for a time. It is not mere surplusage to give as has been usual, separately and together as well as with their original settings, the various inset verse pieces which adorn almost all the major and many of the minor prose works. They are wanted in the earlier collocation to complete the presentation of the individual work; they are wanted in the later to complete that of Thackeray as a poet. All alike supply something like a microcosm of his moods. The two most considerable divisions or segments of them, *Lyra Hibernica* and the *Ballads of Policeman X*, employ once more the old devices of eccentric spelling—and for obvious reasons. Even as poetry (with all respect to Wordsworth) in its serious modes naturally seeks an ornater and more beautified diction than that of ordinary life, so does it, in these other attitudes of burlesque, affect extravagantly travestied lingo. It must be quite clear to all calmly critical minds that *The Battle of Limerick*

¹ If any one likes to add *The Age of Wisdom* and the *Cane-bottomed Chair* or *Piscator* and *Piscatrix* to make the quintet a septet—a Pleiad—I agree heartily.

and *Jacob Omnium's Hoss* at once necessitate and justify their respective dialects. Their form is 'inevitable' enough to please 'W. W.' himself: their spirit is a Hamadryad which would cease to be without her shrine. And so with many others which we must not, though fain, specify.

But on the other hand these grotesque shroudings and sheathings are even less necessary to their writer in verse than in prose. There is nothing of them in the great quintet above discussed; there is nothing of them in *Piscator and Piscatrix*, a charming thing, nothing in *The Age of Wisdom*, a fine and terrible one, nothing in the graceful *May-Day Ode* and the admirable *King Canute*, nothing in many others. Jargon was easy to Thackeray and he could do wonders with it; but it was not in the very slightest degree indispensable, though it not only did its own duty supremely, but threw up, as nothing else could, the art of the pieces written without it.

On the whole he used his poetical faculty, as he used his pictorial, mainly though not wholly to *illustrate* his prose work. But though he used it less he was far surer with it, and it was of a far higher quality than his actual illustrations. Indeed, in one sense, there are no degrees in poetry, though there may be many mansions in the poetic house. Parnassus is allotted very much on the principles of the Paradise of Dante—divisibly and indivisibly. Thackeray chose often to dwell in the lower courts and perhaps never to ascend to what are commonly considered the highest. But always—in his mere tags and scraps of verse-jest, as well as in such things as that marvellous serious doggerel¹ which cannot be given here but which has 'tears in its voice' almost as magical as those of the *Bouillabaisse* itself—

'Tis one o'clock: the boy from *Punch* is waiting in the passage here,
—always, he is a poet.

¹ See *Letters of W. M. Thackeray* (London, 1887), pp. 25, 26.

In time, in miscellaneous character, and in actual community of origin, Thackeray's prose contributions to *Punch* have an overwhelming claim to be preferred as the immediate sequels to his verse. But on the principles of editing announced in our Preface, and in the absence of any attempt to present *Opera Omnia* without discrimination, they are of all things the most difficult to an editor. It is to be assumed that, in consequence of Mr. Spielmann's divulcation, we can identify the whole of them—which is certainly not the case in regard to those furnished to the *Times*, to *Fraser*, and to other periodicals: while there are reasons for believing that it is the case with regard to a rather small fraction of his contributions to the *Morning Chronicle* and some others still. No one of these *Punch* papers is very early; he was thirty—the age when you may become a bishop—when he wrote the first; and there is therefore neither the excuse nor the attraction of the novitiate for withholding or for giving any of them. Furthermore, they undoubtedly contain some of his best and most characteristic work. But he himself reprinted but a part of them: and though much was added by the fresh sifting (conducted by persons unusually well qualified in every respect) of twenty years ago, a good deal was even then rejected. Nor is it difficult to understand the reasons of the rejection, which will not soon lose their weight. I do not think that it will be impertinent to set forth a short examination of them here.

They must have been mainly two:—the character of the periodical itself, at the time more particularly, and the relation to it of the writer.

Putting mere customary cubbishness and platitude apart—the banal determination to think that things are 'going off', and the banal dislike of continued prosperity—everybody thinks well of Mr. Punch. No other comic periodical has ever existed for so long a time with so high a record of continuous achievement with pen and pencil. But *Punch*

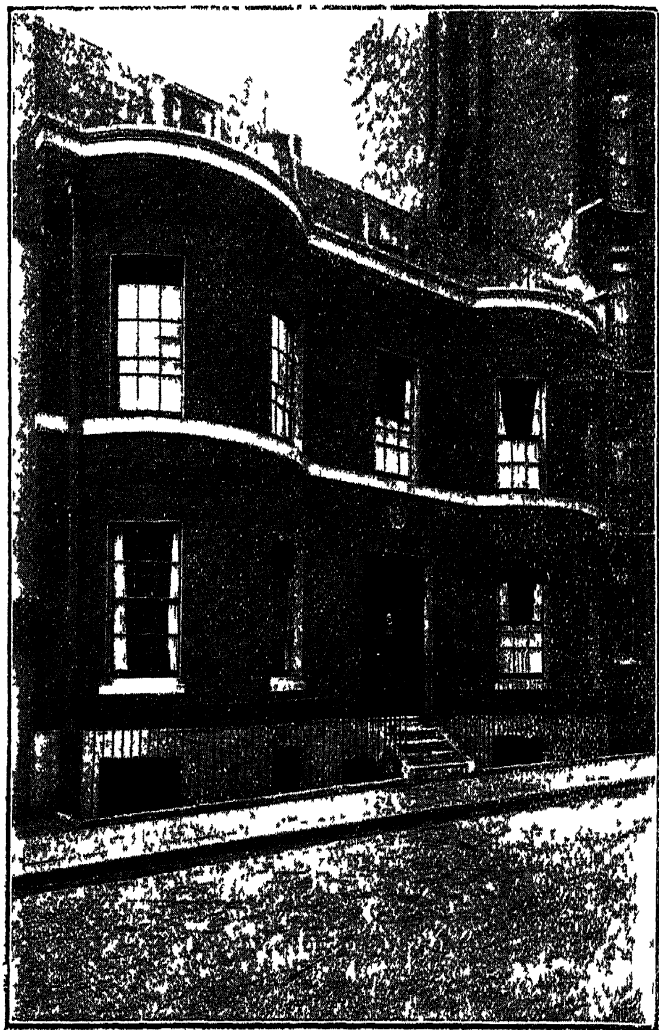
was started at a time when, as has been previously pointed out in these Introductions, journalism was not exactly at its zenith ; and when one looks over the list of the team thoughts will occur. Except Thackeray himself and Leech (Doyle and Sir John Tenniel did not join till ten years later), there is hardly one of them who can be said, in an admirably eloquent phrase of the slang of yesterday, to be 'quite—' in the way of genius. Mark Lemon appears to have been a good man of business, and therefore in some respects a good editor—though he certainly was not so when he let Thackeray's *May-Day Ode* go to the *Times*—but he could at no time be called a great man of letters. A proportion (varying no doubt in the case of different persons) of the works of Douglas Jerrold, outside the *Caudle* papers, creates mere amazement when one turns to it. The brothers Mayhew *se sauvent de planche en planche* (when the plates are Cruikshank's), to take refuge only in the compilation of *London Labour and the London Poor*, a thing historically not valueless. Tom Taylor does not any longer exist. Gilbert à Beckett the elder is an awful example of the professional-amateur 'funny man': I do not think anything would induce me to read the *Comic History of Rome* again. Percival Leigh is a name: but not as Ulysses was and is. Moreover, the politics of the paper, never quite impartial, did not at that time even pretend to the comparative impartiality of a general *fronde* which it has since usually aimed at, and sometimes achieved. They were, if not uncompromisingly Radical, acridly partisan on the 'popular' side: and so dangerously likely to put fire to those of Thackeray's culverins which were loaded with powder of that sort. Some of the things which he wrote about the Duke of Wellington for instance, I am quite certain that he would never have reprinted, even very shortly after they were written.

But there is something else. It is rather odd that no one has—after a century of voluminous newspaper writing

kind. It has been noted often how odd it is that both Dickens and Thackeray should have attempted this curious and hopeless task of making history into a party pamphlet and burlesquing it at the same time. But Thackeray had at least the wit and the grace to do the burlesque intentionally, and to draw no such inimitably unintentional self-caricature as Dickens did when he protested that he did not know what he should do if his offspring got hold of 'any Conservative or High Church notions.'

I have known persons of very far from negligible judgement who were very fond of *The Next French Revolution*, but I cannot say that I quite share their enthusiasm. Thackeray's intimate knowledge of things French (or at least Parisian) and his not altogether unreasonable anti-Orleanism enliven and inspirit it no doubt: and the manifestoes are often capital. But part of it seems to me rather dead: and part of the rest, including the 'Jenkins' matter, rather deadly-lively. This latter part keys on to a certain number of smaller articles in which *Punch* carried on a sort of guerrilla with the *Morning Post*, and which have seemed to me in very few cases worthy of reproduction. Thackeray did not think any of them worthy of his own *Miscellanies* ten years later nor did (I presume) Sir Leslie Stephen when he reprinted the 'further skimming' of 1886. And I think they were both right. Indeed it may be observed that Thackeray himself never reprinted the *Revolution*: but as it has been part of the 'Works' for nearly forty years it must of course stand.

Very different language must be used about the two remaining contents of the volume. *A Little Dinner at Timmins's* has always and justly held a high place among its author's smaller but not smallest things. 'A leg of beef is not a company dish' is as certain a signature as the crossed spectacles themselves, and more inimitable. Of the *De la Pluche* series (which appeared at intervals till



THACKERAY'S HOUSE AT YOUNG STREET, KENSINGTON,
WHERE HE LIVED FROM 1846 TO 1854

as late as 1850, but which belongs chiefly to 1845-6) something has been said by anticipation as to its connexion and contrast with the *Yellowplush Papers*. Looked at by itself one would suppose that it must delight everybody who is not a fanatic of orthography and high seriousness. The author was now all but fully estated in his powers : and he used them lavishly here. The mis-spelling itself is at its most perfect—never, as it sometimes is earlier, overdone and always an all but inseparable accompaniment to the style and thought. The character-drawing, the story-telling, the variety, are all worthy of the most serious work of art, and nowhere has Thackeray been more prodigal of his most accomplished verse.

Mr. De la Pluche, as previously remarked, is a much *softer* person than Mr. Yellowplush. But he lends himself—and his queer lingo lends itself still more—with facility to the same business of satirizing various aspects of life under cap and bells. The Railway mania could not but suggest such satire to Thackeray even if he had not been (as it seems pretty clear that he was) bitten by it to a certain degree : but Jeames was too useful a person to be treated on the principle which Diderot's impudent victimizer summarized in the phrase *On suce l'orange ; on en jette l'écorce*. The gauge question is railway still, but railway from quite a different point of view : and even those who regret the broad gauge in itself extremely (there certainly has never been such comfortable travelling since) may acknowledge the nuisance which it, however guiltlessly on its own part, occasioned. But the later and minor papers are not out of place, though it is very interesting to note how much less savage as a literary and dramatic critic James is than Charles James was. The 'organ is mellered' as the other great manipulator of metropolitan dialect has it—though not in the same circumstances. It was an excellent organ both in its harsher and its softer tones ; but it has here done its work. Only in mere

passages and episodes where the circumstances demanded it, was it to be heard again. But its latest sounds, which I take to be the utterances of Mr. Ridley, senior, in *Philip*, are still delectable. ‘ Prob’bly ’av ’ad misfortunes : which many ’av ’ad them ’ the mild butler said of the Reverend Tufton Hunt. Thackeray had had misfortunes which (some of them at least) were nearly over : and it had been partly owing to these misfortunes that he had taken the motley. He could leave it off now or soon—only to resume it for special purposes and for the sake of old, not all unhappy days.

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BALLADS



SONG OF THE VIOLET

[*A Shabby Genteel Story*, 1840]

A HUMBLE flower long time I pined
Upon the solitary plain,
And trembled at the angry wind,
And shrank before the bitter rain.
And, oh ! 'twas in a blessed hour,
A passing wanderer chanced to see
And, pitying the lonely flower,
To stoop and gather me.

I fear no more the tempest rude,
On dreary heath no more I pine,
But left my cheerless solitude,
To deck the breast of Caroline.
Alas ! our days are brief at best,
Nor long I feel will mine endure,
Though shelter'd here upon a breast
So gentle and so pure.

It draws the fragrance from my leaves,
It robs me of my sweetest breath ;
And every time it falls and heaves,
It warns me of my coming death.
But one I know would glad forgo
All joys of life to be as I ;
An hour to rest on that sweet breast,
And then, contented, die.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM

[*The Second Funeral of Napoleon*, 1841. *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

PART I

At Paris, hard by the Maine barriers,
 Whoever will choose to repair,
 'Midst a dozen of wooden-legged warriors,
 May haply fall in with old Pierre.
 On the sunshiny bench of a tavern
 He sits and he prates of old wars,
 And moistens his pipe of tobacco
 With a drink that is named after Mars.

The beer makes his tongue run the quicker,
 And as long as his tap never fails,
 Thus over his favourite liquor
 Old Peter will tell his old tales.
 Says he, 'In my life's ninety summers,
 Strange changes and chances I've seen,—
 So here's to all gentlemen drummers
 That ever have thump'd on a skin.

'Brought up in the art military
 For four generations we are;
 My ancestors drumm'd for King Harry,
 The Huguenot lad of Navarre.
 And as each man in life has his station
 According as Fortune may fix,
 While Condé was waving the baton,
 My grandsire was trolling the sticks.

'Ah, those were the days for commanders!
 What glories my grandfather won,
 Ere bigots, and lackeys, and panders
 The fortunes of France had undone!
 In Germany, Flanders, and Holland,—
 What foeman resisted us then?
 No; my grandsire was ever victorious,
 My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne.

- ‘ He died, and our noble battalions
The jade, fickle Fortune, forsook ;
And at Blenheim, in spite of our valiance,
The victory lay with Malbrook.
The news it was brought to King Louis ;
Corbleu ! how his Majesty swore
When he heard they had taken my grandsire :
And twelve thousand gentlemen more !
- ‘ At Namur, Ramillies, and Malplaquet
Were we posted, on plain or in trench,
Malbrook only need to attack it,
And away from him scamper’d we French.
Cheer up ! ’tis no use to be glum, boys,—
’Tis written, since fighting begun,
That sometimes we fight and we conquer,
And sometimes we fight and we run.
- ‘ To fight and to run was our fate,
Our fortune and fame had departed ;
And so perish’d Louis the Great,—
Old, lonely, and half broken-hearted.
His coffin they pelted with mud,
His body they tried to lay hands on ;
And so having buried King Louis
They loyally served his great-grandson.
- ‘ God save the beloved King Louis !
(For so he was nicknamed by some),
And now came my father to do his
King’s orders and beat on the drum.
My grandsire was dead, but his bones
Must have shaken, I’m certain, for joy,
To hear daddy drumming the English
From the meadows of famed Fontenoy.
- ‘ So well did he drum in that battle
That the enemy showed us their backs ;
Corbleu ! it was pleasant to rattle
The sticks and to follow old Saxe !
We next had Soubise as a leader,
And as luck hath its changes and fits,
At Rossbach, in spite of dad’s drumming,
’Tis said we were beaten by Fritz.

- ' And now daddy cross'd the Atlantic,
To drum for Montcalm and his men ;
Morbleu ! but it makes a man frantic
To think we were beaten again !
My daddy he cross'd the wide ocean,
My mother brought me on her neck,
And we came in the year fifty-seven
To guard the good town of Quebec.
- ' In the year fifty-nine came the Britons,—
Full well I remember the day,—
They knock'd at our gates for admittance,
Their vessels were moor'd in our bay.
Says our general, " Drive me yon red-coats
Away to the sea whence they come ! "
So we march'd against Wolfe and his bull-dogs,
We march'd at the sound of the drum.
- ' I think I can see my poor mammy
With me in her hand as she waits,
And our regiment, slowly retreating,
Pours back through the citadel gates.
Dear mammy ! she looks in their faces,
And asks if her husband is come ?
—He is lying all cold on the glacis,
And will never more beat on the drum.
- ' Come, drink, 'tis no use to be glum, boys,
He died like a soldier—in glory ;
Here's a glass to the health of all drum-boys,
And now I'll commence my own story.
Once more did we cross the salt ocean,
We came in the year eighty-one ;
And the wrongs of my father the drummer
Were avenged by the drummer his son.
- ' In Chesapeake Bay we were landed,
In vain strove the British to pass ;
Rochambeau our armies commanded,
Our ships they were led by De Grasse.
Morbleu ! how I rattled the drumsticks
The day we march'd into York town ;
Ten thousand of beef-eating British
Their weapons we caused to lay down.

- ‘ Then homewards returning victorious,
In peace to our country we came,
And were thank’d for our glorious actions
By Louis, Sixteenth of the name.
What drummer on earth could be prouder
Than I, while I drumm’d at Versailles
To the lovely court ladies in powder,
And lappets, and long satin-tails ?
- ‘ The Princes that day pass’d before us,
Our countrymen’s glory and hope ;
Monsieur, who was learned in Horace,
D’Artois, who could dance the tight-rope.
One night we kept guard for the Queen
At her Majesty’s opera-box,
While the King, that majestic monarch,
Sat filing at home at his locks.
- ‘ Yes, I drumm’d for the fair Antoinette,
And so smiling she look’d and so tender,
That our officers, privates, and drummers
All vow’d they would die to defend her.
But she cared not for us honest fellows,
Who fought and who bled in her wars,
She sneer’d at our gallant Rochambeau,
And turn’d Lafayette out of doors.
- ‘ Ventrebleu ! then I swore a great oath,
No more to such tyrants to kneel,
And so just to keep up my drumming,
One day I drumm’d down the Bastille !
Ho, landlord ! a stoup of fresh wine,
Come, comrades, a bumper we’ll try,
And drink to the year eighty-nine
And the glorious fourth of July !
- ‘ Then bravely our cannon it thunder’d,
As onwards our patriots bore,
Our enemies were but a hundred,
And we twenty thousand or more.
They carried the news to King Louis,
He heard it as calm as you please,
And like a majestic monarch,
Kept filing his locks and his keys.

' I see him as now, for a moment,
 Away from his jailers he broke ;
 And stood at the foot of the scaffold,
 And linger'd, and fain would have spoke.
 " Ho, drummer ! quick ! silence yon Capet,"
 Says Santerre, " with a beat of your drum ;"
 Lustily then did I tap it,
 And the son of Saint Louis was dumb.

.

PART II

' THE glorious days of September
 Saw many aristocrats fall ;
 'Twas then that our pikes drank the blood
 In the beautiful breast of Lamballe.
 Pardi, 'twas a beautiful lady !
 I seldom have look'd on her like ;
 And I drumm'd for a gallant procession,
 That march'd with her head on a pike.

' Let's show the pale head to the Queen,
 We said—she'll remember it well ;
 She look'd from the bars of her prison,
 And shriek'd as she saw it, and fell.
 We set up a shout at her screaming,
 We laugh'd at the fright she had shown
 At the sight of the head of her minion ;
 How she'd tremble to part with her own.

' We had taken the head of King Capet,
 We called for the blood of his wife ;
 Undaunted she came to the scaffold,
 And bared her fair neck to the knife.
 As she felt the foul fingers that touch'd her,
 She shrank, but she deign'd not to speak :
 She look'd with a royal disdain,
 And died with a blush on her cheek !

' 'Twas thus that our country was saved ;
 So told us the safety committee !
 But psha ! I've the heart of a soldier,
 All gentleness, mercy, and pity.

I loathed to assist at such deeds,
And my drum beat its loudest of tuncs
As we offered to justice offended
The blood of the bloody tribunes.

‘ Away with such foul recollections !
No more of the axe and the block ;
I saw the last fight of the sections,
As they fell ’neath our guns at Saint-Roch.
Young BONAPARTE led us that day ;
When he sought the Italian frontier,
I follow’d my gallant young captain,
I follow’d him many a long year.

‘ We came to an army in rags,
Our general was but a boy,
When we first saw the Austrian flags
Flaunt proud in the fields of Savoy.
In the glorious year ninety-six,
We march’d to the banks of the Po ;
I carried my drum and my sticks,
And we laid the proud Austrian low.

‘ In triumph we enter’d Milan,
We seized on the Mantuan keys ;
The troops of the Emperor ran,
And the Pope he fell down on his knees.’—
Pierre’s comrades here call’d a fresh bottle,
And clubbing together their wealth,
They drank to the Army of Italy,
And General Bonaparte’s health.

The drummer now bared his old breast,
And show’d us a plenty of scars,
Rude presents that Fortune had made him
In fifty victorious wars.
‘ This came when I follow’d bold Kleber—
’Twas shot by a Mameluke gun ;
And this from an Austrian sabre,
When the field of Marengo was won.

' I look'd when the drumming was o'er,
I look'd, but our hero was gone ;
We were destined to see him once more,
When we fought on the Mount of St. John.
The Emperor rode through our files ;
'Twas June, and a fair Sunday morn ;
The lines of our warriors for miles
Stretch'd wide through the Waterloo corn.

' In thousands we stood on the plain,
The red-coats were crowning the height ;
" Go scatter yon English," he said ;
" We'll sup, lads, at Brussels to-night."
We answer'd his voice with a shout ;
Our eagles were bright in the sun ;
Our drums and our cannon spoke out,
And the thundering battle begun.

' One charge to another succeeds,
Like waves that a hurricane bears ;
All day do our galloping steeds
Dash fierce on the enemy's squares.
At noon we began the fell onset :
We charged up the Englishman's hill ;
And madly we charged it at sunset—
His banners were floating there still.

' —Go to ! I will tell you no more ;
You know how the battle was lost.
Ho ! fetch me a beaker of wine,
And, comrades, I'll give you a toast.
I'll give you a curse on all traitors,
Who plotted our Emperor's ruin ;
And a curse on those red-coated English,
Whose bayonets help'd our undoing.

' A curse on those British assassins,
Who order'd the slaughter of Ney ;
A curse on Sir Hudson, who tortured
The life of our hero away.
A curse on all Russians—I hate them—
On all Prussian and Austrian fry ;
And, oh, but I pray we may meet them,
And fight them again ere I die !'

'Twas thus old Peter did conclude
His chronicle with curses fit.
He spoke the tale in accents rude,
In ruder verse I copied it.

Perhaps the tale a moral bears
(All tales in time to this must come),
The story of two hundred years
Writ on the parchment of a drum.

What Peter told with drum and stick,
Is endless theme for poet's pen :
Is found in endless quartos thick,
Enormous books by learned men.

And ever since historian writ,
And ever since a bard could sing,
Doth each exalt with all his wit
The noble art of murdering.

We love to read the glorious page,
How bold Achilles kill'd his foe ;
And Turnus, fell'd by Trojans' rage,
Went howling to the shades below.

How Godfrey led his red-cross knights,
How mad Orlando slash'd and slew ;
There's not a single bard that writes
But doth the glorious theme renew.

And while, in fashion picturesque,
The poet rhymes of blood and blows,
The grave historian, at his desk,
Describes the same in classic prose.

Go read the works of Reverend Coxe,
You'll duly see recorded there
The history of the self-same knocks
Here roughly sung by Drummer Pierre.

Of battles fierce and warriors big,
He writes in phrases dull and slow,
And waves his cauliflower wig,
And shouts ' Saint George for Marlborow ! '

THE KING OF BRENTFORD'S TESTAMENT

BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH

[George Cruikshank's *Omnibus*, December, 1841; *Miscellanies*,
Vol. I, 1855]

THE noble King of Brentford
Was old and very sick,
He summon'd his physicians
To wait upon him quick;
They stepp'd into their coaches
And brought their best physick.

They cramm'd their gracious master
With potion and with pill;
They drench'd him and they bled him:
They could not cure his ill.
'Go fetch,' says he, 'my lawyer,
I'd better make my will.'

The monarch's royal mandate
The lawyer did obey;
The thought of six-and-eightpence
Did make his heart full gay.
'What is't,' says he, 'your Majesty
Would wish of me to-day?'

'The doctors have belabour'd me
With potion and with pill:
My hours of life are counted,
O man of tape and quill!
Sit down and mend a pen or two;
I want to make my will.

'O'er all the land of Brentford
I'm lord, and eke of Kew:
I've three per cents and five per cents;
My debts are but a few;
And to inherit after me
I have but children two.

- ‘ Prince Thomas is my eldest son,
A sober prince is he,
And from the day we breech’d him
Till now he’s twenty-three,
He never caused disquiet
To his poor Mamma or me.
- ‘ At school they never flogg’d him,
At college, though not fast,
Yet his Little-go, and Great-go
He creditably pass’d,
And made his year’s allowance
For eighteen months to last.
- ‘ He never owed a shilling,
Went never drunk to bed,
He has not two ideas
Within his honest head—
In all respects he differs
From my second son, Prince Ned.
- ‘ When Tom has half his income
Laid by at the year’s end,
Poor Ned has ne’er a stiver
That rightly he may spend,
But sponges on a tradesman,
Or borrows from a friend.
- ‘ While Tom his legal studies
Most soberly pursues,
Poor Ned must pass his mornings
A-dawdling with the Muse :
While Tom frequents his banker,
Young Ned frequents the Jews.
- ‘ Ned drives about in buggies,
Tom sometimes takes a ’bus ;
Ah, cruel fate, why made you
My children differ thus ?
Why make of Tom a *dullard*,
And Ned a *genius* ? ’

‘Ned’s genius, blithe and singing,
Steps gaily o’er the ground ;
As steadily you trudge it,
He clears it with a bound ;
But dullness has stout legs, Tom,
And wind that’s wondrous sound.

‘O’er fruits and flowers alike, Tom,
You pass with plodding feet ;
You heed not one nor t’other,
But onwards go your beat,
While genius stops to loiter
With all that he may meet ;

‘And ever as he wanders,
Will have a pretext fine
For sleeping in the morning,
Or loitering to dine,
Or dozing in the shade,
Or basking in the shine.

‘Your little steady eyes, Tom,
Though not so bright as those
That restless round about him
Your flashing genius throws,
Are excellently suited
To look before your nose.

‘Thank Heaven, then, for the blinkers
It placed before your eyes ;
The stupidest are steadiest,
The witty are not wise ;
Oh, bless your good stupidity,
It is your dearest prize !

‘And though my lands are wide,
And plenty is my gold,
Still better gifts from Nature,
My Thomas, do you hold—
A brain that’s thick and heavy,
A heart that’s dull and cold.

- ' Too dull to feel depression,
Too hard to heed distress,
Too cold to yield to passion
Or silly tenderness.
March on—your road is open
To wealth, Tom, and success.
- ' Ned sinneth in extravagance,
And you in greedy lust.'
(' I' faith,' says Ned, ' our father
Is less polite than just.')
' In you, son Tom, I've confidence,
But Ned I cannot trust.
- ' Wherefore my lease and copyholds,
My lands and tenements,
My parks, my farms, and orchards,
My houses and my rents,
My Dutch stock and my Spanish stock,
My five and three per cents ;
- ' I leave to you, my Thomas '
(' What, all ? ' poor Edward said ;
' Well, well, I should have spent them
And Tom's a prudent head ')—
' I leave to you, my Thomas,—
To you IN TRUST for Ned.'

The wrath and consternation
What poet e'er could trace
That at this fatal passage
Came o'er Prince Tom his face ;
The wonder of the company,
And honest Ned's amaze !

- ' 'Tis surely some mistake,'
Good-naturedly cries Ned ;
The lawyer answered gravely,
' 'Tis even as I said ;
'Twas thus his gracious Majesty
Ordain'd on his death-bed.

‘ See, here the will is witness’d,
And here’s his autograph ; ’
‘ In truth, our father’s writing,’
Says Edward, with a laugh ;
‘ But thou shalt not be a loser, Tom,
We’ll share it half and half.’

‘ Alas ! my kind young gentleman,
This sharing cannot be ;
’Tis written in the testament
That Brentford spoke to me,
“ I do forbid Prince Ned to give
Prince Tom a halfpenny.

“ He hath a store of money,
But ne’er was known to lend it ;
He never help’d his brother ;
The poor he ne’er befriended ;
He hath no need of property
Who knows not how to spend it.

“ Poor Edward knows but how to spend,
And thrifty Tom to hoard ;
Let Thomas be the steward then,
And Edward be the lord ;
And as the honest labourer
Is worthy his reward,

“ I pray Prince Ned, my second son,
And my successor dear,
To pay to his intendant
Five hundred pounds a year ;
And to think of his old father,
And live and make good cheer.” ’

Such was old Brentford’s honest testament,
He did devise his moneys for the best,
And lies in Brentford church in peaceful rest.
Prince Edward lived, and money made and spent ;
But his good sire was wrong, it is confess’d,
To say his son, young Thomas, never lent.
He did. Young Thomas lent at interest,
And nobly took his twenty-five per cent.

Long time the famous reign of Ned endured
 O'er Chiswick, Fulham, Brentford, Putney, Kew ;
 But of extravagance he ne'er was cured.
 And when both died, as mortal men will do,
 'Twas commonly reported that the steward
 Was very much the richer of the two.

FAIRY DAYS

[‘The Fitz-Boodle Papers—Ottilia,’ *Fraser’s Magazine*, February, 1843 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. IV, 1857]

BESIDE the old hall-fire—upon my nurse’s knee,
 Of happy fairy days—what tales were told to me !
 I thought the world was once—all peopled with princesses,
 And my heart would beat to hear—their loves and their
 distresses ;
 And many a quiet night,—in slumber sweet and deep,
 The pretty fairy people—would visit me in sleep.

I saw them in my dreams—come flying east and west,
 With wondrous fairy gifts—the new-born babe they bless’d ;
 One has brought a jewel—and one a crown of gold,
 And one has brought a curse—but she is wrinkled and old.
 The gentle Queen turns pale—to hear those words of sin,
 But the King he only laughs—and bids the dance begin.

The babe has grown to be—the fairest of the land,
 And rides the forest green—a hawk upon her hand,
 An ambling palfrey white—a golden robe and crown ;
 I’ve seen her in my dreams—riding up and down ;
 And heard the ogre laugh—as she fell into his snare,
 At the little tender creature—who wept and tore her hair !

But ever when it seemed—her need was at the sorest,
 A prince in shining mail—comes prancing through the forest,
 A waving ostrich-plume—a buckler burnished bright ;
 I’ve seen him in my dreams—good sooth ! a gallant knight.
 His lips are coral red—beneath a dark moustache ;
 See how he waves his hand—and how his blue eyes flash !

'Come forth, thou Paynim knight!'—he shouts in accents clear.

The giant and the maid—both tremble his voice to hear.
 Saint Mary guard him well!—he draws his falchion keen,
 The giant and the knight—are fighting on the green.
 I see them in my dreams—his blade gives stroke on stroke,
 The giant pants and reels—and tumbles like an oak!

With what a blushing grace—he falls upon his knee
 And takes the lady's hand—and whispers, 'You are free!'
 Ah! happy childish tales—of knight and faërie!
 I waken from my dreams—but there's ne'er a knight for me;
 I waken from my dreams—and wish that I could be
 A child by the old hall-fire—upon my nurse's knee!

PEG OF LIMAVADDY

[*The Irish Sketch Book*, 1843; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

RIDING from Coleraine
 (Famed for lovely Kitty),
 Came a Cockney bound
 Unto Derry city;
 Weary was his soul,
 Shivering and sad, he
 Bumped along the road
 Leads to Limavaddy.

Mountains stretch'd around,
 Gloomy was their tinting,
 And the horse's hoofs
 Made a dismal clinting;
 Wind upon the heath
 Howling was and piping,
 On the heath and bog,
 Black with many a snipe in,
 'Mid the bogs of black,
 Silver pools were flashing,
 Crows upon their sides
 Picking were and splashing.

Cockney on the car
Closer folds his plaidy,
Grumbling at the road
Leads to Limavaddy.

Through the crashing woods
Autumn brawl'd and bluster'd,
Tossing round about
Leaves the hue of mustard ;
Yonder lay Lough Foyle,
Which a storm was whipping,
Covering with mist
Lake, and shores, and shipping.
Up and down the hill
(Nothing could be bolder),
Horse went with a raw
Bleeding on his shoulder.
'Where are horses changed ?'
Said I to the laddy
Driving on the box :
'Sir, at Limavaddy.'

Limavaddy inn's
But a humble baithouse,
Where you may procure
Whisky and potatoes ;
Landlord at the door
Gives a smiling welcome
To the shivering wights
Who to his hotel come.
Landlady within
Sits and knits a stocking,
With a wary foot
Baby's cradle rocking.

To the chimney nook
Having found admittance,
There I watch a pup
Playing with two kittens
(Playing round the fire,
Which of blazing turf is,
Roaring to the pot
Which bubbles with the murphies) ;

And the cradled babe
Fond the mother nursed it,
Singing it a song
As she twists the worsted !

Up and down the stair
Two more young ones patter
(Twins were never seen
Dirtier nor fatter) ;
Both have mottled legs,
Both have snubby noses,
Both have—Here the host
Kindly interposes :
' Sure you must be froze
With the sleet and hail, sir,
So will you have some punch,
Or will you have some ale, sir ? '

Presently a maid
Enters with the liquor
(Half a pint of ale
Frothing in a beaker).
Gads ! I didn't know
What my beating heart meant,
Hebe's self, I thought,
Entered the apartment.
As she came she smiled,
And the smile bewitching,
On my word and honour,
Lighted all the kitchen !

With a curtsy neat
Greeting the new-comer,
Lovely, smiling Peg
Offers me the rummer ;
But my trembling hand
Up the beaker tilted,
And the glass of ale
Every drop I spilt it :
Spilt it every drop
(Dames, who read my volumes,
Pardon such a word)
On my what-d'ye-call-'ems !

PEG OF LIMAVADDY

Witnessing the sight
Of that dire disaster,
Out began to laugh
Missis, maid, and master ;
Such a merry peal,
'Specially Miss Peg's was
(As the glass of ale
Trickling down my legs was),
That the joyful sound
Of that mingling laughter
Echoed in my ears
Many a long day after.

Such a silver peal !
In the meadows listening,
You who've heard the bells
Ringing to a christening ;
You who ever heard
Caradori pretty,
Smiling like an angel,
Singing Giovinetti ;
Fancy Peggy's laugh,
Sweet, and clear, and cheerful,
At my pantaloons
With half a pint of beer full !

When the laugh was done,
Peg, the pretty hussy,
Moved about the room
Wonderfully busy ;
Now she looks to see
If the kettle keep hot ;
Now she rubs the spoons,
Now she cleans the tea-pot ;
Now she sets the cups
Trimly and secure ;
Now she scours a pot,
And so it was I drew her.

Thus it was I drew her
Scouring of a kettle
(Faith ! her blushing cheeks
Redden'd on the metal).

Ah ! but 'tis in vain
 That I try to sketch it ;
 The pot perhaps is like,
 But Peggy's face is wretched.
 No : the best of lead
 And of indiarubber,
 Never could depict
 That sweet kettle-scrubber !



See her as she moves !
 Scarce the ground she touches,
 Airy as a fay,
 Graceful as a duchess ;
 Bare her rounded arm,
 Bare her little leg is,
 Vestris never show'd
 Ankles like to Peggy's ;

PEG OF LIMAVADDY

Braided is her hair,
Soft her look and modest,
Slim her little waist
Comfortably bodiced.

This I do declare,
Happy is the laddy
Who the heart can share
Of Peg of Limavaddy ;
Married if she were,
Blest would be the daddy
Of the children fair
Of Peg of Limavaddy.
Beauty is not rare
In the land of Paddy,
Fair beyond compare
Is Peg of Limavaddy.

Citizen or Squire,
Tory, Whig, or Radi-
cal would all desire
Peg of Limavaddy.
Had I Homer's fire,
Or that of Serjeant Taddy,
Meetly I'd admire
Peg of Limavaddy.
And till I expire,
Or till I grow mad, I
Will sing unto my lyre
Peg of Limavaddy !

TITMARSH'S CARMEN LILLIENSE

[*Fraser's Magazine*, March, 1844 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

LILLE, Sept. 2, 1843.

*My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal ?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.*

I

WITH twenty pounds but three weeks since
From Paris forth did Titmarsh wheel,
I thought myself as rich a prince
As beggar poor I'm now at Lille.

Confiding in my ample means—
In troth, I was a happy chiel !
I passed the gates of Valenciennes,
I never thought to come by Lille.

I never thought my twenty pounds
Some rascal knave would dare to steal ;
I gaily passed the Belgic bounds
At Quiévrain, twenty miles from Lille.

To Antwerp town I hasten'd post,
And as I took my evening meal
I felt my pouch,—my purse was lost,
O Heaven ! Why came I not by Lille ?

I straightway call'd for ink and pen,
To grandmamma I made appeal ;
Meanwhile a loan of guineas ten
I borrowed from a friend so leal.

I got the cash from grandmamma
(Her gentle heart my woes could feel),
But where I went, and what I saw,
What matters ? Here I am at Lille.

TITMARSH'S CARMEN LILLIENSE

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal ?
I have no cash, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

II

To stealing I can never come,
To pawn my watch I'm too genteel,
Besides, I left my watch at home,
How could I pawn it, then, at Lille ?

'*La note*,' at times the guests will say :
I turn as white as cold boil'd veal ;
I turn and look another way,
I dare not ask the bill at Lille.

I dare not to the landlord say,
' Good sir, I cannot pay your bill ;
He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,
And is quite proud I stay at Lille.

He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,
Like Rothschild or Sir Robert Peel,
And so he serves me every day
The best of meat and drink in Lille.

Yet when he looks me in the face
I blush as red as cochineal ;
And think did he but know my case,
How changed he'd be, my host of Lille !

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal ?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

III

The sun bursts out in furious blaze,
I perspire from head to heel ;
I'd like to hire a one-horse chaise,
How can I, without cash at Lille ?

I pass in sunshine burning hot
 By cafés where in beer they deal;
 I think how pleasant were a pot,
 A frothing pot of beer of Lille!

What is yon house with walls so thick,
 All girt around with guard and grille?
 Oh! gracious gods, it makes me sick,
 It is the *prison-house* of Lille!

O cursed prison strong and barred,
 It does my very blood congeal!
 I tremble as I pass the guard,
 And quit that ugly part of Lille.

The church-door beggar whines and prays,
 I turn away at his appeal:
 Ah, church-door beggar! go thy ways!
 You're not the poorest man in Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
 How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
 I have no money, I lie in pawn,
 A stranger in the town of Lille

IV

Say, shall I to yon Flemish church,
 And at a Popish altar kneel?
 Oh, do not leave me in the lurch,
 I'll cry, ye patron saints of Lille!

Ye virgins dressed in satin hoops,
 Ye martyrs slain for mortal weal,
 Look kindly down! before you stoops
 The miserablest man in Lille.

And lo! as I beheld with awe
 A pictured saint (I swear 'tis real),
 It smiled, and turn'd to grandmamma!—
 It did! and I had hope in Lille!

'Twas five o'clock, and I could eat,
 Although I could not pay, my meal:
 I hasten back into the street
 Where lies my inn, the best in Lille.

What see I on my table stand,—
A letter with a well-known seal?
'Tis grandmamma's! I know her hand,—
'To Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, Lille.'

I feel a choking in my throat,
I pant and stagger, faint and reel!
It is—it is—a ten-pound note,
And I'm no more in pawn at Lille!

[He goes off by the diligence that evening, and is restored to
the bosom of his happy family.]

JEAMES OF BUCKLEY SQUARE

A HELIGY

[*Punch*, August, 1845; *Miscellanies*, Vol. II, 1856]

COME all ye gents vot cleans the plate,
Come all ye ladies'-maids so fair—
Vile I a story vill relate
Of cruel Jeames of Buckley Square.
A tighter lad, it is confest,
Neer valked with powder in his air,
Or vore a nosegay in his breast,
Than andsum Jeames of Buckley Square.

O Evns! it vas the best of sights,
Behind his Master's coach and pair,
To see our Jeames in red plush tights,
A driving hoff from Buckley Square.
He vell became his hagwilletts,
He cocked his at with *such* a hair;
His calves and viskers *vas* such pets,
That hall loved Jeames of Buckley Square.

He pleased the hupstairs folks as vell,
 And oh ! I vithered vith despair,
 Misses *would* ring the parler bell,
 And call up Jeames in Buckley Square.
 Both beer and sperrits he abhord
 (Sperrits and beer I can't abear),
 You would have thought he vas a lord
 Down in our All in Buckley Square.

Last year he visper'd, ' Mary Hann,
 Ven I've an underd pound to spare,
 To take a public is my plan,
 And leave this hojous Buckley Square.'
 Oh, how my gentle heart did bound,
 To think that I his name should bear,
 ' Dear Jeames,' says I, ' I've twenty pound,'
 And gev them him in Buckley Square.

Our master vas a City gent,
 His name 's in railroads everywhere ;
 And lord, vot lots of letters vent
 Betwist his brokers and Buckley Square !
 My Jeames it was the letters took,
 And read 'em all (I think it's fair),
 And took a leaf from Master's book,
 As *hothers* do in Buckley Square.

Encouraged with my twenty pound,
 Of which poor *I* was unavare,
 He wrote the Companies all round,
 And signed hisself from Buckley Square.
 And how John Porter used to grin,
 As day by day, share after share,
 Came railway letters pouring in,
 ' J. PLUSH, Esquire, in Buckley Square.'

Our servants' All was in a rage—
 Scrip, stock, curves, gradients, bull and bear,
 Vith butler, coachman, groom and page,
 Vas all the talk in Buckley Square.
 But oh ! imagine vat I felt
 Last Vensday veek as ever were ;
 I gits a letter, which I spelt
 ' Miss M. A. HOGGINS, Buckley Square.'

He sent me back my money true—
 He sent me back my lock of air,
 And said, 'My dear, I bid ajew
 To Mary Hann and Buckley Square.
 Think not to marry, foolish Hann,
 With people who your betters are ;
 James Plush is now a gentleman,
 And you—a cook in Buckley Square.

'I've thirty thousand guineas won,
 In six short months, by genus rare ;
 You little thought what Jeames was on,
 Poor Mary Hann, in Buckley Square.
 I've thirty thousand guineas net,
 Powder and plush I scorn to veer ;
 And so, Miss Mary Hann, forget
 For hever Jeames, of Buckley Square.'

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The rest of the MS. is illegible, being literally washed away in a flood of tears.

LINES UPON MY SISTER'S PORTRAIT

BY THE LORD SOUTHDOWN

[*Jeames's Diary in Punch*, January, 1846 ; *Miscellanies*,
 Vol. II, 1856]

THE castle towers of Bareacres are fair upon the lea,
 Where the cliffs of bonny Diddlesex rise up from out the
 sea :
 I stood upon the donjon keep and view'd the country o'er,
 I saw the lands of Bareacres for fifty miles or more.
 I stood upon the donjon keep—it is a sacred place,—
 Where floated for eight hundred years the banner of my
 race ;
 Argent, a dexter sinople, and gules an azure field,
 There ne'er was nobler cognizance on knightly warrior's
 shield.

The first time England saw the shield 'twas round a Norman neck,

On board a ship from Valery, King William was on deck.
A Norman lance the colours wore, in Hastings' fatal fray—
St. Willibald for Bareacres ! 'twas double gules that day !
O Heaven and sweet St. Willibald ! in many a battle since
A loyal-hearted Bareacres has ridden by his Prince !
At Acre with Plantagenet, with Edward at Poitiers,
The pennon of the Bareacres was foremost on the spears !

'Twas pleasant in the battle-shock to hear our war-cry
ringing :

Oh, grant me, sweet Saint Willibald, to listen to such
singing !

Three hundred steel-clad gentlemen, we drove the foe
before us,

And thirty score of British bows kept twanging to the
chorus !

O knights, my noble ancestors ! and shall I never hear
'St. Willibald for Bareacres !' through battle ringing clear ?
I'd cut me off this strong right hand a single hour to ride,
And strike a blow for Bareacres, my fathers, at your side !

Dash down, dash down yon mandolin, beloved sister mine !
Those blushing lips may never sing the glories of our line :
Our ancient castles echo to the clumsy feet of churls,
The spinning-jenny houses in the mansion of our Earls.
Sing not, sing not, my Angeline ! in days so base and vile
'Twere sinful to be happy, 'twere sacrilege to smile.

I'll hie me to my lonely hall, and by its cheerless hob
I'll muse on other days, and wish—and wish I were—
A SNOB.

A DOE IN THE CITY

[*Punch*, November 1, 1845]

'HOLBORN HILL, Settling-day, Oct. 30, 1845.

'DEAR MR. PUNCH,—

'As I was going down Stag Alley yesterday, to sign the Great Didland deed, I saw the prettiest little brougham



in the world pull up at Horn Street—and the sweetest little love of a figure you ever saw, step out of the vehicle. Her appearance created quite a sensation among the staggering gents, and caused even *me* to pause and look round.

'Greatly to my surprise, this lovely young lady tripped by me, walked into the Didland office, where up comes all the clerks crowding and grinning about her, and signed the

deed with the greatest coolness in the world ; I peeped over her shoulder, and saw her write—

Name in full.	Place of Residence.	Profession.	Place of Business, if any.	No. of Shares.	Sum.
KATHERINE LORIMER.	Curzon St., Mayfair.	Spinster.	—	100	£2,000

‘ Oh, Sir, how my heart beat as she put her sweet little finger on the wafer, and said, in thrilling accents, “ *I deliver this as my act and deed !* ”

‘ I have not given her real name here, but if she took notice of a gent in a green coat and little blue satin stock, light auburn hair and whiskers, diamond pin and brown silk umbrella, and is going to drive in the Park on Sunday next, she will see one at the Achilles statue whose intentions are strictly honourable.

‘ If you would put this in your widely-extended journal (which I regularly subscribe to) I should be

‘ Your most grateful Servant,

‘ FREDERICK HALTAMONT DE MONTMORENCY.

‘ PS.—As some parties like poetry, and I have a pretty knack that way, I have put our *rencounter* into verse.

‘ LITTLE Kitty Lorimer,
Fair, and young, and witty,
What has brought your Ladyship
Rambling to the City ?

‘ All the Stags in Capel Court
Saw her lightly trip it ;
All the lads of Stock Exchange
Twigg’d her muff and tippet.

‘ With a sweet perplexity,
And a mystery pretty,
Threading through Threadneedle Street,
Trots the little Kitty.

‘ What was my astonishment—
What was my compunction,
When she reached the Offices
Of the Didland Junction !

A DOE IN THE CITY

‘Up the Didland stairs she went,
To the Didland door, Sir;
Porters lost in wonderment,
Let her pass before, Sir.

“Madam,” says the old chief Clerk,
“Sure we can’t admit ye.”
“Where’s the Didland Junction deed?”
Dauntlessly says Kitty.

“If you doubt my honesty,
Look at my receipt, Sir;”
Up then jumps the old chief Clerk,
Smiling as he meets her.

‘Kitty at the table sits
(Whither the old Clerk leads her);
“*I deliver this*,” she says,
“*As my act and deed, Sir.*”

‘When I heard these funny words
Come from lips so pretty,
This, I thought, should surely be
Subject for a ditty.

‘What! are ladies staggering it?
Sure, the more’s the pity;
But I’ve lost my heart to her,—
Naughty little Kitty.

‘PS. 2.—If she reads this, I beg to add I am twenty-five years of age, unencumbered; have a very good business in Holborn Hill; and have myself done pretty well *in the Railway line.*’

RONSARD TO HIS MISTRESS

[*Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1846 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

‘ Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir à la chandelle,
Assise auprès du feu devisant et filant,
Direz, chantant mes vers en vous esmerveillant :
Ronsard me célébroit du temps que j'étois belle.’

SOME winter night, shut snugly in,
Beside the faggot in the hall,
I think I see you sit and spin,
Surrounded by your maidens all.
Old tales are told, old songs are sung,
Old days come back to memory ;
You say, ‘ When I was fair and young,
A poet sang of me !

‘ There's not a maiden in your hall,
Though tired and sleepy ever so,
But wakes as you my name recall,
And longs the history to know.
And as the piteous tale is said,
Of lady cold and lover true,
Each, musing, carries it to bed,
And sighs and envies you !

‘ Our lady's old and feeble now,’
They'll say ; ‘ she once was fresh and fair,
And yet she spurned her lover's vow,
And heartless left him to despair ;
The lover lies in silent earth,
No kindly mate the lady cheers ;
She sits beside a lonely hearth,
With threescore and ten years ! ’

Ah, dreary thoughts and dreams are those !
But wherefore yield me to despair,
While yet the poet's bosom glows,
While yet the dame is peerless fair ?
Sweet lady mine ! while yet 'tis time,
Requite my passion and my truth,
And gather in their blushing prime
The roses of your youth !

THE WHITE SQUALL

[*A Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo, 1846 and 1863 ; Miscellaneous, Vol. I, 1855*]

ON deck, beneath the awning,
 I dozing lay and yawning ;
 It was the grey of dawning,
 Ere yet the sun arose ;
 And above the funnel's roaring,
 And the fitful wind's deploring,
 I heard the cabin snoring
 With universal nose.
 I could hear the passengers snorting,
 I envied their disporting,
 Vainly I was courting
 The pleasure of a doze.

So I lay, and wondered why light
 Came not, and watched the twilight
 And the glimmer of the skylight,
 That shot across the deck ;
 And the binnacle pale and steady,
 And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
 And the sparks in fiery eddy
 That whirled from the chimney neck :
 In our jovial floating prison
 There was sleep from floor to mizen,
 And never a star had risen
 The hazy sky to speck.

Strange company we harboured ;
 We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
 Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered—
 Jews black, and brown, and grey ;
 With terror it would seize ye,
 And make your souls uneasy,
 To see those Rabbis greasy,
 Who did naught but scratch and pray :
 Their dirty children puking—
 Their dirty saucepans cooking—
 Their dirty fingers hooking
 Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard, Turks and Greeks were—
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were—
Enormous wide their breeks were,

Their pipes did puff away ;
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted

In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty prattling graces
Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling,
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave *Iberia* bowling
Before the break of day—

When A SQUALL, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding ;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing ;
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle ;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels ;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'c'sle,
To the stokers whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places ;
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling

Was shivered in the squalling ;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken ;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them ;
And they call in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins ;
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.

And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorr'd ;
And shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children ;
The men sang ' Allah ! Illah !
Mashallah Bismillah ! '

As the warring waters doused them ;
And splashed them and soused them ;
And they called upon the Prophet,
And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury ;
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins) ;
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gaberdine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches ;
And they crawl from bales and benches,
In a hundred thousand stench.

This was the White Squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us,
And which all will well remember
On the 28th September ;

When a Prussian captain of Lancers
 (Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
 Came on the deck astonished,
 By that wild squall admonished,
 And wondering cried, 'Potztausend!
 Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend!'
 And looked at Captain Lewis,
 Who calmly stood and blew his
 Cigar in all the bustle,
 And scorned the tempest's tussle,
 And oft we've thought hereafter
 How he beat the storm to laughter;
 For well he knew his vessel
 With that vain wind could wrestle;
 And when a wreck we thought her,
 And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
 How gaily he fought her,
 And through the hubbub brought her,
 And as the tempest caught her,
 Cried 'GEORGE! SOME BRANDY-AND-WATER!'

And when, its force expended,
 The harmless storm was ended,
 And, as the sunrise splendid
 Came blushing o'er the sea;
 I thought, as day was breaking,
 My little girls were waking,
 And smiling, and making
 A prayer at home for me.

THE AGE OF WISDOM

[*Rebecca and Rowena*, 1850, as 'Love at Two Score'; *Miscellanies*,
 Vol. I, 1855]

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
 That never has known the barber's shear,
 All your wish is woman to win,
 This is the way that boys begin,—
 Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer ;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes,—

Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear—
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are grey,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was passed away ?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away, and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty years syne !
Marian's married, but I sit here
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

THE MAHOGANY TREE

[*Punch*, January 9, 1847 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855, with the omission of the second verse, here restored]

CHRISTMAS is here ;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we :
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Commoner greens,
Ivy and oaks,
Poets, in jokes,
Sing, do ye see ?
Good fellows' shins
Here, boys, are found,
Twisting around
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs,
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom ;
Night-birds are we :
Here we carouse,
Singing, like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit ;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this ;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust !
We sing round the tree.

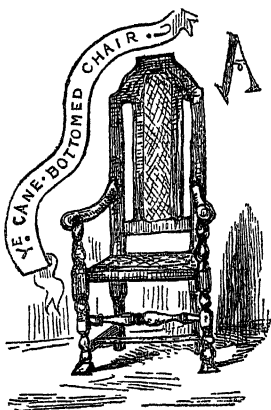
Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate :
Let the dog wait ;
Happy we'll be !
Drink every one ;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree !

Drain we the cup.—
 Friend, art afraid?
 Spirits are laid
 In the Red Sea.
 Mantle it up;
 Empty it yet;
 Let us forget,
 Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
 Life and its ills,
 Duns and their bills,
 Bid we to flee.
 Come with the dawn,
 Blue-devil sprite,
 Leave us to night,
 Round the old tree.

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR

[*Punch*, March 27, 1847, as 'Love-Songs by the Fat Contributor—
 The Domestic Love-Song'; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855, without
 the prose]



ARTICLES of furniture are deservedly favourite subjects with domestic poets; witness those celebrated verses, 'My uncle's old hat,' 'My grandmother's muff,' 'My ancestor's coal-scuttle,' &c., by Miss Bunion and other poetesses, which have taken such a strong hold on the affections of the public. Our stout friend evidently knew the value of furniture when he composed the following lyric. It is crammed full of goods, like a broker's shop, and has a touching and domestic pathos which contrasts agreeably with the May-

fair swagger of the poem we printed a fortnight since.¹

¹ 'What makes my heart to thrill and glow,' p. 108.

The circumstances of the poem are these :—The Contributor, then lodging in Bidborough Street, Burton Crescent, had received a present of shrimps from a kind friend at Gravesend, and asked his landlady, Mrs. Runt, and her daughter to breakfast, when the young lady not only sat in the ‘cane-bottomed chair,’ but broke it. The little affair of the chair happened many years ago, and our friend has long quitted Mrs. Runt’s apartments : he says it was despair in love that tore him thence, for he entertained a violent passion for Miss R., as usual ; but her excellent mother persists that it was irregularity of rent-payments which caused the *serious* difference with her lodger.

Nor could a young man in impoverished circumstances, as the C. then was, expect much better treatment at the hands of Miss R. That young lady was virtuously attached to the first-floor, Lieutenant Bong of the Bombay Artillery, whom she married, and, as Mrs. Captain Bong, is the happy mother of a very large family.

As for her spirit revisiting the Contributor’s arm-chair, that is all bosh. People don’t sit on it, but for the reason of breakage above stated ; and poems of later dates, ‘To Ianthe,’ ‘To Zuleika,’ ‘To Aurelia,’ &c., show that the rogue was not more inconsolable about other disappointments than about this one. Of course he makes the most of his feelings ; every poet does ; a true poet howls if he is pricked with a pin, as much as an ordinary man who got three dozen :—that is the beauty of poetic sensibility.

IN tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I’ve a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure ;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks,
With worthless old knickknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes
from friends.

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed ;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see ;
What matter ? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire ;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp ;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp ;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn :
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times ;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakia
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best ;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet ;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms !
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair—
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face !
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there, and bloomed in my cane-bottomed
chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince ;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
 In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
 I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
 My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.



She comes from the past and revisits my room ;
 She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom ;
 So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
 And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

AH, BLEAK AND BARREN WAS THE MOOR

[*Vanity Fair*, 1848]

AH, bleak and barren was the moor !
 Ah, loud and piercing was the storm !
 The cottage roof was shelter'd sure,
 The cottage hearth was bright and warm—
 An orphan boy the lattice pass'd,
 And, as he mark'd its cheerful glow,
 Felt doubly keen the midnight blast,
 And doubly cold the fallen snow.

They mark'd him as he onward press'd,
 With fainting heart and weary limb ;
 Kind voices bade him turn and rest,
 And gentle faces welcomed him.
 The dawn is up—the guest is gone,
 The cottage hearth is blazing still ;
 Heaven pity all poor wanderers lone !
 Hark to the wind upon the hill !

THE ROSE UPON MY BALCONY

[*Vanity Fair*, 1848]

THE rose upon my balcony, the morning air perfuming,
 Was leafless all the winter-time and pining for the spring ;
 You ask me why her breath is sweet and why her cheek
 is blooming :
 It is because the sun is out and birds begin to sing.

The nightingale, whose melody is through the greenwood
 ringing,
 Was silent when the boughs were bare and winds were
 blowing keen :
 And if, mamma, you ask of me the reason of his singing,
 It is because the sun is out and all the leaves are green.

Thus each performs his part, mamma : the birds have
 found their voices,
 The blowing rose a flush, mamma, her bonny cheek to
 dye ;
 And there's sunshine in my heart, mamma, which wakens
 and rejoices,
 And so I sing and blush, mamma, and that's the reason
 why.

ABD-EL-KADER AT TOULON

OR, THE CAGED HAWK

[*Punch*, January, 1848]

No more, thou lithe and long-winged hawk, of desert-life
for thee ;

No more across the sultry sands shalt thou go swooping
free :

Blunt idle talons, idle beak, with spurning of thy chain,
Shatter against thy cage the wing thou ne'er mayst spread
again.

Long, sitting by their watchfires, shall the Kabyles tell the
tale

Of thy dash from Ben Halifa on the fat Metidja vale ;
How thou swept'st the desert over, bearing down the wild
El Riff,

From eastern Beni Salah to western Ouad Shelif ;

How thy white burnous went streaming, like the storm-
rack o'er the sea,

When thou rodest in the vanward of the Moorish chivalry ;
How thy razzia was a whirlwind, thy onset a simoom,
How thy sword-sweep was the lightning, dealing death
from out the gloom !

Nor less quick to slay in battle than in peace to spare and
save,

Of brave men wisest councillor, of wise councillors most
brave ;

How the eye that flashed destruction could beam gentle-
ness and love,

How lion in thee mated lamb, how eagle mated dove !

Availèd not or steel or shot 'gainst that charmed life secure,
Till cunning France, in last resource, tossed up the golden
lure :

And the carrion buzzards round him stooped, faithless, to
the cast,

And the wild hawk of the desert is caught and caged at
last.

Weep, maidens of Zerifah, above the laden loom !
Scar, chieftains of Al Elmah, your cheeks in grief and
gloom !
Sons of the Beni Snazam, throw down the useless lance,
And stoop your necks and bare your backs to yoke and
scourge of France !

'Twas not in fight they bore him down ; he never cried
amàn ;
He never sank his sword before the Prince of Franghistan ;
But with traitors all around him, his star upon the wane,
He heard the voice of Allah, and he would not strive in
vain.

They gave him what he asked them ; from King to King
he spake,
As one that plighted word and seal not knoweth how to
break :
' Let me pass from out my deserts, be't mine own choice
where to go ;
I brook no fettered life to live, a captive and a show.'

And they promised, and he trusted them, and proud and
calm he came,
Upon his black mare riding, girt with his sword of fame.
Good steed, good sword, he rendered both unto the Frank-
ish throng ;
He knew them false and fickle—but a Prince's word is
strong.

How have they kept their promise ? Turned they the
vessel's prow
Unto Acre, Alexandria, as they have sworn e'en now ?
Not so : from Oran northwards the white sails gleam and
glance,
And the wild hawk of the desert is borne away to France !

Where Toulon's white-walled lazaret looks southward o'er
the wave,
Sits he that trusted in the word a son of Louis gave.
O noble faith of noble heart ! And was the warning vain,
The text writ by the Bourbon in the blurred black book
of Spain ?

They have need of thee to gaze on, they have need of
 thee to grace
 The triumph of the Prince, to gild the pinchbeck of their
 race.
 Words are but wind, conditions must be construed by
 Guizot ;
 Dash out thy heart, thou desert hawk, ere thou art made
 a show !

AT THE CHURCH GATE

[*Pendennis*, 1849-50 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
 Yet round about the spot
 Oft-times I hover ;
 And near the sacred gate,
 With longing eyes I wait,
 Expectant of her.

The Minster bell tolls out
 Above the city's rout,
 And noise and humming :
 They've hush'd the Minster bell :
 The organ 'gins to swell :
 She's coming, she's coming !

My lady comes at last,
 Timid, and stepping fast,
 And hastening hither,
 With modest eyes downcast :
 She comes—she's here—she's past—
 May Heaven go with her !

Kneel, undisturb'd, fair Saint !
 Pour out your praise or plaint
 Meekly and duly ;
 I will not enter there,
 To sully your pure prayer
 With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
 Lingering a minute
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
 Angels within it.

THE END OF THE PLAY

[*Dr. Birch*, 1849 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

THE play is done ; the curtain drops,
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell :
A moment yet the actor stops,
 And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task ;
 And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
 A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
 Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
 As fits the merry Christmas-time.
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
 That Fate ere long shall bid you play ;
Good night ! with honest gentle hearts
 A kindly greeting go alway !

Good night !—I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
 Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
 Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
 Your hopes more vain than those of men ;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
 At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive,
 Not less nor more as men than boys ;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
 As erst at twelve in corduroys.

And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say, how fate may change and shift ;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design ?
Blessed be He who took and gave !
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave ? ¹
We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give, or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit :
Who brought him to that mirth and state ?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus ?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed ;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen ! whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

¹ C. B. ob. 29th November, 1848, æt. 42.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses, or who wins the prize.
Go, lose or conquer as you can ;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young !
(Bear kindly with my humble lays) ;
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas Days :
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then :
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth ;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE

FROM THE CONTRIBUTOR AT PARIS

[*Punch*, February 17, 1849 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields ;
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case ;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

MAY-DAY ODE

[*Times*, April 30, 1851; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

BUT yesterday a naked sod,
 The dandies sneered from Rotten Row,
 And cantered o'er it to and fro;
 And see 'tis done!

As though 'twere by a wizard's rod
 A blazing arch of lucid glass
 Leaps like a fountain from the grass
 To meet the sun!

A quiet green but few days since,
 With cattle browsing in the shade,
 And here are lines of bright arcade
 In order raised!

A palace as for fairy Prince,
 A rare pavilion, such as man
 Saw never, since mankind began
 And built and glazed!

A peaceful place it was but now,
 And lo! within its shining streets
 A multitude of nations meets;
 A countless throng,

I see beneath the crystal bow,
 And Gaul and German, Russ and Turk,
 Each with his native handiwork
 And busy tongue.

I felt a thrill of love and awe
 To mark the different garb of each,
 The changing tongue, the various speech
 Together blent.

A thrill, methinks, like His who saw
 'All people dwelling upon earth
 Praising our God with solemn mirth
 And one consent.'

High sovereign, in your Royal state,
Captains, and chiefs, and counsellors,
Before the lofty palace doors

Are open set ;

Hush ! ere you pass the shining gate ;
Hush ! ere the heaving curtain draws,
And let the Royal pageant pause
A moment yet.

People and Prince a silence keep !
Bow coronet and kingly crown,
Helmet and plume, bow lowly down,
The while the priest,

Before the splendid portal step
(While still the wondrous banquet stays),
From Heaven supreme a blessing prays
Upon the feast.

Then onwards let the triumph march ;
Then let the loud artillery roll,
And trumpets ring, and joy-bells toll,
And pass the gate.

Pass underneath the shining arch,
'Neath which the leafy elms are green ;
Ascend unto your throne, O Queen !
And take your state.

Behold her in her Royal place ;
A gentle lady ; and the hand
That sways the sceptre of this land,
How frail and weak !

Soft is the voice, and fair the face,
She breathes amen to prayer and hymn ;
No wonder that her eyes are dim,
And pale her cheek.

This moment round her empire's shores
The winds of Austral winter sweep,
And thousands lie in midnight sleep
At rest to-day.

Oh, awful is that crown of yours,
Queen of innumerable realms,
Sitting beneath the budding elms
Of English May !

THE PEN AND THE ALBUM

[*The Keepsake*, 1853 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

'I AM Miss Catherine's book' (the Album speaks) ;
'I've lain among your tomes these many weeks ;
I'm tired of their old coats and yellow cheeks.

'Quick, Pen ! and write a line with a good grace ;
Come ! draw me off a funny little face ;
And, prithee, send me back to Chesham Place.'

PEN

'I am my master's faithful old Gold Pen ;
I've served him three long years, and drawn since then
Thousands of funny women and droll men.

'O Album ! could I tell you all his ways
And thoughts, since I am his, these thousand days,
Lord, how your pretty pages I'd amaze !'

ALBUM

'His ways ? his thoughts ? Just whisper me a few ;
Tell me a curious anecdote or two,
And write 'em quickly off, good Mordan, do !'

PEN

'Since he my faithful service did engage
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,
I've drawn and written many a line and page.

'Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,
And dinner-cards, and picture pantomimes,
And merry little children's books at times.

'I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain ;
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain ;
The idle word that he'd wish back again.

.

- ‘ I’ve help’d him to pen many a line for bread ;
 To joke, with sorrow aching in his head ;
 And make your laughter when his own heart bled.
- ‘ I’ve spoke with men of all degree and sort—
 Peers of the land, and ladies of the Court ;
 Oh, but I’ve chronicled a deal of sport !
- ‘ Feasts that were ate a thousand days ago,
 Biddings to wine that long hath ceased to flow,
 Gay meetings with good fellows long laid low ;
- ‘ Summons to bridal, banquet, burial, ball,
 Tradesman’s polite reminders of his small
 Account due Christmas last—I’ve answer’d all.
- ‘ Poor Diddler’s tenth petition for a half-
 Guinea ; Miss Bunyan’s for an autograph ;
 So I refuse, accept, lament, or laugh,
- ‘ Condole, congratulate, invite, praise, scoff,
 Day after day still dipping in my trough,
 And scribbling pages after pages off.
- ‘ Day after day the labour’s to be done,
 And sure as comes the postman and the sun,
 The indefatigable ink must run.
-
- ‘ Go back, my pretty little gilded tome,
 To a fair mistress and a pleasant home,
 Where soft hearts greet us whensoever we come !
- ‘ Dear, friendly eyes, with constant kindness lit,
 However rude my verse, or poor my wit,
 Or sad or gay my mood, you welcome it.
- ‘ Kind lady ! till my last of lines is penn’d,
 My master’s love, grief, laughter, at an end,
 Whene’er I write your name, may I write friend !
- ‘ Not all are so that were so in past years ;
 Voices, familiar once, no more he hears ;
 Names, often writ, are blotted out in tears.
- ‘ So be it :—joys will end and tears will dry
 Album ! my master bids me wish good-bye,
 He’ll send you to your mistress presently.

'And thus with thankful heart he closes you ;
 Blessing the happy hour when a friend he knew
 So gentle, and so generous, and so true.

'Nor pass the words as idle phrases by ;
 Stranger ! I never writ a flattery,
 Nor sign'd the page that register'd a lie.'

LUCY'S BIRTHDAY

[*The Keepsake*, 1854 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855, with alterations ¹]

SEVENTEEN rose-buds in a ring,
 Thick with sister flowers beset,
 In a fragrant coronet,
 Lucy's servants this day bring.
 Be it the birthday wreath she wears
 Fresh and fair, and symboling
 The young number of her years,
 The sweet blushes of her spring.

Types of youth and love and hope !
 Friendly hearts your mistress greet,
 Be you ever fair and sweet,
 And grow lovelier as you ope !

¹ The lines altered read as below in *The Keepsake* version :

The soft blushes of her spring !

Types of Love and Youth and Hope
 Constant friends your mistress greet ;
 Be you ever pure and sweet,
 Growing lovelier as you ope !
 Cherished nursling, fenced about
 By fond care, and tended so,
 Scarce you've heard of storms without,
 Thorns that bite, or winds that blow ;—

Kindly has your life begun,
 And we pray that Heaven may send
 To our flow'ret a bright sun,
 A warm summer, a sweet end :
 And, where'er her dwelling-place
 May she decorate her home ;

.

Gentle nursing, fenced about
With fond care, and guarded so,
Scarce you've heard of storms without,
Frosts that bite, or winds that blow !

Kindly has your life begun,
And we pray that Heaven may send
To our floweret a warm sun,
A calm summer, a sweet end.
And, where'er shall be her home,
May she decorate the place ;
Still expanding into bloom,
And developing in grace.

THE YANKEE VOLUNTEERS

[*Punch*, January 1, 1851 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

' A surgeon of the United States army says that, on inquiring of the Captain of his company, he found that *nine-tenths* of the men had enlisted on account of some female difficulty.'—*Morning Paper*.

YE Yankee volunteers !
It makes my bosom bleed
When I your story read,
 Though oft 'tis told one.
So—in both hemispheres
The women are untrue,
And cruel in the New,
 As in the Old one !

What—in this company
Of sixty sons of Mars,
Who march 'neath Stripes and Stars,
 With fife and horn,
Nine-tenths of all we see
Along the warlike line
Had but one cause to join
 This Hope Forlorn ?

Deserters from the realm
Where tyrant Venus reigns,
You slipp'd her wicked chains,
Fled and out-ran her.
And now, with sword and helm,
Together banded are
Beneath the Stripe and Star-
Embroider'd banner !

And is it so with all
The warriors ranged in line,
With lace bedizen'd fine
And swords gold-hilted—
Yon lusty corporal,
Yon colour-man who gripes
The flag of Stars and Stripes—
Has each been jilted ?

Come, each man of this line,
The privates strong and tall,
'The pioneers and all,'
The fifer nimble—
Lieutenant and Ensign,
Captain with epaulets,
And Blacky there, who beats
The clanging cymbal—

O cymbal-beating black,
Tell us, as thou canst feel,
Was it some Lucy Neal
Who caused thy ruin ?
O nimble fifing Jack,
And drummer making din
So deftly on the skin,
With thy rat-tattooing—

Confess, ye volunteers,
Lieutenant and Ensign,
And Captain of the line,
As bold as Roman—
Confess, ye grenadiers,
However strong and tall,
The Conqueror of you all
Is Woman, Woman !

No corslet is so proof
But through it from her bow
The shafts that she can throw
 Will pierce and rankle.
No champion e'er so tough,
But 's in the struggle thrown,
And tripped and trodden down
 By her slim ankle.

Thus always it was ruled :
And when a woman smiled,
The strong man was a child,
 The sage a noodle.
Alcides was befooled,
And silly Samson shorn,
Long, long ere you were born,
 Poor Yankee Doodle !

PISCATOR AND PISCATRIX

LINES WRITTEN TO AN ALBUM PRINT

[*Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

As on this pictured page I look,
This pretty tale of line and hook,
As though it were a novel-book
 Amuses and engages :
I know them both, the boy and girl ;
She is the daughter of the Earl,
The lad (that has his hair in curl),
 My lord the County's page is.

A pleasant place for such a pair !
The fields lie basking in the glare ;
No breath of wind the heavy air
 Of lazy summer quickens.
Hard by you see the castle tall ;
The village nestles round the wall,
As round about the hen its small
 Young progeny of chickens.

It is too hot to pace the keep ;
 To climb the turret is too steep ;
 My lord the Earl is dozing deep,
 His noonday dinner over ;
 The postern-warder is asleep
 (Perhaps they've bribed him not to peep) ;
 And so from out the gate they creep,
 And cross the fields of clover.

Their lines into the brook they launch ;
 He lays his cloak upon a branch,
 To guarantee his Lady Blanche
 's delicate complexion :
 He takes his rapier from his haunch,
 That beardless doughty champion stanch ;
 He'd drill it through the rival's paunch
 That question'd his affection !

O heedless pair of sportsmen slack !
 You never mark, though trout or jack,
 Or little foolish tickleback,
 Your baited snares may capture.
 What care has *she* for line and hook ?
 She turns her back upon the brook,
 Upon her lover's eyes to look
 In sentimental rapture.

O loving pair ! as thus I gaze
 Upon the girl who smiles always,
 The little hand that ever plays
 Upon the lover's shoulder ;
 In looking at your pretty shapes,
 A sort of envious wish escapes
 (Such as the Fox had for the Grapes)
 The Poet your beholder.

To be brave, handsome, twenty-two ;
 With nothing else on earth to do
 But all day long to bill and coo ;
 It were a pleasant calling.
 And had I such a partner sweet ;
 A tender heart for mine to beat,
 A gentle hand my clasp to meet ;—
 I'd let the world flow at my feet,
 And never heed its brawling.

SORROWS OF WERTHER

[*Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
 Such as words could never utter ;
 Would you know how first he met her ?
 She was cutting bread-and-butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
 And a moral man was Werther,
 And, for all the wealth of Indies,
 Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
 And his passion boiled and bubbled,
 Till he blew his silly brains out,
 And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
 Borne before her on a shutter,
 Like a well-conducted person,
 Went on cutting bread-and-butter.

THE LAST OF MAY

IN REPLY TO AN INVITATION DATED ON THE 1ST

[*Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

By Fate's benevolent award,
 Should I survive the day,
 I'll drink a bumper with my lord
 Upon the last of May.

That I may reach that happy time
 The kindly gods I pray,
 For are not ducks and peas in prime
 Upon the last of May ?

THE LEGEND OF ST. SOPHIA OF KIOFF

AN EPIC POEM, IN TWENTY BOOKS

I

The Poet describes the city and spelling of Kiow, Kioff, or Kiova.

A THOUSAND years ago, or more,
 A city filled with burghers stout,
 And girt with ramparts round about,
 Stood on the rocky Dnieper shore.
 In armour bright, by day and night,
 The sentries they paced to and fro.
 Well guarded and walled was this town, and
 called
 By different names, I'd have you to know ;
 For if you looks in the g'ography books,
 In those dictionaries the name it varies
 And they write it off Kieff or Kioff,
 Kiova or Kiow.

II

Its buildings, public works, and ordinances, religious and civil.

Thus guarded without by wall and redoubt,
 Kiova within was a place of renown,
 With more advantages than in those dark
 ages
 Were commonly known to belong to a
 town.
 There were places and squares, and each
 year four fairs,
 And regular aldermen and regular lord
 mayors ;
 And streets, and alleys, and a bishop's
 palace ;
 And a church with clocks for the orthodox—
 With clocks and with spires, as religion
 desires ;
 And beadles to whip the bad little boys
 Over their poor little corduroys,
 In service-time, when they *didn't* make a
 noise ;

And a chapter and dean, and a cathedral-green

With ancient trees, underneath whose shades
Wandered nice young nursery-maids.

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-ding-a-ring-ding,
The bells they made a merry, merry ring,
From the tall, tall steeple; and all the
people

(Except the Jews) came and filled the pews—

Poles, Russians and Germans,

To hear the sermons

Which Hyacinth preached to those Germans
and Poles,

For the safety of their souls.

The poet shows
how a certain
priest dwelt at
Kioff, a godly
clergyman, and
one that
preached rare
good sermons.

III

A worthy priest he was and a stout—

You've seldom looked on such a one

For, though he fasted thrice a week,

Yet nevertheless his skin was sleek;

His waist it spanned two yards about,

And he weighed a score of stone.

How this priest
was short, and
fat of body;

IV

A worthy priest for fasting and prayer

And mortification most deserving,

And as for preaching beyond compare;

He'd exert his powers for three or four hours,

With greater pith than Sydney Smith

Or the Reverend Edward Irving.

And like unto
the author of
Plymley's
Letters.

V

He was the prior of St. Sophia

(A Cockney rhyme, but no better I know)—

Of St. Sophia, that church in Kiow,

Built by missionaries I can't tell when;

Who by their discussions converted the
Russians,

And made them Christian men.

Of what con-
vent he was
prior, and when
the convent
was built.

VI

Of St. Sophia,
of Kioff; and
how her statue
miraculously
travelled
thither.

Sainted Sophia (so the legend vows)
With special favour did regard this house ;
And to uphold her converts' new devotion,
Her statue (needing but her legs for *her* ship)
Walks of itself across the German Ocean ;
And of a sudden perches
In this the best of churches,
Whither all Kiovites come and pay it grate-
ful worship.

VII

And how Kioff
should have
been a happy
city; but that

Thus with her patron saints and pious
preachers
Recorded here in catalogue precise,
A goodly city, worthy magistrates,
You would have thought in all the Russian
states
The citizens the happiest of all creatures,—
The town itself a perfect Paradise.

VIII

Certain wicked
Cossacks did
besiege it,

No, alas! this well-built city
Was in a perpetual fidget ;
For the Tartars, without pity,
Did remorselessly besiege it.

Tartars fierce, with sword and sabres,
Huns and Turks, and such as these,
Envied much their peaceful neighbours
By the blue Borysthenes.

Murdering the
citizens,

Down they came, these ruthless Russians,
From their steppes, and woods, and fens,
For to levy contributions
On the peaceful citizens.

Winter, Summer, Spring and Autumn,
Down they came to peaceful Kioff,
Killed the burghers when they caught 'em,
If their lives they would not buy off.

Till the city, quite confounded
 By the ravages they made,
 Humbly with their chief compounded,
 And a yearly tribute paid ;

Until they
 agreed to pay a
 tribute yearly.

Which (because their courage lax was)
 They discharged while they were able :
 Tolerated thus the tax was,
 Till it grew intolerable.

How they paid
 the tribute, and
 then suddenly
 refused it,

And the Kalmuck envoy sent,
 As before, to take their dues all,
 Got, to his astonishment,
 A unanimous refusal !

To the wonder
 of the Cossack
 envoy.

‘ Men of Kioff ! ’ thus courageous
 Did the stout lord mayor harangue them,
 ‘ Wherefore pay these sneaking wages
 To the hectoring Russians ? hang them !

Of a mighty
 gallant speech

‘ Hark ! I hear the awful cry of
 Our forefathers in their graves ;
 “ Fight, ye citizens of Kioff !
 Kioff was not made for slaves.”

That the lord
 mayor made,

‘ All too long have ye betrayed her ;
 Rouse ye men and aldermen,
 Send the insolent invader—
 Send him starving back again ! ’

Exhorting the
 burghers to
 pay no longer.

IX

He spoke and he sat down ; the people of
 the town,
 Who were fired with a brave emulation,
 Now rose with one accord, and voted thanks
 unto the lord
 Mayor for his oration :

Of their thanks
 and heroic
 resolves.

The envoy they dismissed, never placing in
 his fist
 So much as a single shilling ;
 And all with courage fired, as his lordship he
 desired,
 At once set about their drilling.

They dismiss
 the envoy, and
 set about
 drilling.

And how he
feigned a
retreat.

They fled, obedient to their captain's order :
And now this bloodless siege a month had
lasted,
When, viewing the country round, the city
warder
(Who, like a faithful weathercock, did perch
Upon the steeple of St. Sophy's church),
Sudden his trumpet took, and a mighty
blast he blasted.

The warder
proclayms the
Cossacks' re-
treat, and the
citie greatly
rejoyces.

His voice it might be heard through all the
streets
(He was a warder wondrous strong in lung),
'Victory, victory ! the foe retreats !'
'The foe retreats !' each cries to each he
meets ;
'The foe retreats !' each in his turn repeats.
Gods ! how the guns did roar, and how the
joy-bells rung !

Arming in haste his gallant city lancers,
The mayor, to learn if true the news
might be,
A league or two out issued with his prancers.
The Cossacks (something had given their
courage a damper)
Hastened their flight, and 'gan like mad to
scamper :
Blessed be all the saints, Kiova town was
free !

XI

Now, puffed with pride, the mayor grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice
he slew the slain.
'Tis true he might amuse himself thus,
And not be very murderous ;
For as of those who to death were done
The number was exactly none,
His lordship, in his soul's elation
Did take a bloodless recreation—
Going home again, he did ordain

The manner of
the citie's re-
joycings,

A very splendid cold collation
 For the magistrates and the corporation ;
 Likewise a grand illumination
 For the amusement of the nation.
 That night the theatres were free,
 The conduits they ran Malvoisie ;
 Each house that night did beam with light
 And sound with mirth and jollity :
 But shame, O shame ! not a soul in the town,
 Now the city was safe and the Cossacks flown,
 Ever thought of the bountiful saint by whose
 care

And its im-
 piety.

The town had been rid of these terrible
 Turks—
 Said even a prayer to that patroness fair,
 For these her wondrous works !
 Lord Hyacinth waited, the meekest of
 priors—
 He waited at church with the rest of his
 friars ;
 He went there at noon and he waited till ten,
 Expecting in vain the lord-mayor and hismen.
 He waited and waited from midday to
 dark ;
 But in vain—you might search through the
 whole of the church,
 Not a layman, alas ! to the city's disgrace,
 From midday to dark showed his nose in
 the place.
 The pew-woman, organist, beadle, and clerk
 Kept away from their work, and were dancing
 like mad
 Away in the streets with the other mad people,
 Not thinking to pray, but to guzzle and tipples
 Wherever the drink might be had.

How the
 priest Hya-
 cinth waited
 at church, and
 nobody came
 thither.

XII

Amidst this din and revelry throughout the
 city roaring,
 The silver moon rose silently, and high in
 heaven soaring ;
 Prior Hyacinth was fervently upon his knees
 adoring ;

How he went
 forth to bid
 them to
 prayer.

'Towards my precious patroness this conduct
sure unfair is ;
I cannot think, I must confess, what keeps
the dignitaries
And our good mayor away, unless some
business them contraries.'

He puts his long white mantle on and forth
the prior sallies
(His pious thoughts were bent upon good
deeds and not on malice) :
Heavens ! how the banquet lights they shone
about the mayor's palace !
About the hall the scullions ran with meats
both fresh and potted ;
The pages came with cup and can, all for
the guests allotted ;
Ah, how they jeered that good fat man as
up the stairs he trotted !

How the
grooms and
lackeys jeered
him.

He entered in the ante-rooms where sat the
mayor's court in ;
He found a pack of drunken grooms a-dicing
and a-sporting ;
The horrid wine and 'bacco fumes, they set
the prior a-snorting !
The prior thought he'd speak about their
sins before he went hence,
And lustily began to shout of sin and of
repentance ;
The rogues, they kicked the prior out before
he'd done a sentence !

And having got no portion small of buffeting
and tussling,
At last he reached the banquet-hall, where
sat the mayor a-guzzling,
And by his side his lady tall dressed out in
white sprig muslin.

And the mayor,
mayoress, and
aldermen,
being tipsie,
refused to go
to church.

Around the table in a ring the guests were
drinking heavy ;
They drank the Church, and drank the King,
and the army and the navy ;
In fact they'd toasted everything. The prior
said, ' God save ye ! '

The mayor cried, 'Bring a silver cup—there's
one upon the buffet ;

And, prior, have the venison up—it's capital
réchauffé.

And so, Sir Priest, you've come to sup ?
And pray you, how's St. Sophy ?'

The prior's face quite red was grown, with
horror and with anger ;

He flung the proffered goblet down—it made
a hideous clangor ;

And 'gan a-preaching with a frown—he was
a fierce haranguer.

He tried the mayor and aldermen—they all
set up a-jeering :

He tried the common-councilmen—they too
began a-sneering :

He turned towards the may'ress then, and
hoped to get a hearing.

He knelt and seized her dinner-dress, made
of the muslin snowy,

'To church, to church, my sweet mistress !'
he cried ; 'the way I'll show ye.'

Alas, the lady mayoress fell back as drunk
as Chloe !

XIII

Out from this dissolute and drunken court
Went the good prior, his eyes with weeping
dim :

He tried the people of a meaner sort—

They too, alas, were bent upon their sport,
And not a single soul would follow him !

But all were swigging schnapps and guzzling
beer.

He found the cits, their daughters, sons, and
spouses,

Spending the live-long night in fierce carouses,
Alas, unthinking of the danger near !

One or two sentinels the ramparts guarded,
The rest were sharing in the general feast :

'God wot, our tipsy town is poorly warded ;
Sweet St. Sophia help us !' cried the priest,

How the prior
went back
alone,

Alone he entered the cathedral gate,
 Careful he locked the mighty oaken door ;
 Within his company of monks did wait,
 A dozen poor old pious men—no more.
 Oh, but it grieved the gentle prior sore,
 To think of those lost souls, given up to
 drink and fate !

And shut him-
 self into St.
 Sophia's chapel
 with his
 brethren.

The mighty outer gate well barred and fast,
 The poor old friars stirred their poor old
 bones,
 And pattering swiftly on the damp cold
 stones,
 They through the solitary chancel passed.
 The chancel walls looked black and dim and
 vast,
 And rendered ghost-like, melancholy tones.

Onward the fathers sped, till coming nigh a
 Small iron gate, the which they entered
 quick at,
 They locked and double-locked the inner
 wicket
 And stood within the chapel of Sophia.
 Vain were it to describe this sainted place,
 Vain to describe that celebrated trophy,
 The venerable statue of St. Sophy,
 Which formed its chiefest ornament and
 grace.

Here the good prior, his personal griefs and
 sorrows
 In his extreme devotion quickly merging,
 At once began to pray with voice sonorous ;
 The other friars joined in pious chorus,
 And passed the night in singing, praying,
 scourging,
 In honour of Sophia, that sweet virgin.

XIV

The episode of
 Sneezoff and
 Katinka.

Leaving thus the pious priest in
 Humble penitence and prayer,
 And the greedy cits a-feasting,
 Let us to the walls repair.

Walking by the sentry-boxes,
Underneath the silver moon,
Lo! the sentry boldly cocks his—
Boldly cocks his musketoon.

Sneezoff was his designation,
Fair-haired boy, for ever pitied ;
For to take his cruel station,
He but now Katinka quitted.

Poor in purse were both, but rich in
Tender love's delicious plenties ;
She a damsel of the kitchen,
He a haberdasher's 'prentice.

'Tinka, maiden tender-hearted,
Was dissolved in tearful fits,
On that fatal night she parted
From her darling, fair-haired Fritz.

Warm her soldier lad she wrapt in
Comforter and muffetee ;
Called him 'general' and 'captain,'
Though a simple private he.

'On your bosom wear this plaster,
'Twill defend you from the cold ;
In your pipe smoke this canaster,
Smuggled 'tis, my love, and old.

'All the night, my love, I'll miss you.'
Thus she spoke ; and from the door
Fair-haired Sneezoff made his issue,
To return, alas, no more.

He it is who calmly walks his
Walk beneath the silver moon ;
He it is who boldly cocks his
Detonating musketoon.

He the bland canaster puffing,
As upon his round he paces,
Sudden sees a ragamuffin
Clambering swiftly up the glacis.

‘ Who goes there ? ’ exclaims the sentry ;
 ‘ When the sun has once gone down
 No one ever makes an entry
 Into this here fortified town ! ’

How the sentry
 Sneezoff
 was surprised
 and slain.

Shouted thus the watchful Sneezoff ;
 But, ere any one replied,
 Wretched youth ! he fired his piece off,
 Started, staggered, groaned, and died !

XV

How the Cossacks
 rushed in
 suddenly and
 took the citie.

Ah, full well might the sentinel cry, ‘ Who
 goes there ? ’
 But echo was frightened too much to declare.
 Who goes there ? who goes there ? Can any
 one swear
 To the number of sands *sur les bords de la*
mer,
 Or the whiskers of D’Orsay Count down to
 a hair ?
 As well might you tell of the sands the
 amount,
 Or number each hair in each curl of the
 Count,
 As ever proclaim the number and name
 Of the hundreds and thousands that up the
 wall came !
 Down, down the knaves poured with fire
 and with sword :
 There were thieves from the Danube and
 rogues from the Don ;
 There were Turks and Wallacks, and shouting
 Cossacks ;
 Of all nations and regions, and tongues and
 religions—
 Jew, Christian, Idolater, Frank, Mussulman :
 Ah, a horrible sight was Kioff that night !
 The gates were all taken—no chance e’en of
 flight ;
 And with torch and with axe the bloody
 Cossacks
 Went hither and thither a-hunting in packs.

Of the Cossack
 troops,

And of their
 manner of
 burning, mur-
 dering, and
 ravishing.

They slashed and they slew both Christian
and Jew—

Women and children, they slaughtered them
too.

Some, saving their throats, plunged into the
moats,

Or the river—but, oh, they had burned all
the boats!

But here let us pause—for I can't pursue further
This scene of rack, ravishment, ruin, and
murther.

Too well did the cunning old Cossack succeed !
His plan of attack was successful indeed !

The night was his own—the town it was gone ;
'Twas a heap still a-burning of timber and stone.
One building alone had escaped from the fires,
St. Sophy's fair church, with its steeples and
spires.

Calm, stately, and white,

It stood in the light ;

And as if 'twould defy all the conqueror's
power,—

As if naught had occurred,

Might clearly be heard

The chimes ringing soberly every half-hour !

How they
burned the
whole citie
down, save the
church,

Whereof the
bells began
to ring.

XVI

The city was defunct—silence succeeded

Unto its last fierce agonizing yells ;

And then it was the conqueror first heeded

The sound of these calm bells.

Furious towards his aides de camp he turns,

And (speaking as if Byron's works he knew)

' Villains ! ' he fiercely cries, ' the city burns,

Why not the temple too ?

Burn me yon church, and murder all within ! '

The Cossacks thundered at the outer door ;

And Father Hyacinth, who heard the din

(And thought himself and brethren in distress,

Deserted by their lady patroness),

Did to her statue turn, and thus his woes
outpour.

How the
Cossack chief
bade them
burn the
church too.

How they
stormed it :
and of Hya-
cinth, his
anger thereat.

XVII

HIS prayer to
the St. Sophia.

‘ And is it thus, O falsest of the saints,
Thou hearest our complaints ?
Tell me, did ever my attachment falter
To serve thy altar ?
Was not thy name, ere ever I did sleep,
The last upon my lip ?
Was not thy name the very first that broke
From me when I awoke ?
Have I not tried with fasting, flogging,
penance,
And mortified countenance,
For to find favour, Sophy, in thy sight ?
And lo ! this night,
Forgetful of my prayers, and thine own
promise,
Thou turnest from us ;
Lettest the heathen enter in our city,
And, without pity,
Murder our burghers, seize upon their spouses,
Burn down their houses !
Is such a breach of faith to be endured ?
See what a lurid
Light from the insolent invader’s torches
Shines on your porches !
E’en now, with thundering battering-ram and
hammer
And hideous clamour,
With axemen, swordsmen, pikemen, billmen,
bowmen,
The conquering foemen,
O Sophy ! beat your gate about your ears,
Alas ! and here’s
A humble company of pious men,
Like muttons in a pen,
Whose souls shall quickly from their bodies
be thrust,
Because in you they trusted.
Do you not know the Kalmuck chief’s desires :
KILL ALL THE FRIARS !
And you of all the saints most false and fickle,
Leave us in this abominable pickle.’

‘RASH HYACINTHUS!’

(Here, to the astonishment of all her
backers,

The statue
suddenly
speaks;

St. Sophy, opening wide her wooden jaws,
Like to a pair of German walnut-crackers,
Began) ‘I did not think that you had been
thus,

O monk of little faith! Is it because
A rascal scum of filthy Cossack heathen
Besiege our town, that you distrust in *me*,
then?

Think’st thou that I, who in a former day
Did walk across the Sea of Marmora
(Not mentioning, for shortness, other seas),—
That I, who skimmed the broad Borysthenes,
Without so much as wetting of my toes,
Am frightened at a set of men like *those*?
I have a mind to leave you to your fate:
Such cowardice as this my scorn inspires.’

St. Sophy was here

Cut short in her words,—

For at this very moment in tumbled the gate,

And with a wild cheer,

And a clashing of swords,

Swift through the church porches,

With a waving of torches,

And a shriek, and a yell,

Like the devils of hell,

With pike and with axe

In rushed the Cossacks,—

In rushed the Cossacks, crying, ‘MURDER

THE FRIARS!’

But is inter-
rupted by the
breaking in of
the Cossacks.

Ah! what a thrill felt Hyacinth

When he heard that villanous shout

Kalmuck!

Now, thought he, my trial beginneth;

Saints, oh, give me courage and pluck!

‘Courage, boys, ’tis useless to funk!’

Thus unto the friars he began,

‘Never let it be said that a monk

Is not likewise a gentleman.

Of Hyacinth,
his outrageous
address,

Though the patron saint of the church,
 Spite of all that we've done and we've
 pray'd,
 Leaves us wickedly here in the lurch,
 Hang it, gentlemen, who's afraid ?'

And prepara-
 tion for dying.

As thus the gallant Hyacinthus spoke,
 He with an air as easy and as free as
 If the quick-coming murder were a joke,
 Folded his robes around his sides, and took
 Place under sainted Sophy's legs of oak,
 Like Caesar at the statue of Pompeius.
 The monks no leisure had about to look
 (Each being absorbed in his particular case),
 Else had they seen with what celestial grace,
 A wooden smile stole o'er the saint's
 mahogany face.

St. Sophia, her
 speech.

' Well done, well done, Hyacinthus, my son !'
 Thus spoke the sainted statue.
 ' Though you doubted me in the hour of
 need,
 And spoke of me very rude indeed,
 You deserve good luck for showing such
 pluck,
 And I won't be angry at you.'

She gets on the
 prior's shoulder
 straddleback,

The monks by-standing, one and all,
 Of this wondrous scene beholders,
 To this kind promise listened content,
 And couldn't contain their astonishment
 When St. Sophia moved and went
 Down from her wooden pedestal,
 And twisted her legs, sure as eggs is eggs,
 Round Hyacinthus's shoulders !

And bids
 him run.

' Ho ! forwards,' cries Sophy, ' there's no
 time for waiting,
 The Cossacks are breaking the very last
 gate in :
 See the glare of their torches shines red
 through the grating ;

We've still the back door, and two minutes
or more.

Now, boys, now or never, we must make for
the river,

For we only are safe on the opposite shore.
Run swiftly to-day, lads, if ever you ran,—
Put out your best leg, Hyacinthus, my man :
And I'll lay five to two that you carry us
through,

Only scamper as fast as you can.'

XVIII

Away went the priest through the little back
door,

He runneth,

And light on his shoulders the image he bore :
The honest old priest was not punished the
least,

Though the image was eight feet, and he
measured four.

Away went the prior, and the monks at his
tail

Went snorting, and puffing, and panting full
sail ;

And just as the last at the back door had
passed,

In furious hunt behold at the front

The Tartars so fierce, with their terrible
cheers ;

With axes, and halberds, and muskets, and
spears,

With torches a-flaming the chapel now came
in.

They tore up the mass-book, they stamped
on the psalter,

They pulled the gold crucifix down from the
altar ;

The vestments they burned with their blas-
phemous fires,

And many cried, 'Curse on them ! where are
the friars ?'

When loaded with plunder, yet seeking for
more,

One chanced to fling open the little back door,

And the Tar-
tars after him.

How the friars
sweated,

Spied out the friars' white robes and long
shadows

In the moon, scampering over the meadows,
And stopped the Cossacks in the midst of
their arsons,

By crying out lustily, 'THERE GO THE PAR-
SONS!'

With a whoop and a yell, and a scream and
a shout,

At once the whole murderous body turned
out ;

And swift as the hawk pounces down on the
pigeon,

Pursued the poor short-winded men of religion.

When the sound of that cheering came to
the monks' hearing,

O Heaven ! how the poor fellows panted
and blew !

At fighting not cunning, unaccustomed to
running,

When the Tartars came up, what the deuce
should they do ?

'They'll make us all martyrs, those blood-
thirsty Tartars !'

Quoth fat Father Peter to fat Father Hugh.
The shouts they came clearer, the foe they
drew nearer ;

Oh, how the bolts whistled, and how the
lights shone !

'I cannot get further, this running is murder ;
Come carry me, some one !' cried big
Father John.

And even the statue grew frightened : 'Od
rat you !'

It cried, 'Mr. Prior, I wish you'd get on !'
Ontugged the good friar, but nigher and nigher
Appeared the fierce Russians, with sword
and with fire ;

On tugged the good prior at St. Sophy's
desire,—

A scramble through bramble, through mud,
and through mire,

The swift arrows' whizziness causing a dizziness.

Nigh done his business, fit to expire,
Father Hyacinth tugged, and the monks they
tugged after :

The foemen pursued with a horrible laughter.
And hurl'd their long spears round the poor
brethren's ears,

So true, that next day in the coat of each
priest,

Though never a wound was given, there were
found

A dozen arrows at least.

And the pursuers fixed
arrows into
their tayls.

Now the chase seemed at its worst,
Prior and monks were fit to burst ;
Scarce you knew the which was first,

Or pursuers or pursued ;

When the statue, by Heaven's grace

Suddenly did change the face

Of this interesting race,

As a saint, sure, only could.

How, at the
last gasp,

For as the jockey who at Epsom rides,

When that his steed is spent and punished
sore,

Diggeth his heels into the courser's sides,

And thereby makes him run one or two
furlongs more ;

Even thus, betwixt the eighth rib and the
ninth,

The saint rebuked the prior, that weary
creeper ;

Fresh strength into his limbs her kicks
imparted,

One bound he made, as gay as when he
started.

Yes, with his brethren clinging at his cloak,

The statue on his shoulders—fit to choke—

One most tremendous bound made Hyacinth,

And soused friars, statue, and all, slap dash
into the Dnieper !

The friars won
and jumped
into Borys-
thenes fluvius.

XIX

And how the
Russians saw

And when the Russians in a fiery rank,
Panting and fierce, drew up along the shore
(For here the vain pursuing they forbore,
Nor cared they to surpass the river's bank),
There, looking from the rocks and rushes dank,
A sight they witnessed never seen before,
And which, with its accompaniments glorious,
Is writ i' the golden book, or *liber aureus*.

The statue get
off Hyacinth
his back, and
sit down with
the friars on
Hyacinth his
cloak.

Plump in the Dnieper founced the friar and
friends,—
They, dangling round his neck, he fit to
choke,
When suddenly his most miraculous cloak
Over the billowy waves itself extends,
Down from his shoulders quickly descends
The venerable Sophy's statue of oak ;
Which, sitting down upon the cloak so ample,
Bids all the brethren follow its example !

How in this
manner of boat
they sayled
away.

Each at her bidding sat, and sat at ease ;
The statue 'gan a gracious conversation,
And (waving to the foe a salutation)
Sailed with her wondering happy protégés
Gaily adown the wide Borysthenes,
Until they came unto some friendly nation,
And when the heathen had at length grown
shy of
Their conquest, she one day came back again
to Kioff.

XX

Finis, or
the end.

THINK NOT, O READER, THAT WE'RE LAUGHING
AT YOU :
YOU MAY GO TO KIOFF NOW, AND SEE THE
STATUE.

POCAHONTAS

[*The Virginians*, 1858-9]

WEARIED arm and broken sword
 Wage in vain the desperate fight :
 Round him press the countless horde,
 He is but a single knight.
 Hark ! a cry of triumph shrill
 Through the wilderness resounds,
 As, with twenty bleeding wounds,
 Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the fatal pyre,
 And the torch of death they light ;
 Ah, 'tis hard to die of fire !
 Who will shield the captive knight ?
 Round the stake with fiendish cry
 Wheel and dance the savage crowd ;
 Cold the victim's mien and proud,
 And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart ?
 Who avert the murderous blade ?
 From the throng, with sudden start,
 See, there springs an Indian maid.
 Quick she stands before the knight :
 ' Loose the chain, unbind the ring,
 I am daughter of the King,
 And I claim the Indian right ! '

Dauntlessly aside she flings
 Lifted axe and thirsty knife ;
 Fondly to his heart she clings,
 And her bosom guards his life !
 In the woods of Powhattan,
 Still 'tis told, by Indian fires,
 How a daughter of their sires
 Saved the captive Englishman.

FROM POCAHONTAS

[*The Virginians*, 1858-9]

RETURNING from the cruel fight,
 How pale and faint appears my knight !
 He sees me anxious at his side ;
 ' Why seek, my love, your wounds to hide ?
 Or deem your English girl afraid
 To emulate the Indian maid ? '

Be mine my husband's grief to cheer,
 In peril to be ever near ;
 Whate'er of ill or woe betide,
 To bear it clinging at his side ;
 The poisoned stroke of fate to ward,
 His bosom with my own to guard ;
 Ah, could it spare a pang to his,
 It could not know a purer bliss !
 'Twould gladden as it felt the smart,
 And thank the hand that flung the dart !

VANITAS VANITATUM

[*Cornhill Magazine*, July, 1860]

How spake of old the Royal Seer ?
 (His text is one I love to treat on.)
 This life of ours, he said, is sheer
Mataiotes Mataioteton.

O Student of this gilded Book,
 Declare, while musing on its pages,
 If truer words were ever spoke
 By ancient or by modern sages ?

The various authors' names but note,¹
French, Spanish, English, Russians, Germans :
And in the volume polyglot,
Sure you may read a hundred sermons !

What histories of life are here,
More wild than all romancers' stories ;
What wondrous transformations queer,
What homilies on human glories !

What theme for sorrow or for scorn !
What chronicle of Fate's surprises—
Of adverse Fortune nobly borne,
Of chances, changes, ruins, rises !

Of thrones upset and sceptres broke,
How strange a record here is written !
Of honours, dealt as if in joke ;
Of brave desert unkindly smitten.

How low men were, and how they rise !
How high they were, and how they tumble !
O Vanity of Vanities !
O laughable, pathetic jumble !

Here, between honest Janin's joke
And his Turk Excellency's firman,
I write my name upon the book :
I write my name—and end my sermon.

O Vanity of Vanities !
How wayward the decrees of Fate are ;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are !

What mean these stale moralities,
Sir Preacher, from your desk you mumble ?
Why rail against the great and wise,
And tire us with your ceaseless grumble ?

¹ Between a page by Jules Janin and a poem by the Turkish Ambassador, in Madame de R——'s album, containing the autographs of kings, princes, poets, marshals, musicians, diplomatists, statesmen, artists, and men of letters of all nations.

Pray choose us out another text,
 O man morose and narrow-minded !
 Come turn the page—I read the next,
 And then the next, and still I find it.

Read here how Wealth aside was thrust,
 And Folly set in place exalted ;
 How Princes footed in the dust,
 While lackeys in the saddle vaulted.

Though thrice a thousand years are past
 Since David's son, the sad and splendid,
 The weary King Ecclesiast,
 Upon his awful tablets penned it,—

Methinks the text is never stale,
 And life is every day renewing
 Fresh comments on the old, old tale
 Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin.

Hark to the Preacher, preaching still !
 He lifts his voice and cries his sermon,
 Here at St. Peter's of Cornhill,
 As yonder on the Mount of Hermon :

For you and me to heart to take
 (O dear beloved brother readers)
 To-day, as when the good King spake
 Beneath the solemn Syrian cedars.

LITTLE BILLEE

[Samuel Bevan's *Sand and Canvas*, 1849, as 'The Three Sailors']

THERE were three sailors in Bristol City,
 Who took a boat and went to sea.

But first with beef and captain's biscuit
 And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was guzzling Jack and gorging Jimmy,
 And the youngest he was little Bil-ly.

Now very soon they were so greedy,
 They didn't leave not one split pea.

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
I am confounded hung-*ery*.

Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
We have no wittles, so we must eat *we*.

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
Oh ! gorging Jim, what a fool you be.

There's little Bill as is young and tender,
We're old and tough—so let's eat *he*.

Oh ! Bill, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the collar of your chemie.

When Bill he heard this information,
He used his pocket-handkerchee.

Oh ! let me say my Catechism,
As my poor mammy taught to me.

Make haste, make haste, says guzzling Jacky,
Whilst Jim pulled out his snicker-snee.

So Bill went up the main top-gallant mast
When down he fell on his bended knee.

He scarce had said his Catechism,
When up he jumps : ' There's land I see !

' There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Ameri-*key*.

' There's the British Fleet a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B.'

So when they came to the Admiral's vessel,
He hanged fat Jack, and flogged Jim-*my*.

But as for little Bill, he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

ANOTHER VERSION

[As printed in Dr. John Brown's article on Thackeray in the *North British Review*, February, 1864]

THERE were 3 sailors in Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.

But first with beef and captain's biscuit
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was guzzling Jack and gorging Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.

Now very soon they were so greedy,
They didn't leave not one split pea.

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
'I am extremely hungaree.'

Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
'We have no provisions, so we must eat we.'

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
'O gorging Jim, what a fool you be !

'There's little Bill is young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he.

'O Bill, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the collar of your chemie.'

When Bill received this information
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

'O let me say my catechism,
As my poor mammy taught to me.'

'Make haste, make haste,' says guzzling Jacky,
While Jim pulled out his snickersnee.

So Bill went up to the main-top-gallant mast,
Where down he fell on his bended knee.

He scarce had come to the Twelfth Commandment,
When up he jumps, 'There's land I see.

'There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee.

'There's the British fleet a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Nelson, K.C.B.'

So when they came to the admiral's vessel
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee.

But as for little Bill, he made him
The captain of a seventy-three.

MRS. KATHERINE'S LANTERN

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM

[*Cornhill Magazine*, January, 1867]

- ‘COMING from a gloomy court,
Place of Israelite resort,
This old lamp I’ve brought with me
Madam, on its panes you’ll see
The initials K and E.’
- ‘An old lantern brought to me ?
Ugly, dingy, battered, black !’
(Here a lady I suppose
Turning up a pretty nose)—
‘Pray, sir, take the old thing back.
I’ve no taste for *bric-à-brac*.’
- ‘Please to mark the letters twain’—
(I’m supposed to speak again)—
‘Graven on the lantern pane.
Can you tell me who was she,
Mistress of the flowery wreath,
And the anagram beneath—
The mysterious K E ?
- ‘Full a hundred years are gone
Since the little beacon shone
From a Venice balcony :
There, on summer nights, it hung,
And her lovers came and sung
To their beautiful K E.
- ‘Hush ! in the canal below
Don’t you hear the splash of oars
Underneath the lantern’s glow,
And a thrilling voice begins
To the sound of mandolins !—
Begins singing of amore
And delire and dolore—
O the ravishing tenore !

'Lady, do you know the tune ?
 Ah, we all of us have hummed it !
 I've an old guitar has thrummed it,
 Under many a changing moon.
 Shall I try it ? *Do RE MI . . .*
 What is this ? *Ma foi*, the fact is
 That my hand is out of practice,
 And my poor old fiddle cracked is,

 'And a man—I let the truth out,—
 Who's had almost every tooth out,
 Cannot sing as once he sung,
 When he was young as you are young,
 When he was young and lutes were strung,
 And love-lamps in the casement hung.'

CATHERINE HAYES

[*Biographical Edition*, Vol. XIII, 1899]

PART I

IN the reign of King George and Queen Anne,
 In Swift's and in Marlborough's days,
 There lived an unfortunate man,
 A man by the name of John Hayes.

A decent respectable life,
 And rather deserving of praise,
 Lived John, but his curse was his wife
 —His horrible wife Mrs. Hayes.

A heart more atrociously foul
 Never beat under anyone's stays :
 As eager for blood as a ghoul
 Was Catherine the wife of John Hayes.

By marriage and John she was bored
 (He'd many ridiculous traits) ;
 And she hated her husband and lord,
 This infamous, false Mrs. Hayes.

When madness and fury begin,
 The senses they utterly craze ;
 She called two accomplices in,
 And the three of 'em killed Mr. Hayes.

And when they'd completed the act,
The *Old Bailey Chronicle* says,
In several pieces they hacked
The body of poor Mr. Hayes.

The body and limbs of the dead
They buried in various ways,
And into the Thames flung his head,
And there seemed an end of John Hayes.

The head was brought back by the tide,
And what was a bargeman's amaze
One day, in the mud, when he spied
The horrible head of John Hayes !

In the front of St. Margaret's church
(Where the Westminster Scholars act plays)
They stuck the pale head on a perch,
None knew 'twas the head of John Hayes.

Long time at the object surprised,
Did all the metropolis gaze,
Till some one at last recognized
The face of the late Mr. Hayes.

And when people knew it was he
They went to his widow straightways,
For who could the murderess be,
They said, but the vile Mrs. Hayes ?

As sooner or later 'tis plain
For wickedness every one pays,
They hanged the accomplices twain,
And burned the foul murderess Hayes.

And a writer who scribbles in prose,
And sometimes poetical lays,
The terrible tale did compose
Of Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes.

PART II

Where Shannon's broad wathers pour down
And rush to the Imerald seas,
A lady in Limerick Town
Was bred, and her name it was Hayes.

Her voice was so sweet and so loud,
 So favoured her faytures to playse,
 No wonder that Oireland was proud
 Of her beautiful singer, Miss Hayes.

At Neeples and Doblin the fair
 (In towns with whose beautiful bays
 I'd loike to see England compare)
 Bright laurils were awarded Miss Hayes.

When she'd dthrive in the Phaynix for air,
 They'd take out the horse from her chaise,
 For we honour the gentle and fair,
 And gentle and fair was Miss Hayes.

When she gracefully stepped on the steage
 Our thayatre boomed with huzzays :
 And each man was glad to obleege,
 And longed for a look of Miss Hayes.

A Saxon, who thinks that he dthraws
 Our porthraits as loike as two pays,
 Insulted one day without cause
 Our innocent singer, Miss Hayes.

And though he meant somebody else
 (At layst so the raycreant says,
 Declaring that history tells
 Of another, a wicked Miss Hayes),

Yet Ireland, the free and the brave,
 Says, What's that to do with the case ?
 How dare he, the cowardly slave,
 To mintion the name of a Hayes ?

In vain let him say he forgot,
 What base hypocritical pleas !
 The miscreant ought to be shot :
 How dare he forget our Miss Hayes !

The *Freeman* in language refined,
 The *Post* whom no prayer can appayse,
 Lashed fiercely the wretch who maligned
 The innocent name of a Hayes.

And Grattan upraises the moight
Of his terrible arrum, and flays
The sides of the shuddering wight
That ventured to speak of a Hayes.

Accursed let his memory be,
Who dares to say aught in dispraise
Of Oireland, the land of the free,
And of beauty and janius and Hayes.

LOVE-SONGS MADE EASY

SERENADE

[From 'The Devil's Wager', *National Standard*, August 10 and 24, 1833; *Paris Sketch Book*, 1840]

Now the toils of day are over,
 And the sun hath sunk to rest,
 Seeking, like a fiery lover,
 The bosom of the blushing West—
 The faithful night keeps watch and ward,
 Raising the moon her silver shield,
 And summoning the stars to guard
 The slumbers of my fair Mathilde!
 The faithful night! Now all things lie
 Hid by her mantle dark and dim,
 In pious hope I hither hie,
 And humbly chant mine evening hymn.
 Thou art my prayer, my saint, my shrine!
 (For never holy pilgrim kneel'd
 Or wept at feet more pure than thine),
 My virgin love, my sweet Mathilde!

THE MINARET BELLS

[From 'Men's Wives—The Ravenswing,' *Fraser's Magazine*, April, 1843; *Miscellanies*, Vol. IV, 1857]

TINK-A-TINK, tink-a-tink,
 By the light of the star,
 On the blue river's brink,
 I heard a guitar.
 I heard a guitar
 On the blue waters clear,
 And knew by its music
 That Selim was near!

Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink,
How the soft music swells,
And I hear the soft clink
Of the minaret bells !

COME TO THE GREENWOOD TREE

[From 'Men's Wives—the Ravenswing,' *Fraser's Magazine*,
April, 1843 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. IV, 1857]

COME to the greenwood tree,
Come where the dark woods be,
Dearest, oh, come with me !
Let us rove—O my love—O my love !

Come—'tis the moonlight hour :
Dew is on leaf and flower :
Come to the linden bower,—
Let us rove—O my love—O my love !

Dark is the wood, and wide ;
Dangers, they say, betide ;
But, at my Albert's side,
Naught I fear, O my love—O my love !

Welcome the greenwood tree,
Welcome the forest free,
Dearest, with thee, with thee,
Naught I fear, O my love—O my love !

TO MARY

[From 'The Snobs of England,' No. XLVII, in *Punch*, January,
1847 ; *Book of Snobs*, 1848 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

I SEEM, in the midst of the crowd,
The lightest of all ;
My laughter rings cheery and loud
In banquet and ball.
My lip hath its smiles and its sneers,
For all men to see ;
But my soul, and my truth, and my tears
Are for thee, are for thee !

Around me they flatter and fawn—
 The young and the old,
 The fairest are ready to pawn
 Their hearts for my gold.
 They sue me—I laugh as I spurn
 The slaves at my knee ;
 But in faith and in fondness I turn
 Unto thee, unto thee !

WHAT MAKES MY HEART TO THRILL AND GLOW ?

SONG BY FITZROY CLARENCE

[*Punch*, March 6, 1847 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855, without the prose]



OULD our readers ever forget the writings of our friend the Stout Contributor, there would be a necessity to remind them of that singular and erratic young poet's propensity to fall in love.

Few men, in fact, have gone through life without several attacks of that delightful fever. Some people (and they are not worth a fig) never feel it. Some fellows only have it once, like the small-pox, and very bad. Others are continually suffering under little attacks—and our friend was of the number. He never was *very* much hurt ; but he always made a more prodigious noise and groaning when he was taken ill, than a whole hospital of patients would do. Sometimes he was delirious—often violent. More than once he had the complicated form of the disease (that in which a man is heart-smitten by two or three women at once) ; once he was actually so ill that he couldn't eat any dinner, but it was in very early youth, and he owns that he made an uncommonly good supper at night. In fine, our Stout Friend was an—inflammable and sentimental man.

When he went abroad last—to join General Taylor in Mexico—the F. C. left us a bundle of MSS., on various scraps

of paper, and in different stages of his handwriting. They were tied up with an old piece of pink ribbon, and entitled 'Passion Flowers ; ' they are signed Frederick Chumleigh, Ferdinand Cavendish, Frank Chesterfield, Fulke Cadogan, Fitzroy Clarence (all names with the initials F. C., which in fact are his own, and which led us humorously to call him the Fat Contributor). His real name we are not at liberty to divulge until his death, which he states is very near.

As these love-verses are in all sorts of styles—and as the *Blind God* (if we may be permitted the expression) is a favourite among the younger readers of *Punch*, who may find every now and then remarks suited to their *peculiar circumstances*, in the lyrics of our most sentimental friend—we shall from time to time print a few of his verses.

Here are a set which may be considered a pretty fair specimen of the Genteel or Mayfair Love-Song.

WINTER and summer, night and morn,
 I languish at this table dark ;
 My office window has a corner
 looks into St. James's Park.
 I hear the foot-guards' bugle horn,
 Their tramp upon parade I mark ;
 I am a gentleman forlorn,
 I am a Foreign-Office Clerk.

My toils, my pleasures, every one,
 I find are stale, and dull, and slow ;
 And yesterday, when work was done,
 I felt myself so sad and low,
 I could have seized a sentry's gun
 My wearied brains out to blow.
 What is it makes my blood to run ?
 What makes my heart to beat and glow ?

My notes of hand are burnt perhaps ?
 Some one has paid my tailor's bill ?
 No : every morn the tailor raps ;
 My I O U's are extant still.
 I still am prey of debt and dun ;
 My elder brother's stout and well.
 What is it makes my blood to run ?
 What makes my heart to glow and swell ?

I know my chief's distrust and hate ;
He says I'm lazy, and I shirk.
Ah, had I genius like the late
Right Honourable Edmund Burke !
My chance of all promotion 's gone,
I know it is—he hates me so.
What is it makes my blood to run,
And all my heart to swell and glow ?

Why, why is all so bright and gay ?
There is no change, there is no cause ;
My office-time I found to-day
Disgusting as it ever was.
At three, I went and tried the clubs,
And yawned and sauntered to and fro ;
And now my heart jumps up and throbs,
And all my soul is in a glow.

At half-past four I had the cab ;
I drove as hard as I could go.
The London sky was dirty drab,
And dirty brown the London snow.
And as I rattled in a cant-
er down by dear old Bolton Row,
A something made my heart to pant,
And caused my cheek to flush and glow.

What could it be that made me find
Old Jawkins pleasant at the club ?
Why was it that I laughed and grinned
At whist, although I lost the rub ?
What was it made me drink like mad
Thirteen small glasses of Curaçao ?
That made my inmost heart so glad,
And every fibre thrill and glow ?

She's home again ! she's home, she's home !
Away all cares and griefs and pain ;
I knew she would—she's back from Rome ;
She's home again ! she's home again !
'The family's gone abroad,' they said,
September last—they told me so ;
Since then my lonely heart is dead,
My blood, I think, 's forgot to flow.

She's home again ! away all care !
 O fairest form the world can show !
 O beaming eyes ! O golden hair !
 O tender voice, that breathes so low !
 O gentlest, softest, purest heart !
 O joy, O hope !—'My tiger, ho !'
 Fitz-Clarence said ; we saw him start—
 He galloped down to Bolton Row.

Divested of the genteel, the circumstances of the above ballad are as follow :—Our F. C. was not a ' Foreign-Office ' Clerk, but a Foreign Office-Clerk, in the service of Messrs. Todd and Raddle, Turkey and Sponge Merchants, Tower Hill. Hence his military allusions, and his bitterness against his ' Chief,' Mr. Raddle, acting partner, who, in fact, dismissed him for idleness after three months. The ' Clubs ' he talks of were 'The Kidney,' held at the 'Cock and Woolpack,' Sweeting's Alley; and 'The Feast of Shells,' an Oyster Club at the Tobago Coffee-house, Monument Yard. He *was* in debt a good deal at this time, and has been, we believe, ever since. The young lady in question did not live in *Bolton Row* but in *Bunhill Row*, commanding the City Artillery Ground. She was a Miss Chowder, and he wrote these lines on her return from *Gravesend*, not Rome. Hearing of his irregularities, Miss C. refused him, and is at present the respected lady of a sugar-baker, *not a hundred miles from Whitechapel*. Thus it is that there is always a portion of truth in the poet's fictions, and that he invests with romance and splendour the circumstances of common life.

THE GHAZUL, OR ORIENTAL LOVE-SONG

[*Punch*, June 5, 1847, as 'Love-Songs of the Fat Contributor';
Miscellanies, Vol. I, 1855, without the prose]



LYRICAL composition of almost every kind has been tried by our F.F., and it cannot be supposed that he should have practised so much without essaying the Oriental style of verse. Here are three specimens of his Eastern

poems, from a large collection called by their gifted author, 'Draughts of Sherbet.'

His own account of the verses is as follows :—

1. 'The Rocks.' This song is anterior to the times of Antar, and almost as popular among the tribes of the Lebanon as any chronicle of the indomitable lover of Ibla. I learned it in the Seven Towers, Constantinople, from young Buk-sheesh Bey, a prisoner there along with his uncle, the ill-fated Emeer Besheer. Sung to a guzla, and to a wild and plaintive air, the Antelope never failed to bring tears into the eyes of the Emeer's attendants. I regret not having noted the music.

2. 'The Merry Bard' is the celebrated or rather notorious little Kara Guroo, the cobbler, philosopher and bell-ringer at the mosque of Sultan Achmet. His *mots* are repeated all over Constantinople, and he is to be found at the Greek wine-houses, pretty regularly of an evening, with a dulcimer and a jar of wine beside him, tippling and singing verses of an epicurean and amatory tendency. 'The Little Brown Bulbul' is the name by which he is known in his quarter, where I was introduced to him by another delightful poet—I mean M. de Titoff, of the Russian Embassy.

3. 'The Caicjkee.' This is a favourite song of His Highness Abd-ul-medjeed. I composed it (in the Turkish lan-

guage, with which I am pretty familiar) on a melancholy occasion, of which I forbear to speak. The fate of the Leilah of the song is well known. The Reverend G—e Br—n, of the American Mission at Pera, has in his possession the sack in which the lovely and unfortunate Georgian girl was found floating in the Bosphorus. I have never been the same man since.

Such is our friend's explanation ; not one word of which, it gives us great pain to say, do we believe.

THE ROCKS

I WAS a timid little antelope ;
My home was in the rocks, the lonely rocks.

I saw the hunters scouring on the plain ;
I lived among the rocks, the lonely rocks.

I was a-thirsty in the summer-heat ;
I ventured to the tents beneath the rocks.

Zuleikah brought me water from the well ;
Since then I have been faithless to the rocks.

I saw her face reflected in the well ;
Her camels since have marched into the rocks.

I look to see her image in the well ;
I only see my eyes, my own sad eyes.
My mother is alone among the rocks.

THE MERRY BARD

ZULEIKAH ! The young Agas in the bazaar are slim-waisted and wear yellow slippers. I am old and hideous. One of my eyes is out, and the hairs of my beard are mostly grey. Praise be to Allah ! I am a merry bard.

There is a bird upon the terrace of the Emir's chief wife. Praise be to Allah ! He has emeralds on his neck, and a ruby tail. I am a merry bard. He deafens me with his diabolical screaming.

There is a little brown bird in the basket-maker's cage. Praise be to Allah ! He ravishes my soul in the moonlight. I am a merry bard.

The peacock is an Aga, but the little bird is a Bulbul.

I am a little brown Bulbul. Come and listen in the moonlight. Praise be to Allah ! I am a merry bard.

THE CAÏQUE

YONDER to the kiosk, beside the creek,
Paddle the swift caique.
Thou brawny oarsman with the sunburnt cheek,
Quick ! for it soothes my heart to hear the Bulbul speak !



Ferry me quickly to the Asian shores,
Swift bending to your oars.
Beneath the melancholy sycamores,
Hark ! what a ravishing note the lovelorn Bulbul pours.

Behold, the boughs seem quivering with delight,
The stars themselves more bright,
As 'mid the waving branches out of sight
The Lover of the Rose sits singing through the night.

Under the boughs I sat and listened still,
 I could not have my fill.
 'How comes,' I said, 'such music to his bill?
 Tell me for whom he sings so beautiful a trill.'
 'Once I was dumb,' then did the Bird disclose,
 'But looked upon the Rose;
 And in the garden where the loved one grows,
 I straightway did begin sweet music to compose.'
 'O bird of song, there's one in this caïque
 The Rose would also seek,
 So he might learn like you to love and speak.'
 Then answered me the bird of dusky beak,
 'The Rose, the Rose of Love blushes on Leilah's cheek.'

MY NORA

[From 'The Fitz-Boodle Papers', *Fraser's Magazine*, July, 1842, as
 'On the Lady Emily X——']

BENEATH the gold acacia buds
 My gentle Nora sits and broods,
 Far, far away in Boston woods,
 My gentle Nora!

I see the tear-drop in her e'e,
 Her bosom's heaving tenderly;
 I know—I know she thinks of me,
 My darling Nora!

And where am I? My love, whilst thou
 Sitt'st sad beneath the acacia bough,
 Where pearl's on neck, and wreath on brow,
 I stand, my Nora!

'Mid carcanet and coronet,
 Where joy-lamps shine and flowers are set—
 Where England's chivalry are met,
 Behold me, Nora!

In this strange scene of revelry,
 Amidst this gorgeous chivalry,
 A form I saw, was like to thee,
 My love—my Nora!

She paused amidst her converse glad ;
The lady saw that I was sad,
She pitied the poor lonely lad,—
Dost love her, Nora ?

In sooth, she is a lovely dame,
A lip of red, an eye of flame,
And clustering golden locks, the same
As thine, dear Nora !

Her glance is softer than the dawn's,
Her foot is lighter than the fawn's,
Her breast is whiter than the swan's,
Or thine, my Nora !

O gentle breast to pity me !
O lovely Ladye Emily !
Till death—till death I'll think of thee—
Of thee and Nora !

FIVE GERMAN DITTIES

A TRAGIC STORY

BY ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO

[*Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

‘s war Einer, dem’s zu Herzen gieng.’

THERE lived a sage in days of yore
And he a handsome pigtail wore ;
But wondered much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case
And swore he’d change the pigtail’s place,
And have it hanging at his face
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, ‘The mystery I’ve found,—
I’ll turn me round,’—he turned him round ;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round, and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin ;
In vain—it mattered not a pin,—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,
And up, and down, and in, and out,
He turned ; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas ! still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.

THE CHAPLET

FROM UHLAND

[*Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

'Es pflückte Blümlein mannigfalt.'

A LITTLE girl through field and wood
Went plucking flowerets here and there,
When suddenly beside her stood
A lady wondrous fair !

The lovely lady smiled, and laid
A wreath upon the maiden's brow ;
'Wear it, 'twill blossom soon,' she said,
'Although 'tis leafless now.'

The little maiden older grew
And wandered forth of moonlight eves,
And sighed and loved as maids will do ;
When, lo ! her wreath bore leaves.

Then was our maid a wife, and hung
Upon a joyful bridegroom's bosom ;
When from the garland's leaves there sprung
Fair store of blossom.

And presently a baby fair
Upon her gentle breast she reared ;
When 'midst the wreath that bound her hair,
Rich golden fruit appeared.

But when her love lay cold in death,
Sunk in the black and silent tomb,
All sere and withered was the wreath
That wont so bright to bloom.

Yet still the withered wreath she wore ;
She wore it at her dying hour ;
When, lo ! the wondrous garland bore
Both leaf, and fruit, and flower !

THE KING ON THE TOWER

UHLAND

[*Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

‘Da liegen sie alle, die grauen Höhen.’

THE cold grey hills they bind me around,
 The darksome valleys lie sleeping below,
 But the winds as they pass o’er all this ground,
 Bring me never a sound of woe!

Oh! for all I have suffered and striven,
 Care has embittered my cup and my feast;
 But here is the night and the dark blue heaven.
 And my soul shall be at rest.

O golden legends writ in the skies!
 I turn towards you with longing soul,
 And list to the awful harmonies
 Of the Spheres as on they roll.

My hair is grey and my sight nigh gone;
 My sword it rusteth upon the wall;
 Right have I spoken, and right have I done:
 When shall I rest me once for all?

O blessed rest! O royal night!
 Wherefore seemeth the time so long
 Till I see yon stars in their fullest light,
 And list to their loudest song?

TO A VERY OLD WOMAN

LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ

[*Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

‘Und Du gingst einst, die Myrt’ im Haare.’

AND thou wert once a maiden fair,
 A blushing virgin, warm and young,
 With myrtles wreathed in golden hair,
 And glossy brow that knew no care—
 Upon a bridegroom’s arm you hung.

The golden locks are silvered now,
 The blushing cheek is pale and wan ;
 The spring may bloom, the autumn glow,
 All's one—in chimney corner thou
 Sitt'st shivering on.—

A moment—and thou sink'st to rest !
 To wake, perhaps an angel blest,
 In the bright presence of thy Lord.
 Oh, weary is life's path to all !
 Hard is the strife, and light the fall,
 But wondrous the reward !

DOCTOR LUTHER, or A CREDO

[From *The Adventures of Philip*, 1862]

I

For the souls' edification
 Of this decent congregation,
 Worthy people ! by your grant
 I will sing a holy chant,
 I will sing a holy chant.
 If the ditty sound but oddly,
 'Twas a father, wise and godly,
 Sang it so long ago.
 Then sing as Doctor Luther sang,
 As Doctor Luther sang,
 'Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
 He is a fool his whole life long.'

II

He, by custom patriarchal,
 Loved to see the beaker sparkle,
 And he thought the wine improved,
 Tasted by the wife he loved,
 By the kindly lips he loved.
 Friends ! I wish this custom pious
 Duly were adopted by us,
 To combine love, song, wine ;
 And sing as Doctor Luther sang,
 As Doctor Luther sang :
 'Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
 He is a fool his whole life long.'

III

Who refuses this our credo,
And demurs to drink as we do,
Were he holy as John Knox,
I'd pronounce him heterodox,
I'd pronounce him heterodox,
And from out this congregation,
With a solemn commination,
Banish quick the heretic,
Who will not sing as Luther sang,
As Doctor Luther sang,
'Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long.'

FIVE IMITATIONS OF BÉRANGER

THE KING OF YVETOT

[*Paris Sketch Book*, 1840]

THERE was a King of Yvetot,
 Of whom renown hath little said,
 Who let all thoughts of glory go,
 And dawdled half his days abed ;
 And every night, as night came round,
 By Jenny, with a nightcap crowned,
 Slept very sound.
 Sing, ho, ho, ho ! and he, he, he !
 That's the kind of King for me.

And every day it came to pass
 That four lusty meals made he ;
 And, step by step, upon an ass,
 Rode abroad, his realms to see ;
 And wherever he did stir,
 What think you was his escort, sir ?
 Why, an old cur.
 Sing, ho, ho, ho ! &c.

If e'er he went into excess,
 'Twas from a somewhat lively thirst ;
 But he who would his subjects bless,
 Odd's fish !—must wet his whistle first ;
 And so from every cask they got,
 Our King did to himself allot
 At least a pot.
 Sing, ho, ho ! &c.

To all the ladies of the land,
 A courteous King, and kind, was he ;
 The reason why you'll understand,
 They named him Pater Patriae.

Each year he called his fighting men,
And marched a league from home, and then
 Marched back again.
Sing, ho, ho ! &c.

Neither by force nor false pretence,
He sought to make his kingdom great,
And made (O princes, learn from hence)—
‘Live and let live,’ his rule of state.
’Twas only when he came to die
That his people, who stood by,
 Were known to cry.
Sing, ho, ho ! &c.

The portrait of this best of kings
Is extant still, upon a sign
That on a village tavern swings,
Famed in the country for good wine.
The people, in their Sunday trim,
Filling their glasses to the brim,
 Look up to him,
Singing ha, ha, ha ! and he, he, he !
That’s the sort of King for me.

THE KING OF BRENTFORD

[*Fraser’s Magazine*, May, 1836]

THERE was a King in Brentford,
Of whom no legends tell,
But who without his glory
Could sleep and eat right well.
His Polly’s cotton night-cap,
It was his crown of state ;
He loved to sleep full early,
And rise again full late.

All in a fine straw castle
He ate his four good meals,
And for a guard of honour
A dog ran at his heels ;

Sometimes to view his kingdoms
Rode forth this monarch good,
And then a prancing jackass
He royally bestrode.

There were no evil habits
With which this King was curst,
Except (and where's the harm on't ?)
A somewhat lively thirst.
But subjects must have taxes,
And monarchs must have sport ;
So out of every hogshead
His grace he kept a quart.

He pleased the fine court ladies
With manners soft and bland ;
They named him, with good reason,
The Father of the Land.
Four times a year his armies,
To battle forth did go ;
But their enemies were targets,
Their bullets they were tow.

He vexed no quiet neighbour,
No bootless conquest made,
But by the laws of pleasure
His peaceful realms he swayed ;
And in the years he reigned
Through all his kingdom wide,
There was no cause for weeping,
Save when the good man died.

Long time the Brentford nation
Their monarch did deplore—
His portrait yet is swinging
Beside an ale-house door ;
And toppers, tender-hearted,
Regard that honest phiz,
And envy times departed
That knew a reign like his.

THE KING OF BRENTFORD

ANOTHER VERSION

[*Paris Sketch Book*, 1840]

THERE was a King in Brentford,—of whom no legends tell,
 But who, without his glory,—could eat and sleep right well
 His Polly's cotton nightcap,—it was his crown of state,
 He slept of evenings early,—and rose of mornings late.

All in a fine mud palace,—each day he took four meals,
 And for a guard of honour,—a dog ran at his heels.
 Sometimes, to view his kingdoms,—rode forth this monarch
 arch good.

And then a prancing jackass—he royally bestrode.

There were no costly habits—with which this King was
 curst,
 Except (and where's the harm on't ?)—a somewhat lively
 thirst ;
 But people must pay taxes,—and Kings must have their
 sport,
 So out of every gallon—his Grace he took a quart.

He pleased the ladies round him,—with manners soft and
 bland ;
 With reason good, they named him,—the father of his land.
 Each year his mighty armies—marched forth in gallant
 show ;
 Their enemies were targets,—their bullets they were tow.

He vexed no quiet neighbour,—no useless conquest made,
 But by the laws of pleasure,—his peaceful realm he swayed.
 And in the years he reigned,—through all this country wide,
 There was no cause for weeping,—save when the good
 man died.

The faithful men of Brentford,—do still their King deplore,
 His portrait yet is swinging,—beside an alehouse door.
 And toppers, tender-hearted,—regard his honest phiz,
 And envy times departed,—that knew a reign like his.

THE GARRET

[Paris Sketch Book, 1840]

WITH pensive eyes the little room I view,
Where, in my youth, I weathered it so long ;
With a wild mistress, a stanch friend or two,
And a light heart still breaking into song :
Making a mock of life, and all its cares,
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes ; 'tis a garret—let him know't who will—
There was my bed—full hard it was, and small.
My table there—and I decipher still
Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.
Ye joys, that Time hath swept with him away,
Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun ;
For you I pawned my watch how many a day,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

And see my little Jessy, first of all ;
She comes with pouting lips and sparkling eyes :
Behold, how roguishly she pins her shawl
Across the narrow casement, curtain-wise ;
Now by the bed her petticoat glides down,
And when did woman look the worse in none ?
I have heard since who paid for many a gown,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

One jolly evening, when my friends and I
Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
And distant cannon opened on our ears :
We rise,—we join in the triumphant strain,—
Napoleon conquers—Austerlitz is won—
Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us be gone—the place is sad and strange—
Now far, far off, these happy times appear ;
All that I have to live I'd gladly change
For one such month as I have wasted here—
To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
From founts of hope that never will outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,
Give me the days when I was twenty-one !



JOLLY JACK

[*Paris Sketch Book*, 1840]

WHEN fierce political debate
 Throughout the isle was storming,
 And Rads attacked the throne and state,
 And Tories the reforming,
 To calm the furious rage of each,
 And right the land demented,
 Heaven sent us Jolly Jack, to teach
 The way to be contented.

Jack's bed was straw, 'twas warm and soft,
 His chair, a three-legged stool ;
 His broken jug was emptied oft,
 Yet, somehow, always full.
 His mistress' portrait decked the wall,
 His mirror had a crack ;
 Yet, gay and glad, though this was all
 His wealth, lived Jolly Jack.

To give advice to avarice,
Teach pride its mean condition,
And preach good sense to dull pretence,
Was honest Jack's high mission.
Our simple statesman found his rule
Of moral in the flagon,
And held his philosophic school
Beneath the George and Dragon.

When village Solons cursed the Lords,
And called the malt-tax sinful,
Jack heeded not their angry words,
But smiled, and drank his skin full.
And when men wasted health and life,
In search of rank and riches,
Jack marked, aloof, the paltry strife,
And wore his threadbare breeches.

'I enter not the church,' he said,
'But I'll not seek to rob it ;'
So worthy Jack Joe Miller read,
While others studied Cobbett.
His talk, it was of feast and fun ;
His guide the Almanack ;
From youth to age thus gaily run
The life of Jolly Jack.

And when Jack prayed, as oft he would,
He humbly thanked his Maker ;
'I am,' said he, 'O Father good !
Nor Catholic nor Quaker :
Give each his creed, let each proclaim
His catalogue of curses ;
I trust in Thee, and not in them,
In Thee, and in Thy mercies !

'Forgive me if, 'midst all Thy works,
No hint I see of damning ;
And think there's faith among the Turks,
And hope for e'en the Brahmin.
Harmless my mind is, and my mirth,
And kindly is my laughter ;
I cannot see the smiling earth
And think there's hell hereafter.'

Jack died ; he left no legacy,
Save that his story teaches :—
Content to peevish poverty ;
Humility to riches.
Ye scornful great, ye envious small,
Come, follow in his track ;
We all were happier, if we all
Would copy Jolly Jack.

O VIRGIN BLEST !

FROM THE FRENCH OF DUMAS

[*Paris Sketch Book*, 1840]

O VIRGIN blest ! by whom the bitter draught
So often has been quaffed,
That, for thy sorrow, thou art named by us
The Mother Dolorous !

Thou, from whose eyes have fallen more tears of woe,
Upon the earth below,
Than 'neath thy footsteps, in this heaven of ours,
Have risen flowers !

O beaming morning star ! O chosen vase !
O mirror of all grace !
Who, with thy virgin voice, dost ever pray
Man's sins away ;

Bend down thine ear, and list, O blessed saint !
Unto my sad complaint ;
Mother ! to thee I kneel, on thee I call,
Who hearest all.

IMITATION OF HORACE

[From 'Memorials of Gormandizing,' in *Fraser's Magazine*, June 1841; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

AD MINISTRAM

DEAR Lucy, you know what my wish is,—
I hate all your Frenchified fuss :
Your silly entrées and made dishes
Were never intended for us.
No footman in lace and in ruffles
Need dangle behind my arm-chair ;
And never mind seeking for truffles,
Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I prithee get ready at three :
Have it smoking, and tender and juicy,
And what better meat can there be ?
And when it has feasted the master,
'Twill amply suffice for the maid ;
Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,
And tipple my ale in the shade.

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES

FRIAR'S SONG

[From 'The Devil's Wager,' *National Standard*, August 10 and 24, 1833; *Paris Sketch Book*, 1840]

SOME love the matin chimes, which tell
 The hour of prayer to sinner;
 But better far's the midday bell,
 Which speaks the hour of dinner;
 For when I see a smoking fish,
 Or capon drown'd in gravy,
 Or noble haunch on silver dish,
 Full glad I sing mine ave.

My pulpit is an ale-house bench,
 Whereon I sit so jolly;
 A smiling rosy country wench
 My saint and patron holy.
 I kiss her cheek so red and sleek,
 I press her ringlets wavy,
 And in her willing ear I speak
 A most religious ave.

And if I'm blind, yet Heaven is kind,
 And holy saints forgiving;
 For sure he leads a right good life
 Who thus admires good living.
 Above, they say, our flesh is air,
 Our blood celestial ichor:
 Oh, grant, 'mid all the changes there,
 They may not change our liquor!

KING CANUTE

[From 'Miss Tickletoby's Lectures on English History,' *Punch*, 1842; *Rebecca and Rowena*, 1850; *Miscellanies*, Vol. III, 1856]

KING CANUTE was weary-hearted, | he had reigned for years
a score;
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, | killing much, and
robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions, | walking by the wild
seashore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop | walk'd the King with
steps sedate;
Chamberlains and Grooms came after, | Silver-sticks and
Gold-sticks great,
Chaplains, Aides-de-Camp, and Pages,— | all the officers
of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, | pausing when he chose to
pause,
If a frown his face contracted, | straight the courtiers
dropp'd their jaws;
If to laugh the King was minded | out they burst in loud
hee-haws.

But that day a something vex'd him, | that was clear to
old and young;
Thrice his Grace had yawn'd at table | when his favourite
gleeman sung—
Once the Queen would have consoled him | but he bade
her hold her tongue.

'Something ails my gracious master,' | cried the Keeper
of the Seal;
'Sure, my Lord, it is the lampreys, | served at dinner, or
the veal.'
'Psha!' exclaimed the angry Monarch, 'Keeper, 'tis not
that I feel.

'Tis the *heart* and not the dinner, | fool ! that doth my
rest impair ;

Can a King be great as I am, | prithee, and yet know no
care ?

Oh ! I'm sick, and tired, and weary.' | Some one cried,
'The King's arm-chair !'

Then towards the lackeys turning, | quick my lord the
Keeper nodded ;

Straight the King's great chair was brought him | by two
footmen able-bodied ;

Languidly he sank into it, | it was comfortably wadded.

'Leading on my fierce companions,' | cried he, 'over storm
and brine,

I have fought and I have conquer'd ; | where was glory
like to mine ?'

Loudly all the courtiers echoed, | 'Where is glory like to
thine ?'

'What avail me all my kingdoms ? | Weary am I now,
and old ;

Those fair sons I have begotten | long to see me dead and
cold ;

Would I were, and quiet buried | underneath the silent
mould.

'Oh ! remorse, the writhing serpent, | at my bosom tears
and bites ;

Horrid, horrid things I look on | though I put out all the
lights,—

Ghosts of ghastly recollections | troop about my bed of
nights.

'Cities burning, convents blazing | red with sacrilegious
fires ;

Mothers weeping, virgins screaming, | vainly for their
slaughtered sires.'—

'Such a tender conscience,' cries the | Bishop, 'every one
admires.

'But for such unpleasant by-gones | cease, my gracious
Lord, to search ;

They're forgotten and forgiven | by our holy Mother Church.
Never, never does she leave her | benefactors in the lurch.

'Look, the land is crown'd with minsters | which your
 Grace's bounty raised ;
 Abbeys filled with holy men, where | you and Heaven are
 daily praised ;—
 You, my Lord, to think of dying ? | on my conscience,
 I'm amazed !'

'Nay, I feel,' replied King Canute, | 'that my end is draw-
 ing near.'

'Don't say so,' exclaimed the courtiers | (striving each to
 squeeze a tear) ;

'Sure your Grace is strong and lusty | and may live this
 fifty year !'

'Live these fifty years !' the Bishop | roar'd (with action
 made to suit) ;

'Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, | thus to speak of
 King Canute ?

Men have lived a thousand years, and | sure his Majesty
 will do't.

'Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Cainan, | Mahaleel, Methusela,
 Lived nine hundred years apiece ; and | mayn't the King
 as well as they ?'

'Fervently,' exclaimed the Keeper, | 'fervently I trust he
 may.'

'He to die !' resumed the Bishop ; | 'he, a mortal like to
us ?

Death was not for him intended, | though *communis omnibus*.
 Keeper, you are irreligious | for to talk and cavil thus.

'With his wondrous skill in healing | ne'er a doctor can
 compete ;

Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, | start up clean upon
 their feet ;

Surely he could raise the dead up | did his Highness think
 it meet.

'Did not once the Jewish Captain | stop the sun upon the
 hill,

And, the while he slew the foemen, | bid the silver moon
 stand still ?

So, no doubt, could gracious Canute | if it were his sacred
 will.'

‘ Might I stay the sun above us, | good Sir Bishop ? ’
Canute cried ;

‘ Could I bid the silver moon to | pause upon her heavenly
ride ?

If the moon obeys my orders, | sure I can command the
tide.

‘ Will the advancing waves obey me, | Bishop, if I make
the sign ? ’

Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, | ‘ Land and sea, my Lord,
are thine.’

Canute look’d toward the ocean— | ‘ Back,’ he said, ‘ thou
foaming brine !

‘ From the sacred shore I stand on, | I command thee to
retreat ;

Venture not, thou stormy rebel, | to approach thy master’s
seat ;

Ocean, be thou still ! I bid thee | come not nearer to my
feet.’

But the angry ocean answered | with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, | falling sounding on the
shore,—

Back the Keeper and the Bishop, | back the King and
courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never | more to kneel to human
clay,

But alone to praise and worship | that which earth and
seas obey ;

And his golden crown of empire | never wore he from that
day.

King Canute is dead and gone ; | parasites exist away.

THE WILLOW-TREE

[From 'The Fitz-Boodle Papers—Ottilia,' *Fraser's Magazine*,
February, 1843 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. IV, 1857]

Know ye the willow-tree
Whose grey leaves quiver,
Whispering gloomily
To yon pale river ?
Lady, at even-tide
Wander not near it,
They say its branches hide
A sad, lost spirit !

Once to the willow-tree
A maid came fearful,
Pale seemed her cheek to be,
Her blue eye tearful ;
Soon as she saw the tree,
Her step moved fleeter,
No one was there—ah, me !
No one to meet her !

Quick beat her heart to hear
The far bells' chime
Toll from the chapel-tower
The trysting time :
But the red sun went down
In golden flame,
And though she looked round,
Yet no one came !

Presently came the night,
Sadly to greet her,—
Moon in her silver light,
Stars in their glitter ;
Then sank the moon away
Under the billow,
Still wept the maid alone—
There by the willow !

Through the long darkness,
 By the stream rolling,
 Hour after hour went on
 Tolling and tolling.
 Long was the darkness,
 Lonely and stilly ;
 Shrill came the night-wind,
 Piercing and chilly.

Shrill blew the morning breeze,
 Biting and cold,
 Bleak peers the grey dawn
 Over the wold.
 Bleak over moor and stream
 Looks the grey dawn,
 Grey, with dishevelled hair,
 Still stands the willow there—
 THE MAID IS GONE !

Domine, Domine !
Sing we a litany,—
Sing for poor maiden-hearts broken and weary ;
Domine, Domine !
Sing we a litany,
Wail we and weep we a wild Miserere !

ANOTHER VERSION

I

LONG by the willow-trees
 Vainly they sought her,
 Wild rang the mother's screams
 O'er the grey water :
 ' Where is my lovely one ?
 Where is my daughter ?

II

' Rouse thee, sir constable—
 Rouse thee and look ;
 Fisherman, bring your net,
 Boatman, your hook.
 Beat in the lily-beds,
 Dive in the brook ! '

III

Vainly the constable
Shouted and called her ;
Vainly the fisherman
Beat the green alder,
Vainly he flung the net,
Never it hauled her !

IV

Mother, beside the fire
Sat, her nightcap in ;
Father, in easy chair,
Gloomily napping,
When at the window-sill
Came a light tapping !

V

And a pale countenance
Looked through the casement.
Loud beat the mother's heart,
Sick with amazement,
And at the vision, which
Came to surprise her,
Shrieked, in an agony,—
'Lor' ! it's Elizar !'

VI

Yes, 'twas Elizabeth—
Yes, 'twas their girl ;
Pale was her cheek, and her
Hair out of curl.
'Mother !' the loving one,
Blushing, exclaimed,
'Let not your innocent
Lizzy be blamed.

VII

'Yesterday, going to Aunt
Jones's to tea,
Mother, dear mother, I
Forgot the door-key !
And as the night was cold,
And the way steep,
Mrs. Jones kept me to
Breakfast and sleep.'

VIII

Whether her pa and ma
 Fully believed her
 That we shall never know :
 Stern they received her ;
 And for the work of that
 Cruel, though short, night,
 Sent her to bed without
 Tea for a fortnight.

IX

MORAL

*Hey diddle diddlety,
 Cat and the Fiddlety !
 Maidens of England, take caution by she !
 Let love and suicide
 Never tempt you aside,
 And always remember to take the door-key !*

WHEN MOONLIKE ORE THE HAZURE SEAS

[From 'Jeames's Diary,' *Punch*, December, 1845 ; *Miscellanies*,
 Vol. II, 1856]

WHEN moonlike ore the hazure seas
 In soft effulgence swells,
 When silver jews and balmy breaze
 Bend down the Lily's bells ;
 When calm and deap, the rosy sleap
 Has lapt your soal in dreems,
 R Hangeline ! R lady mine !
 Dost thou remember Jeames ?

I mark thee in the Marble All,
 Where Englands loveliest shine—
 I say the fairest of them hall
 Is Lady Hangeline.
 My soul, in desolate eclipse,
 With recollection teems—
 And then I hask, with weeping lips,
 Dost thou remember Jeames ?

Away ! I may not tell thee hall
 This sougtring heart endures—
 There is a lonely sperrit-call
 That Sorrow never cures ;
 There is a little, little Star,
 That still above me beams ;
 It is the Star of Hope—but ar !
 Dost thou remember Jeames ?

ATRA CURA

[*Rebecca and Rowena*, 1850 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. III, 1856]

BEFORE I lost my five poor wits,
 I mind me of a Romish clerk,
 Who sang how Care, the phantom dark,
 Beside the belted horseman sits.
 Methought I saw the grisly sprite
 Jump up but now behind my Knight.

And though he gallop as he may,
 I mark that cursed monster black
 Still sits behind his honour's back,
 Tight squeezing of his heart away.
 Like two black Templars sit they there,
 Beside one crupper, Knight and Care.

No knight am I with pennoned spear,
 To prance upon a bold destrere :
 I will not have black Care prevail
 Upon my long-eared charger's tail,
 For lo, I am a witless fool,
 And laugh at Grief and ride a mule.

COMMANDERS OF THE FAITHFUL

[*Rebecca and Rowena*, 1850 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. III, 1856]

THE Pope he is a happy man,
 His Palace is the Vatican :
 And there he sits and drains his can,
 The Pope he is a happy man.
 I often say when I'm at home,
 I'd like to be the Pope of Rome.

And then there's Sultan Saladin,
That Turkish Soldan full of sin ;
He has a hundred wives at least,
By which his pleasure is increased ;
I've often wished, I hope no sin,
That I were Sultan Saladin.

But no, the Pope no wife may choose,
And so I would not wear his shoes ;
No wine may drink the proud Paynim,
And so I'd rather not be him ;
My wife, my wine, I love, I hope,
And would be neither Turk nor Pope.

REQUIESCAT

[*Rebecca and Rowena*, 1850 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. III, 1856]

UNDER the stone you behold,
Buried, and coffined, and cold,
Lieth Sir Wilfrid the Bold.

Always he marched in advance,
Warring in Flanders and France,
Doughty with sword and with lance.

Famous in Saracen fight,
Rode in his youth the good knight,
Scattering Paynims in flight.

Brian the Templar untrue,
Fairly in tourney he slew,
Saw Hierusalem too.

Now he is buried and gone,
Lying beneath the grey stone :
Where shall you find such a one ?

Long time his widow deplored,
Weeping the fate of her lord,
Sadly cut off by the sword.

When she was eased of her pain,
Came the good Lord Athelstane,
When her ladyship married again.

DEAR JACK

[From 'Punch's Prize Novelists—Phil Fogarty,' *Punch*, August 7, 1847; *Miscellanies*, Vol. II, 1856]

DEAR Jack, this white mug that with Guinness I fill,
And drink to the health of sweet Nan of the Hill,
Was once Tommy Tossplot's, as jovial a sot,
As e'er drew a spigot, or drain'd a full pot—
In drinking, all round 'twas his joy to surpass,
And with all merry tipplers he swigg'd off his glass.

One morning in summer, while seated so snug,
In the porch of his garden, discussing his jug,
Stern Death, on a sudden, to Tom did appear,
And said, 'Honest Thomas, come take your last bier;'
We kneaded his clay in the shape of this can,
From which let us drink to the health of my Nan.

WHEN THE GLOOM IS ON THE GLEN

[From 'Travels in London—A Night's Pleasure,' *Punch*, February 12, 1848; *Miscellanies*, Vol. II, 1856]

WHEN the moonlight's on the mountain
And the gloom is on the glen,
At the cross beside the fountain
There is one will meet thee then.
At the cross beside the fountain,
Yes, the cross beside the fountain,
There is one will meet thee then!

I have braved, since first we met, love,
Many a danger in my course;
But I never can forget, love,
That dear fountain, that old cross,
Where, her mantle shrouded o'er her—
For the winds were chilly then—
First I met my Leonora,
When the gloom was on the glen.
Yes I met my, &c.

Many a clime I've ranged since then, love,
Many a land I've wandered o'er ;
But a valley like that glen, love,
Half so dear I never sor !
Ne'er saw maiden fairer, coyer,
Than wert thou, my true love, when
In the gloaming first I saw yer,
In the gloaming of the glen !

THE RED FLAG

[From 'Travels in London—A Night's Pleasure,' *Punch*, February
12, 1848 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. II, 1856]

WHERE the quivering lightning flings
His arrows from out the clouds,
And the howling tempest sings,
And whistles among the shrouds,
'Tis pleasant, 'tis pleasant to ride
Along the foaming brine—
Wilt be the Rover's bride ?
Wilt follow him, lady mine ?
Hurrah !
For the bonny, bonny brine.

Amidst the storm and rack,
You shall see our galley pass,
As a serpent, lithe and black,
Glides through the waving grass ;
As the vulture, swift and dark,
Down on the ring-dove flies,
You shall see the Rover's bark
Swoop down upon his prize.
Hurrah !
For the bonny, bonny prize.

Over her sides we dash,
We gallop across her deck—
Ha ! there's a ghastly gash
On the merchant-captain's neck !

Well shot, well shot, old Ned !
 Well struck, well struck, black James !
 Our arms are red, and our foes are dead,
 And we leave a ship in flames !
 Hurrah !
 For the bonny, bonny flames !

THE KNIGHTLY GUERDON ¹

[From 'Our Annual Execution,' *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1839, as 'The Battle-Axe Polacca'; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

UNTRUE to my Ulric I never could be,
 I vow by the saints and the blessed Marie.
 Since the desolate hour when we stood by the shore,
 And your dark galley waited to carry you o'er,
 My faith then I plighted, my love I confessed,
 As I gave you the BATTLE-AXE marked with your Crest.

When the bold barons met in my father's old hall,
 Was not Edith the flower of the banquet and ball ?
 In the festival hour, on the lips of your bride,
 Was there ever a smile save with THEE at my side ?
 Alone in my turret I loved to sit best,
 To blazon your BANNER and broider your crest.

¹ This and 'The Almack's Adieu' on p. 145 are parodies of—

WAPPING OLD STAIRS

YOUR Molly has never been false, she declares,
 Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs ;
 When I vowed I would ever continue the same,
 And gave you the 'BACCO-BOX marked with my name.
 When I passed a whole fortnight between decks with you,
 Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of the crew ?
 To be useful and kind with my Thomas I stayed,—
 For his trousers I washed, and his grog too I made.

Though you promised last Sunday to walk in the Mall
 With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal ;
 In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
 And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.
 Why should Sal or should Susan than me be more prized ?
 For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despised.
 Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake ;
 Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make.

The knights were assembled, the tourney was gay !
Sir Ulric rode first in the warrior-*mêlée*.
In the dire battle-hour, when the tourney was done,
And you gave to another the wreath you had won !
Though I never reproached thee, cold, cold was my breast,
As I thought of that BATTLE-AXE, ah ! and that crest !

But away with remembrance, no more will I pine
That others usurped for a time what was mine !
There's a FESTIVAL HOUR for my Ulric and me ;
Once more, as of old, shall he bend at my knee ;
Once more by the side of the knight I love best
Shall I blazon his BANNER and broider his CREST.

THE ALMACK'S ADIEU

[From 'Our Annual Execution.' *Fraser's Magazine*, January,
1839 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

YOUR Fanny was never false-hearted,
And this she protests and she vows,
From the *triste moment* when we parted
On the staircase at Devonshire House !
I blushed when you asked me to marry,
I vowed I would never forget ;
And at parting I gave my dear Harry
A beautiful *vinegarette* !

We spent *en province* all December,
And I ne'er condescended to look
At Sir Charles, or the rich county member,
Or even at that darling old Duke.
You were busy with dogs and with horses,
Alone in my chamber I sat,
And made you the nicest of purses,
And the smartest black satin cravat !

At night with that vile Lady Frances
(*Je faisais moi tapisserie*)
You danced every one of the dances,
And never once thought of poor me !

Mon pauvre petit cœur ! what a shiver
I felt as she danced the last set,
And you gave, *ô mon Dieu !* to revive her,
My beautiful vinegarette !

Return, love ! away with coquetting ;
This flirting disgraces a man !
And ah ! all the while you're forgetting
The heart of your poor little Fan !
Reviens ! break away from these Circes,
Reviens for a nice little chat ;
And I've made you the sweetest of purses,
And a lovely black satin cravat !

LYRA HIBERNICA

THE ROSE OF FLORA

SENT BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF QUALITY TO MISS BR-DY,
OF CASTLE BRADY.

[From 'Barry Lyndon,' *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1844 ;
Miscellanies, Vol. III, 1856]

ON Brady's tower there grows a flower,
It is the loveliest flower that blows,—
At Castle Brady there lives a lady,
(And how I love her no one knows) ;
Her name is Nora, and the goddess Flora
Presents her with this blooming rose.

'O Lady Nora,' says the goddess Flora,
'I've many a rich and bright parterre ;
In Brady's towers there's seven more flowers,
But you're the fairest lady there :
Not all the county, nor Ireland's bounty,
Can projuice a treasure that's half so fair !'

What cheek is redder ? sure roses fed her !
Her hair is maregolds, and her eye of blew.
Beneath her eyelid is like the vi'let,
That darkly glistens with gentle jew !
The lily's nature is not surely whiter
Than Nora's neck is,—and her arrums too.

'Come, gentle Nora,' says the goddess Flora,
'My dearest creature, take my advice :
There is a poet, full well you know it,
Who spends his lifetime in heavy sighs,—
Young Redmond Barry, 'tis him you'll marry,
If rhyme and raisin you'd choose likewise.'

THE PIMLICO PAVILION

BY THE MULLIGAN (OF KILBALLYMULLIGAN)

[*Punch*, August 9, 1845 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

YE pathrons of janius, Minerva, and Vanus,
Who sit on Parnassus, that mountain of snow,
Descind from your station and make observation
Of the Prince's Pavilion in sweet Pimlico.

This garden, by jakurs, is forty poor acres,
(The garner he tould me, and sure ought to know ;)
And yet greatly bigger, in size and in figure,
Than the Phanix itself, seems the Park Pimlico.

Oh! 'tis there that the spoort is, when the Queen and the
Coort is

Walking magnanimous all of a row,
Forgetful what state is among the pataties
And the pineapple gardens of sweet Pimlico.

There in blossoms odórous the birds sing a chorus,
Of 'God save the Queen' as they hop to and fro ;
And you sit on the binches and hark to the finches,
Singing melodious in sweet Pimlico.

There shuiting their phanthasies, they pluck polyanthuses
That round in the gardens resplindently grow,
Wid roses and jessimins, and other sweet specimins,
Would charm bould Linnayus in sweet Pimlico.

You see when you inther, and stand in the cinther,
Where the roses, and necturns, and collyflowers blow,
A hill so tremindous, it tops the top-windows
Of the elegant houses of famed Pimlico.

And when you've ascinded that precipice splendid
You see on its summit a wondtherful show—
A lovely Swish building, all painting and gilding,
The famous Pavilion of sweet Pimlico.

Prince Albert, of Flandthers, that Prince of Commandthers
(On whom my best blessings hereby I bestow),
With goold and vermillion has decked that Pavilion,
Where the Queen may take tay in her sweet Pimlico.

There's lines from John Milton the chamber all gilt on,
And pictures beneath them that's shaped like a bow ;
I was greatly astounded to think that that Roundhead
Should find an admission to famed Pimlico.

Oh, lovely's each fresco, and most picturesque O,
And while round the chamber astonished I go,
I think Dan Maclise's it baits all the pieces,
Surrounding the cottage of famed Pimlico.

Eastlake has the chimney (a good one to limn he),
And a Vargin he paints with a serpent below ;
While bulls, pigs, and panthers, and other enchanthers,
Is painted by Landseer in sweet Pimlico.

And nature smiles opposite, Stanfield he copies it ;
O'er Claude or Poussang sure 'tis he that may crow :
But Sir Ross's best failure is small mini-ature—
He shouldn't paint frescoes in famed Pimlico.

There's Leslie and Uwins has rather small doings ;
There's Dyce, as brave masther as England can show ;
And the flowers and the sthrawberries—sure he no dauber is,
That painted the panels of famed Pimlico.

In the pictures from Walther Scott, never a fault there's got,
Sure the marble's as natural as thrue Scaglio ;
And the Chamber Pompayen is sweet to take tay in,
And ait butther'd muffins in sweet Pimlico.

There's landscapes by Gruner, both solar and lunar,
Them two little Doyles, too, deserve a bravo ;
Wid de piece by young Townsend (for janius abounds in't),
And that's why he's shuited to paint Pimlico.

That picture of Severn's is worthy of rever'nce,
But some I won't mintion is rather so so ;
For sweet philosóphy, or crumpets and coffee,
Oh, where's a Pavilion like sweet Pimlico ?

Oh, to praise this Pavilion would puzzle Quintilian,
Daymosthenes, Brougham, or young Cicero ;
So heavenly Goddess, d'ye pardon my modesty,
And silence my lyre ! about sweet Pimlico.

LARRY O'TOOLE

[From 'Punch's Prize Novelists—Phil Fogarty,' *Punch*, August 7, 1847; *Miscellanies*, Vol. II, 1856]

You've all heard of Larry O'Toole,
 Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole;
 He had but one eye,
 To ogle ye by—
 Oh, murther, but that was a jew'l!
 A fool
 He made of de girls, dis O'Toole.

'Twas he was the boy didn't fail,
 That tuck down pataties and mail;
 He never would shrink
 From any sthrong dthrink,
 Was it whisky or Drogheda ale;
 I'm bail
 This Larry would swallow a pail.

Oh, many a night, at the bowl,
 With Larry I've sot cheek by jowl;
 He's gone to his rest,
 Where there's dthrink of the best,
 And so let us give his old sowl
 A howl,
 For 'twas he made the noggin to rowl.

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK

[*Punch*, May 13, 1848; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

YE Genii of the nation,
 Who look with veneration,
 And Ireland's desolation onsaysingly deplore;
 Ye sons of General Jackson,
 Who thrample on the Saxon,
 Attend to the thransaction upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,
A tyrant and a humbug,
With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,
Our fortitude and valliance
Insthructed his battalions
To rispict the galliant Irish upon Shannon shore.

Since that capitulation,
No city in this nation
So grand a reputation could boast before,
As Limerick prodigious,
That stands with quays and bridges,
And the ships up to the windies of the Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line,
'Tis William Smith O'Brine,
Reprisints this darling Limerick, this ten years or more :
Oh, the Saxons can't endure
To see him on the flure,
And thrimble at the Cicero from Shannon shore !

This valliant son of Mars
Had been to visit Par's,
That land of Revolution, that grows the tricolor ;
And to welcome his return
From pilgrimages furren,
We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore.

Then we summoned to our board
Young Meagher of the Sword :
'Tis he will sheath that battle-axe in Saxon gore ;
And Mitchil of Belfast
We bade to our repast,
To dthrink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore.

Convaniently to hould
These patriots so bould,
We tuck the opportunity of Tim Doolan's store ;
And with ornamints and banners
(As becomes gintale good manners)
We made the loveliest tay-room upon Shannon shore.

'Twould binifit your sowls
To see the butthered rowls,
The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craim galyore,
And the muffins and the crumpets,
And the band of harps and thrumpets,
To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the Imperor of Bohay
Would be proud to dthrink the tay
That Misthress Biddy Rooney for O'Brine did pour ;
And, since the days of Strongbow,
There never was such Congo—
Mitchil dthrank six quarts of it—by Shannon shore.

But Clarndon and Corry
Connellan beheld this sworry
With rage and imulation in their black hearts' core ;
And they hired a gang of ruffins
To interrupt the muffins
And the fragrance of the Congo on the Shannon shore.

When full of tay and cake,
O'Brine began to spake,
But juice a one could hear him, for a sudden roar
Of a ragamuffin rout
Began to yell and shout,
And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harangued,
They batthered and they banged :
Tim Doolan's doors and windies down they tore ;
They smashed the lovely windies
(Hung with muslin from the Indies),
Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
Drowned puppies, and dead rats,
These ruffin democrats themselves did lower ;
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,
Cabbage-stalks, and wooden legs,
They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

Oh, the girls began to scrame,
And upset the milk and crame ;
And the honourable gintlemin, they cursed and swore :
And Mitchil of Belfast,
'Twas he that looked aghast,
When they roasted him in effigy by Shannon shore.

Oh, the lovely tay was spilt
On that day of Ireland's guilt ;
Says Jack Mitchil, ' I am kilt ! Boys, where's the back
door ?
'Tis a national disgrace ;
Let me go and veil me face ; '
And he boulded with quick pace from the Shannon shore.

' Cut down the bloody horde ! '
Says Meagher of the Sword,
' This conduct would disgrace any blackamore ; '
But the best use Tommy made
Of his famous battle blade
Was to cut his own stick from the Shannon shore.

Immortal Smith O'Brine
Was raging like a line ;
'Twould have done your sowl good to have heard him roar ;
In his glory he arose,
And he rush'd upon his foes,
But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the Futt and the Dthragoons
In squadthrons and platoons,
With their music playing chunes, down upon us bore ;
And they bate the rattatoo,
But the Peelers came in view,
And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.

MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL

GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY THE
PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY

[*Punch*, August 3, 1850 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

OH, will ye choose to hear the news,
Bedad I cannot pass it o'er :
I'll tell you all about the Ball
To the Nayypaulase Ambassador.
Begor ! this fête all balls does bate
At which I worn a pump, and I
Must here relate the splendthor great
Of th' Oriental Company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse,
To fête these black Achillese.
' We'll show the blacks,' says they, ' Almack's,
And take the rooms at Willis's.'
With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,
They hung the rooms of Willis up,
And decked the walls, and stairs, and halls
With roses and with lilies up.

And Jullien's band it tuck its stand,
So sweetly in the middle there,
And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,
And violins did fiddle there.
And when the Coort was tired of spoort,
I'd lave you, boys, to think there was
A nate buffet before them set,
Where lashins of good dhrink there was.

At ten before the ball-room door
His moighty Excellency was,
He smoiled and bowed to all the crowd
So gorgeous and immense he was.
His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,
Into the doorway followed him ;
And oh, the noise of the blackguard boys,
As they hurrood and holloed him !

The noble Chair¹ stud at the stair,
And bade the dthrums to thump; and he
Did thus evince, to that Black Prince,
The welcome of his Company.

Oh, fair the girls, and rich the curls,
And bright the oys, you saw there, was;
And, fixed each oye, ye there could spoi,
On Ginerall Jung Bahawther was!

This Ginerall great then tuck his sate,
With all the other ginerals
(Bedad, his troat, his belt, his coat,
All bleezed with precious minerals);
And as he there, with princely air,
Reclouin on his cushion was,
All round about his royal chair
The squeezin and the pushin was.

Oh, Pat, such girls, such Jukes, and Earls,
Such fashion and nobilitee!
Just think of Tim, and fancy him,
Amidst the hoigh gentility!
There was Lord de L'Huys, and the Portygeese
Ministher and his lady there,
And I reckonized, with much surprise,
Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there;

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like Juno,
And Baroness Rehausen there,
And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar
Well, in her robes of gauze in there.
There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first,
When only Mr. Pips he was),
And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,
That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall, and his ladies all,
And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,
And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife;
I wondther how he could stuff her in.

¹ James Matheson, Esq., to whom, and the Board of Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, I, Timotheus Molony, late stoker on board the *Iberia*, the *Lady Mary Wood*, the *Tagus*, and the Oriental steamships, humbly dedicate this production of my grateful muse.

There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,
 And seemed to ask how should *I* go there?
 And the Widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,
 And the Marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, Jukes and Earls, and diamonds and pearls,
 And pretty girls was spoorting there;
 And some beside (the rogues!) I spied
 Behind the windies, coorting there.
 Oh, there's one I know bedad would show
 As beautiful as any there,
 And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,
 And shake a fut with Fanny there!

THE LAST IRISH GRIEVANCE

[*Punch*, November 22, 1851]



ON reading of the general indignation occasioned in Ireland by the appointment of a Scotch Professor to one of Her Majesty's Godless Colleges, Master Molloy Molony, brother of Thaddeus Molony, Esq., of the Temple, a youth only fifteen years of age, dashed off the following spirited lines:—

As I think of the insult
 that's done to this
 nation,
 Red tears of rivinge
 from me faytures I
 wash,

And uphold in this pome to the world's daytistation,
 The sleeves that appointed Professor M'Cosh.

I look round me counthree, renowned by experiance,
And see, 'midst her childthren, the witty, the wise,—
Whole hayps of logicians, potes, scholars, grammarians,
All ayger for pleeces, all panting to rise ;

I gaze round the world in its utmost diminision ;
Lard Jahn and his minions in Council I ask,
Was there ever a Government-pleece (with a pinsion)
But children of Erin were fit for that task ?

What, Erin beloved, is thy fetal condition ?
What shame in aych boosom must rankle and burrun,
To think that our countree has ne'er a logician
In the hour of her deenger will surrev her turrun !

On the logic of Saxons there's little reliance,
And, rather from Saxons than gather its rules,
I'd stamp under feet the base book of his science,
And spit on his chair as he taught in the schools !

O false Sir John Kane ! is it thus that you praych me ?
I think all your Queen's Universitees bosh ;
And if you've no neetive Professor to taych me,
I scawurn to be learned by the Saxon M'Cosh.

There's Wiseman, and Chume, and His Grace the Lord
Primate,
That sinds round the box, and the world will subscribe ;
'Tis they'll build a College that's fit for our climate
And taych me the saycrets I burn to imboibe !

'Tis there as a Student of Science I'll enther,
Fair Fountain of Knowledge, of Joy, and Contint !
Saint Pathrick's sweet Statue shall stand in the centher,
And wink his dear oi every day during Lint.

And good Doctor Newman, that praycher unwary,
'Tis he shall preside the Academee School,
And quit the gay robe of St. Philip of Neri,
To wield the soft rod of St. Lawrence O'Toole !

With conscious proide
I stud insoide
And look'd the World's Great Fair in
Until me sight
Was dazzled quite,
And couldn't see for staring.

There's holy saints
And window paints,
By maydiayval Pugin ;
Alhamborough Jones
Did paint the tones
Of yellow and gamboge in.

There's fountains there
And crosses fair ;
There's water-gods with urnns ;
There's organs three,
To play, d'ye see,
' God save the Queen,' by turnns.

There's statues bright
Of marble white,
Of silver, and of copper ;
And some in zinc,
And some, I think,
That isn't over proper.

There's staym ingynes,
That stands in lines,
Enormous and amazing,
That squeal and snort
Like whales in sport,
Or elephants a-grazing.

There's carts and gigs,
And pins for pigs ;
There's dibblers and there's harrows,
And ploughs like toys
For little boys,
And ilegant wheelbarrows.

For thim genteels
Who ride on wheels,
There's plenty to indulge 'em ;
There's droskys snug
From Paytersbug,
And vayhycles from Bulgium.

There's cabs on stands
And shandthrydanns ;
There's wagons from New York here ;
There's Lapland sleighs
Have cross'd the seas,
And jaunting cyars from Cork here.

Amazed I pass
From glass to glass,
Deloighted I survey 'em ;
Fresh wondthers grows
Before me nose
In this sublime Musayum !

Look, here's a fan
From far Japan,
A sabre from Damasco :
There's shawls ye get
From far Thibet,
And cotton prints from Glasgow.

There's German flutes,
Marocky boots,
And Naples Macaronies ;
Bohaymia
Has sent Bohay ;
Polonia her polonies.

There's granite flints
That's quite imminse,
There's sacks of coals and fuels,
There's swords and guns,
And soap in tuns,
And gingerbread and jewels.

There's taypots there,
 And cannons rare ;
 There's coffins filled with roses ;
 There's canvas tints,
 Teeth insthrumints,
 And shuits of clothes by Moses.

There's lashins more
 Of things in store,
 But thim I don't remimber ;
 Nor could disclose
 Did I compose
 From May-time to Novimber !

Ah, Judy thru !
 With eyes so blue,
 That you were here to view it !
 And could I screw
 But tu pound tu,
 'Tis I would thrait you to it !

So let us raise
 Victoria's praise,
 And Albert's proud condition,
 That takes his ayse
 As he surveys
 This Cristial Exhibition.

1851.

MOLONY'S LAMENT

[*Punch*, March 23, 1850 as 'Mr. Finigan's Lament'; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]



THE following Poem, upon an event which at present occupies much of the public attention in Ireland, has been sent to us by a gentleman connected with the Knife Board of Dublin Castle :—

O TIM, did you hear of thim Saxons,
And read what the peepers repoort ?
They're goan to recall the Liftinant,
And shut up the Castle and Coort !
Our desolate counthry of Oireland,
They're bint, the blagyards, to desthroy,
And now having murdthered our counthry,
They're goin to kill the Viceroy,

Dear boy ;

'Twas he was our proide and our joy !

And will we no longer behould him,
Surrounding his carriage in throngs,
As he weaves his cocked hat from the windies,
And smiles to his bould aide-de-congs ?
I liked for to see the young haroes,
All shoining with sthripes and with stars,
A-horsing about in the Phaynix,
And winking the girls in the cyars,
Like Mars,
A-smokin' their poipes and cigyars.

Dear Mitchell exoiled to Bermudies,
Your beautiful oilids you'll ope,
And there'll be an abondance of croyin'
From O'Brine at the Keep of Good Hope,
When they read of this news in the peepers,
Acrass the Atlantical wave,
That the last of the Oirish Liftinints
Of the oisland of Seents has tuck lave.
God save
The Queen—she should bettther behave.

And what's to become of poor Dame Sthreet,
 And who'll ait the puffs and the tarts,
 Whin the Coort of imparial splindor
 From Doblin's sad city departs ?
 And who'll have the fiddlers and pipers,
 When the deuce of a Coort there remains :
 And where'll be the bucks and the ladies,
 To hire the Coort shuits and the thrains ?
 In sthrains,
 It's thus that ould Erin complains !

There's Counsellor Flanagan's leedy,
 'Twas she in the Coort didn't fail,
 And she wanted a plinty of poplin,
 For her dthress, and her flounce, and her tail ;
 She bought it of Misthress O'Grady,
 Eight shillings a yard tabinet,
 But now that the Coort is concluded,
 The divvle a yard will she get ;
 I bet,
 Bedad, that she wears the old set.

There's Surgeon O'Toole and Miss Leary,
 They'd daylings at Madam O'Riggs' ;
 Each year at the dthrawing-room sayson,
 They mounted the neatest of wigs.
 When Spring, with its buds and its dasies,
 Comes out in her beauty and bloom,
 Thim tu'll never think of new jasies,
 Because there is no dthrawing-room,
 For whom
 They'd choose the expense to ashume.

There's Alderman Toad and his lady,
 'Twas they gave the Clart and the Poort,
 And the poine-apples, turbots, and lobsters,
 To feast the Lord Liftinint's Coort.
 But now that the quality's goin',
 I war'nt that the aiting will stop,
 And you'll get at the Alderman's teeble
 The devil a bite or a dthrop,
 Or chop,
 And the butcher may shut up his shop.

Yes, the grooms and the ushers are goin,
And his Lordship, the dear honest man,
And the Duchess, his eemiabable leedy,
And Corry, the bould Connellan,
And little Lord Hyde and the childthren,
And the Chewter and Governess tu ;
And the servants are packing their boxes,-
Oh, murther, but what shall I due
Without you ?
O Meery, with oi's of the blue !

THE BALLADS OF POLICEMAN X

JACOB OMNIUM'S HOSS

A NEW PALLICE COURT CHAUNT

[*Punch*, December 9, 1848, as 'Bow Street Ballads, No. II';
Miscellanies, Vol. I, 1855]



NE sees in Viteall Yard,
 Vere pleacemen do resort ;
 A venerable hinstitute,
 'Tis called the Pallis Court.
 A gent as got his i on it,
 I think it 'll make some sport.

The natur of this Court
 My hindignation riles :
 A few fat legal spiders
 Here set & spin their viles ;
 To rob the town theyr privlege is,
 In a hayrea of twelve miles.

The Judge of this year Court
 Is a mellitary beak,
 He knows no more of Lor
 Than praps he does of Greek,
 And provids hisself a deputy
 Because he cannot speak.

Four counsel in this Court—
 Misnamed of Justice—sits ;
 These lawyers owes their places to
 Their money, not their wits ;
 And there's six *attornies under them,
 As here their living gits.

These lawyers, six and four,
Was a-livin at their ease,
A-sendin of their writs abowt,
And droring in the fees,
When there erose a cirkimstance
As is like to make a breeze.

It now is some monce since,
A gent both good and trew
Possest an ansum oss vith vich
He didn know what to do :
Peraps he did not like the oss,
Peraps he was a scru.

This gentleman his oss
At Tattersall's did lodge ;
There came a vulgar oss-dealer,
This gentleman's name did fodge,
And took the oss from Tattersall's :
Wasn that a artful dodge ?

One day this gentleman's groom
This willain did spy out,
A-mounted on this oss
A-ridin him about :
'Get out of that there oss, you rogue,'
Speaks up the groom so stout.

The thief was cruel whex'd
To find hisself so pinn'd ;
The oss began to whinny,
The honest groom he grinn'd ;
And the raskle thief got off the oss
And cut away like vind.

And phansy with what joy
The master did regard
His dearly bluvd lost oss again
Trot in the stable yard.

Who was this master good
Of whomb I make these rhymes ?
His name is Jacob Homnium, Exquire ;
And if I'd committed crimes,
Good Lord ! I wouldn't ave that mann
Attack me in the *Times* !

Now shortly after, the groomb
His master's oss did take up,
There came a livery-man
This gentleman to wake up ;
And he handed in a little bill,
Which hangered Mr. Jacob.

For two pound seventeen
This livery-man eplied,
For the keep of Mr. Jacob's oss,
Which the thief had took to ride.
'Do you see anythink green in me ?'
Mr. Jacob Homnium cried.

'Because a raskle chews
My oss away to robb,
And goes tick at your Mew,
For seven-and-fifty bobb,
Shall *I* be called to pay ?—It is
A iniquitious Jobb.'

Thus Mr. Jacob cut
The conwasation short ;
The livery-man went ome,
Detummingd to ave sport,
And summingsd Jacob Homnium, Exquire,
Into the Pallis Court.

Pore Jacob went to Court,
A Counsel for to fix,
And choose a barrister out of the four,
An attorney of the six ;
And there he sor these men of Lor,
And watch'd 'em at their tricks.

The dreadful day of trile
In the Pallis Court did come ;
'The lawyers said their say,
The Judge looked very glum,
And then the British Jury cast
Pore Jacob Hom-ni-um.

O a weary day was that
For Jacob to go through ;
The debt was two seventeen
(Which he no mor owed than you),
And then there was the plaintives costs,
Eleven pound six and two.

And then there was his own,
Which the lawyers they did fix
At the very moderit figgar
Of ten pound one and six.
Now Evins bless the Pallis Court,
And all its bold ver-dicks !

I cannot settingly tell
If Jacob swaw and cust,
At aving for to pay this sumb,
But I should think he must,
And av drawn a cheque for £24 4s. 8d.
With most igstreme disgust.

O Pallis Court, you move
My pitty most profound.
A most emusing sport
You thought it, I'll be bound,
To saddle hup a three-pound debt,
With two-and-twenty pound.

Good sport it is to you,
To grind the honest pore ;
To pay their just or unjust debts
With eight hundred per cent for Lor ;
Make haste and git your costes in,
They will not last much mor.

Come down from that tribewn,
Thou Shameless and Unjust ;
Thou Swindle, picking pockets in
The name of Truth august ;
Come down, thou hoary Blasphemy,
For die thou shalt and must.

And go it, Jacob Homnium,
 And ply your iron pen,
 And rise up, Sir John Jervis,
 And shut me up that den ;
 That sty for fattening lawyers in,
 On the bones of honest men.

PLEACEMAN X.

THE THREE CHRISTMAS WAITS

[*Punch*, December 23, 1848 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]



My name is Pleaceman X ;
 Last night I was in bed,
 A dream did me perplex,
 Which came into my Edd.
 I dreamed I sor three Waits
 A playing of their tune,
 At Pimlico Palace gates,
 All underneath the moon.
 One puffed a hold French horn,
 And one an old Banjo,
 And one chap seedy and torn
 A Hirish pipe did blow.
 They sadly piped and played,
 Dexcribing of their fates ;
 And this was what they said,
 Those three pore Christmas Waits :—

‘ When this black year began,
 This Eighteen-forty-eight,
 I was a great great man,
 And King both vise and great,
 And Munseer Guizot by me did show
 As Minister of State.

‘ But Febuwerry came,
 And brought a rabble rout,
 And me and my good dame
 And children did turn out,
 And us, in spite of all our right,
 Sent to the right about.

- ‘ I left my native ground,
I left my kin and kith,
I left my royal crownd,
Vich I couldn’t travel vith,
And without a pound came to English ground,
In the name of Mr. Smith.
- ‘ Like any anchorite
I’ve lived since I came here,
I’ve kep myself quite quite,
I’ve drank the small small beer,
And the vater, you see, disagrees with me
And all my famly dear.
- ‘ O Tweeleries so dear,
O darling Pally Royl,
Vas it to finish here
That I did trouble and toyl ?
That all my plans should break in my ands,
And should on me recoil ?
- ‘ My state I fenced about
Vith baynicks and vith guns ;
My gals I portioned hout,
Rich vives I got my sons ;
Oh, varn’t it crule to lose my rule,
My money and lands at once ?
- ‘ And so, vith arp and voice,
Both troubled and shagreened,
I bid you to rejoice
O glorious England’s Queend !
And never ave to veep, like pore Louis Phileep,
Because you out are cleaned.
- ‘ O Prins, so brave and stout,
I stand before your gate ;
Pray send a trifle hout
To me, your pore old Vait ;
For nothink could be vuss than it’s been along vith us,
In this year Forty-eight.’

‘ Ven this bad year began,’
The nex man said, saysee,
‘ I vas a Journeyman,
A taylor black and free,
And my wife went out and chaired about,
And my name’s the bold Cuffee.

‘ The Queen and Halbert both,
I swore I would confound,
I took a hawfle hoath
To drag them to the ground ;
And sevrал more with me they swore
Against the British Crownd.

‘ Aginst her Pleacemen all,
We said we’d try our strenth ;
Her scarlick soldiers tall,
We vow’d we’d lay full lenth :
And out we came, in Freedom’s name,
Last Aypril was the tenth.

‘ Three ’underd thousand snobs
Come out to stop the vay,
Vith sticks vith iron knobs,
Or else we’d gained the day.
The harmy kept quite out of sight,
And so ve vent away.

‘ Next day the Pleacemen came—
Rewenge it was their plann—
And from my good old dame
They took her tailor-man :
And the hard hard beak did me bespeak
To Newgit in the Wann.

‘ In that etrocious Cort
The Jewry did agree ;
The Judge did me transport,
To go beyond the sea :
And so for life, from his dear wife
They took poor old Cuffee.

- ' O Halbert, appy Prince !
With children round your knees,
Ingraving ansum Prints,
And takin hoff your hease ;
O think of me, the old Cuffee,
Beyond the solt solt seas !
- ' Although I'm hold and black,
My hanguish is most great ;
Great Prince, O call me back,
And I will be your Vait !
And never no more vill break the Lor,
As I did in 'Forty-eight.'

The tailer thus did close
(A pore old blackymore rogue),
When a dismal gent uprose,
And spoke with Hirish brogue :
' I'm Smith O'Brine, of Royal Line,
Descended from Rory Ogue.

- ' When great O'Connle died,
That man whom all did trust,
That man whom Henglish pride
Beheld with such disgust,
Then Erin free fixed eyes on me,
And swoar I should be fust.

- ' " The glorious Hirish Crown,"
Says she, " it shall be thine :
Long time, its wery well known,
You kep it in your line ;
That diadem of hemerald gem
Is yours, my Smith O'Brine.

- ' " Too long the Saxon churl
Our land encumbered hath ;
Arise my Prince, my Earl,
And brush them from thy path ;
Rise, mighty Smith, and sveep em vith
The besom of your wrath."

- ‘ Then in my might I rose,
My country I surveyed,
I saw it filled with foes,
I viewed them undismayed ;
Ha, ha ! says I, the harvest’s high,
I’ll reap it with my blade.
- ‘ My warriors I enrolled,
They rallied round their lord ;
And cheafs in council old
I summoned to the board—
Wise Doheny and Duffy bold,
And Meagher of the Sword.
- ‘ I stood on Slievanamaun,
They came with pikes and bills ;
They gathered in the dawn,
Like mist upon the hills,
And rushed adown the mountain side
Like twenty thousand rills.
- ‘ Their fortress we assail ;
Hurroo ! my boys, hurroo !
The bloody Saxons quail
To hear the wild shaloo ;
Strike, and prevail, lovely Innisfail,
O’Brine aboo, aboo !
- ‘ Our people they defied ;
They shot at ’em like savages,
Their bloody guns they plied
With sanguinary ravages ;
Hide, blushing Glory, hide
That day among the Cabbages !
- ‘ And so no more I’ll say,
But ask your Mussy great,
And humbly sing and pray,
Your Majesty’s poor Wait :
Your Smith O’Brine in ’Forty-nine
Will blush for ’Forty-eight.’

THE BALLAD OF ELIZA DAVIS

[*Punch*, February 9, 1850 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

ALLIANT gents and lovely ladies,
List a tail vich late befell,
Vich I heard it, bein on duty
At the Pleace Hoffice,
Clerkenwell.

Praps you know the Fondling
Chapel,
Vere the little children
sings

(Lor! I likes to hear on
Sundies

Them there pooty little
things!).

In this street there
lived a housemaid,
If you particklarly
ask me where—

Vy, it vas at four-and-tventy,
Guilford Street by Brunsvick Square.

Vich her name was Eliza Davis,
And she went to fetch the beer :
In the street she met a party
As was quite surprized to see her.

Vich he vas a British Sailor,
For to judge him by his look :
Tarry jacket, canvass trowsies,
Ha-la Mr. T. P. Cooke.

Presently this Mann accostes
Of this hinnocent young gal—
Pray, saysee, Excuse my freedom,
You're so like my Sister Sal !

You're so like my Sister Sally,
Both in valk and face and size ;
Miss, that—dang my old lee scuppers,
It brings tears into my heyes !
I'm a mate on board a wessel,
I'm a sailor bold and true ;
Shiver up my poor old timbers,
Let me be a mate for you !
What's your name, my beauty, tell me ?
And she faintly hangers, ' Lore,
Sir, my name's Eliza Davis,
And I live at twenty-four.'
Hofttimes came this British seaman,
This deluded gal to meet :
And at twenty-four was welcome,
Twenty-four in Guilford Street.
And Eliza told her Master
(Kinder they than Missuses are)
How in marridge he had ast her,
Like a galliant Brittish Tar.
And he brought his landlady vith him
(Vich vas all his hartful plan),
And she told how Charley Thompson
Reely vas a good young man.
And how she herself had lived in
Many years of union sweet,
Vith a gent she met promiskous,
Valkin in the public street.
And Eliza listened to them,
And she thought that soon their bands
Would be published at the Fondlin,
Hand the clergyman jine their ands.
And he ast about the lodgers
(Vich her master let some rooms),
Likevise vere they kep their things, and
Vere her master kep his spoons.
Hand this vicked Charley Thompson
Came on Sundy veek to see her,
And he sent Eliza Davis
Hout to fetch a pint of beer.

Hand while pore Eliza vent to
Fetch the beer, dewoid of sin,
This etrocious Charley Thompson
Let his wile accomplish hin.
To the lodgers, their apartments,
This abandingd female goes,
Prigs their shirts and umberellas :
Prigs their boots, and hats, and clothes.
Vile the scoundrle Charley Thompson,
Lest his wictim should escape,
Hocust her vith rum and vater,
Like a fiend in huming shape.
But a hi was fixt upon 'em
Vich these raskles little sore ;
Namely, Mr. Hide the landlord,
Of the house at twenty-four.
He vas valkin in his garden,
Just afore he vent to sup ;
And on looking up he sor the
Lodger's vinders lighted hup.
Hup the stairs the landlord tumbled ;
Something's going wrong, he said ;
And he caught the vicked voman
Underneath the lodger's bed.
And he called a brother Pleaseman,
Vich vas passing on his beat ;
Like a true and galliant feller,
Hup and down in Guilford Street.
And that Pleaseman able-bodied
Took this voman to the cell ;
To the cell vere she was quodded,
In the Close of Clerkenwell.
And though vicked Charley Thompson
Boulted like a miscrant base,
Presently another Pleaseman
Took him to the self-same place.
And this precious pair of raskles
Tuesday last came up for doom ;
By the beak they was committed,
Vich his name was Mr. Combe.

Has for poor Eliza Davis,
 Simple gurl of twenty-four,
She, I ope, vill never listen
 In the streets to sailors moar.

But if she must ave a sweet-art
 (Vich most every gurl expex),
 Let her take a jolly pleaseman ;
 Vich is name peraps is—X.

THE LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF THE FOUNDLING OF SHOREDITCH

FROM 'THE TIMES' OF FEBRUARY 14

[*Punch*, February 23, 1850 ; *Miscellaneous*, Vol. I, 1855]



OME all ye Christian people,
 and listen to my tail,
 It is all about a doctor was
 travelling by the rail,
 By the Heastern Counties
 Railway (vich the shares I
 don't desire)
 From Ixworth town in Suffolk,
 vich his name did not
 transpire.

A travelling from Bury this
 Doctor was employed
 With a gentleman, a friend of
 his, vich his name was Cap-
 tain Loyd ;
 And on reaching Marks Tey
 Station, that is next beyond
 Colchest-
 -er, a lady entered into them
 most elegantly dressed.

She entered into the Carriage all with a tottering step,
 And a pooty little Bayby upon her bussum slep ;
 The gentlemen received her with kindness and siwillaty,
 Pitying this lady for her illness and debillaty.

She had a fust class ticket, this lovely lady said,
Because it was so lonesome she took a secknd instead.
Better to travel by secknd class, than sit alone in the fust,
And the pooty little Baby upon her breast she nust.

A seein of her cryin, and shiverin and pail,
To her spoke this surging, the Ero of my tail ;
Saysee you look unwell, Ma'am, I'll elp you if I can,
And you may tell your case to me, for I'm a meddicle man.

'Thank you, Sir,' the lady said, 'I only look so pale,
Because I ain't accustom'd to travelling on the Rale ;
I shall be better presnly, when I've ad some rest :'
And that pooty little Baby she squeegeed it to her breast.

So in conversation the journey they beguiled,
Capting Loyd and the medical man, and the lady and the
child,

Till the various stations along the line was passed,
For even the Heastern Counties' trains must come in at last.

When at Shoreditch tumminus at lenth stopped the train,
This kind meddicle gentleman proposed his aid again.
'Thank you, Sir,' the lady said. 'for your kyindness dear ;
My carridge and my osses is probbibly come here.

'Will you old this baby, please, vilst I step and see ?'
The Doctor was a famly man : 'That I will,' says he.
Then the little child she kist, kist it very gently,
Vich was sucking his little fist, sleeping innocently.

With a sigh from her art, as though she would have bust it,
Then she gave the Doctor the child—wery kind he nust it :
Hup then the lady jumped hoff the bench she sate from,
Tumbled down the carridge steps and ran along the platform.

Vile hall the other passengers vent upon their vays,
The Capting and the Doctor sate there in a maze ;
Some vent in a Homminibus, some vent in a Cabby,
The Capting and the Doctor vaited with the babby.

There they sate looking queer, for an hour or more,
But their feller passinger neather on 'em sore :
Never, never, back again did that lady come
To that pooty sleeping Hinfnt a suckin of his Thum !

What could this pore Doctor do, bein treated thus,
 When the darling Baby woke, cryin for its nuss ?
 Off he drove to a female friend, vich she was both kind and
 mild,
 And igsplained to her the circumstance of this year little
 child.

That kind lady took the child instantly in her lap,
 And made it very comforable by giving it some pap ;
 And when she took its close off, what d' you think she
 found
 A couple of ten pun notes sewn up, in its little gownd !

Also in its little close, was a note which did convey, }
 That this little baby's parents lived in a handsome way : }
 And for its Headucation they reglarly would pay, }
 And sirtingly like gentlefolks would claim the child one day, }
 If the Christian people who'd charge of it would say, }
 Per advertisement in the *Times*, where the baby lay. }

Pity of this bayby many people took,
 It had such pooty ways and such a pooty look ;
 And there came a lady forrard (I wish that I could see
 Any kind lady as would do as much for me ;

And I wish with all my art, some night in *my* night gownd,
 I could find a note stitched for ten or twenty pound)—
 There came a lady forrard, that most honorable did say,
 She'd adopt this little baby, which her parents cast away.

While the Doctor pondered on this hoffer fair,
 Comes a letter from Devonshire, from a party there,
 Hordering the Doctor, at its Mar's desire,
 To send the little Infant back to Devonshire.

Lost in apoplexity, this pore meddicle man,
 Like a sensible gentleman, to the Justice ran ;
 Which his name was Mr. Hammill, a honorable beak,
 That takes his seat in Worship Street four times a week.

' O Justice ! ' says the Doctor, ' instrugt me what to do,
 I've come up from the country, to throw myself on you ;
 My patients have no doctor to tend them in their ills
 (There they are in Suffolk without their draffts and pills !).

‘I’ve come up from the country, to know how I’ll dispose
Of this pore little baby, and the twenty pun note, and the
clothes,

And I want to go back to Suffolk, dear Justice, if you please,
And my patients wants their Doctor, and their Doctor wants
his feez.’

Up spoke Mr. Hammill, sittin at his desk,
‘This year application does me much perplex;
What I do advise you, is to leave this babby
In the Parish where it was left, by its mother shabby.’

The Doctor from his Worship sadly did depart—
He might have left the baby, but he hadn’t got the heart,
To go for to leave that Hinnocent, has the laws allows,
To the tender mussies of the Union House.

Mother, who left this little one on a stranger’s knee,
Think how cruel you have been, and how good was he!
Think, if you’ve been guilty, innocent was she;
And do not take unkindly this little word of me:
Heaven be merciful to us all, sinners as we be!

X.

LINES ON A LATE HOSPICIOUS EWENT¹

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE FOOT-GUARDS (BLUE)

[*Punch*, May 11, 1850; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

I PACED upon my beat
With steady step and slow,
All huppandownd of Ranelagh Street;
Ranelagh St., Pimlico.

While marching huppandownd
Upon that fair May morn,
Beold the booming cannings sound,
A royal child is born!

The Ministers of State
Then presnly I sor,
They gallops to the Pallis gate,
In carridges and for.

¹ [The birth of Prince Arthur, afterwards Duke of Connaught.]

With anxious looks intent,
Before the gate they stop,
There comes the good Lord President
And there the Archbishopp.

Lord John he next elights ;
And who comes here in haste ?
'Tis the 'ero of one underd fights,
The caudle for to taste.

Then Mrs. Lily, the nuss,
Towards them steps with joy ;
Says the brave old Duke, ' Come tell to us,
Is it a gal or a boy ? '

Says Mrs. L. to the Duke,
' Your Grace, it *is a Prince.*'
And at that nuss's bold rebuke,
He did both laugh and wince.

He vews with pleasant look
This pooty flower of May,
Then says the venerable Duke,
' Egad it's my buthday.'

By memory backards borne,
Peraps his thoughts did stray
To that old place where he was born
Upon the first of May.

Peraps he did recall
The ancient powers of Trim ;
And County Meath and Dangan Hall
They did revisit him.

I phansy of him so
His good old thoughts employin' ;
Fourscore years and one ago
Beside the flowin' Boyne.

His father praps he sees,
Most musicle of Lords,
A playing maddrigles and glees
Upon the 'Arpsicords.

Jest phansy this old 'Ero
 Upon his mother's knee!
 Did ever lady in this land
 'Ave greater sons than she?

And I shouldn be surprize
 While this was in his mind,
 If a drop there twinkled in his eyes
 Of unfamiliar brind.

To Hapsly 'Ousc next day
 Drives up a Broosh and for,
 A gracious prince sits in that Shay
 (I mention him with Hor!).

They ring upon the bell,
 The Porter shows his 'ed
 (He fought at Vaterloo as vell,
 And vears a Veskit red.)

To sec that carriage come
 The people round it press:
 'And is the galliant Duke at 'ome?'
 'Your Royal 'Ighness, yes.'

He stepps from out the Broosh
 And in the gate is gone,
 And X, although the people push,
 Says wery kind, 'Move hon.'

The Royal Prince unto
 The gallant Duke did say,
 'Dear Duke, my little son and you
 Was born the self-same day.

'The Lady of the Land,
 My wife and Sovring dear,
 It is by her horgust command
 I wait upon you here.

'That lady is as well
 As can expected be;
 And to your Grace she bid me tell
 This gracious message free.

‘ That offspring of our race,
Whom yesterday you see,
To show our honour for your Grace,
Prince Arthur he shall be.

That name it rhymes to fame ;
All Europe knows the sound :
And I couldn’t find a better name
If you’d give me twenty pound.

‘ King Arthur had his knights
That girt his table round,
But you have won a hundred fights,
Will match ’em I’ll be bound.

‘ You fought with Bonypart,
And likewise Tippoo Saib ;
I name you then with all my heart
The Godsire of this babe.’

That Prince his leave was took,
His hinterview was done,
So let us give the good old Duke
Good luck of his god-son,

And wish him years of joy
In this our time of Schism,
And hope he’ll hear the royal boy
His little catechism.

And my pooty little Prince
That’s come our ’arts to cheer,
Let me my loyal powers ewince
A welcomin of you ’ere.

And the Poit-Laureat’s crownd,
I think, in some respex,
Egstremely shootable might be found
For honest Pleaceman X.

THE WOFLE NEW BALLAD OF JANE RONEY AND MARY BROWN

[*Punch*, May 25, 1850 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

AN igstrawmary tail I vill tell yer this veek—
I stood in the Court of A'Beckett the Beak,
Vere Mrs. Jane Roney, a vidow, I see,
Who charged Mary Brown with a robbin of she.

This Mary was pore and in misery once,
And she came to Mrs. Roney it's more than twelve monce.
She 'adn't got no bed, nor no dinner, nor no tea,
And kind Mrs. Roney gave Mary all three.

Mrs. Roney kep Mary for ever so many veeks
(Her conduct surprised the best of all Beax),
She kep her for nothink, as kind as could be,
Never thinkin that this Mary was a traitor to she.

'Mrs. Roney, O Mrs. Roney, I feel very ill ;
Will you jest step to the Doctor's for to fetch me a pill ?'
'That I will, my poor Mary,' Mrs. Roney says she ;
And she goes off to the Doctor's as quickly as may be.

No sooner on this message Mrs. Roney was sped,
Than hup gits vicked Mary, and jumps out a bed ;
She hopens all the trunks without never a key—
She bustes all the boxes, and vith them makes free.

Mrs. Roney's best linning gownds, petticoats, and close,
Her children's little coats and things, her boots and her hose,
She packed them, and she stole 'em, and away vith them
did flee.

Mrs. Roney's situation—you may think vat it would be !

Of Mary, ungrateful, who had served her this vay,
Mrs. Roney heard nothink for a long year and a day.
Till last Thursday in Lambeth, ven whom should she see ?
But this Mary as had acted so ungrateful to she.

She was leaning on the helbo of a worthy young man ;
They were going to be married, and were walkin hand in
hand,

And the Church bells was a ringing for Mary and he,
And the parson was ready, and a waitin for his fee.

When up comes Mrs. Roney, and faces Mary Brown,
Who trembles and castes her eyes upon the ground.
She calls a jolly pleaseman, it happens to be me ;
'I charge this young woman, Mr. Pleaseman,' says she.

'Mrs. Roney, O, Mrs. Roney, O, do let me go,
I acted most ungrateful I own, and I know,
But the marriage bell is a ringing, and the ring you may see,
And this young man is a waitin,' says Mary says she.

'I don't care three fardens for the parson and clark,
And the bell may keep ringing from noon day to dark ;
Mary Brown, Mary Brown, you must come along with me,
And I think this young man is lucky to be free.'

So, in spite of the tears which bejew'd Mary's cheek,
I took that young gurl to A'Beckett the Beak ;
That exlent Justice demanded her plea—
But never a sullable said Mary said she.

On account of her conduck so base and so vile
That wicked young gurl is committed for trile,
And if she's transpawted beyond the salt sea,
It's a proper reward for such willains as she.

Now you young gurls of Southwark for Mary who weep,
From pickin and stealin your 'ands you must keep,
Or it may be my dooty, as it was Thursday veek,
To pull you all hup to A'Beckett the Beak.

DAMAGES, TWO HUNDRED POUNDS

[*Punch*, August 24, 1850 ; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]

SPECIAL Jurymen of England ! who admire your country's
laws,

And proclaim a British Jury worthy of the realm's applause ;
Gaily compliment each other at the issue of a cause
Which was tried at Guildford 'sises, this day week as ever
was.

Unto that august tribunal comes a gentleman in grief
(Special was the British Jury, and the Judge, the Baron
Chief),
Comes a British man and husband—asking of the law relief,
For his wife was stolen from him—he'd have vengeance on
the thief.

Yes, his wife, the blessed treasure with the which his life
was crowned,
Wickedly was ravished from him by a hypocrite profound.
And he comes before twelve Britons, men for sense and truth
renowned,
To award him for his damage, twenty hundred sterling
pound.

He by counsel and attorney there at Guildford does appear,
Asking damage of the villain who seduced his lady dear :
But I can't help asking, though the lady's guilt was all too
clear,
And though guilty the defendant, wasn't the plaintiff rather
queer ?

First the lady's mother spoke, and said she'd seen her
daughter cry
But a fortnight after marriage : early times for piping eye.
Six months after, things were worse, and the piping eye
was black,
And this gallant British husband caned his wife upon the
back.

Three months after they were married, husband pushed her
to the door,
Told her to be off and leave him, for he wanted her no more.
As she would not go, why, *he* went : thrice he left his lady
dear ;
Left her, too, without a penny, for more than a quarter of
a year.

Mrs. Frances Duncan knew the parties very well indeed,
She had seen him pull his lady's nose and make her lip to
bleed ;
If he chanced to sit at home not a single word he said :
Once she saw him throw the cover of a dish at his lady's
head.

Sarah Green, another witness, clear did to the jury note
 How she saw this honest fellow seize his lady by the throat,
 How he cursed her and abused her, beating her into a fit,
 Till the pitying next-door neighbours crossed the wall and
 witnessed it.

Next door to this injured Briton Mr. Owers, a butcher,
 dwelt ;

Mrs. Owers's foolish heart towards this erring dame did melt
 (Not that she had erred as yet, crime was not developed
 in her) ;

But being left without a penny, Mrs. Owers supplied her
 dinner—

God be merciful to Mrs. Owers, who was merciful to this
 sinner !

Caroline Naylor was their servant, said they led a wretched
 life,

Saw this most distinguished Briton fling a teacup at his
 wife ;

He went out to balls and pleasures, and never once in ten
 months' space,

Sat with his wife or spoke her kindly. This was the defen-
 dant's case.

Pollock, C.B., charged the Jury ; said the woman's guilt
 was clear :

That was not the point, however, which the Jury came to
 hear ;

But the damage to determine which, as it should true
 appear,

This most tender-hearted husband, who so used his lady
 dear—

Beat her, kicked her, caned her, cursed her, left her starving
 year by year,

Flung her from him, parted from her, wrung her neck, and
 boxed her ear—

What the reasonable damage this afflicted man could claim,
 By the loss of the affections of this guilty graceless dame ?

Then the honest British Twelve, to each other turning round,
 Laid their clever heads together with a wisdom most pro-
 found :

And towards his lordship looking, spoke the foreman wise
and sound :—

‘My Lord, we find for this here plaintiff, damages two
hundred pound.’

So, God bless the Special Jury ; pride and joy of English
ground,

And the happy land of England, where true justice does
abound !

British jurymen and husbands, let us hail this verdict
proper :

If a British wife offends you, Britons, you’ve a right to
whop her.

Though you promised to protect her, though you promised
to defend her,

You are welcome to neglect her : to the devil you may send
her :

You may strike her, curse, abuse her ; so declares our law
renowned ;

And if after this you lose her,—why, you’re paid two
hundred pound.

A WOFUL NEW BALLAD OF THE PROTESTANT CONSPIRACY TO TAKE THE POPE’S LIFE ¹

(BY A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS BEEN ON THE SPOT)

[*Punch*, March 15, 1851]

COME, all ye Christian people, unto my tale give ear,
’Tis about a base consperacy, as quickly shall appear ;
’Twill make your hair to bristle up, and your eyes to start
and glow,

When of this dread consperacy you honest folks shall know.

The news of this consperacy and villianous attempt,
I read it in a newspaper, from Italy it was sent :
It was sent from lovely Italy, where the olives they do grow,
And our Holy Father lives, yes, yes, while his name it is
No no.

¹ See the account of this conspiracy in the Roman Correspondence
of the *Daily News*.

And 'tis there our English noblemen goes that is Puseyites
no longer,
Because they finds the ancient faith both better is and
stronger,
And 'tis there I knelt beside my lord when he kiss'd the
Pope his toe,
And hung his neck with chains at St. Peter's Vinculo.
And 'tis there the splendid churches is, and the fountains
playing grand,
And the palace of Prince Torlonia, likewise the Vatican ;
And there's the stairs where the bagpipe-men and the
piffararys blow,
And it's there I drove my lady and lord in the Park of
Pincio.

And 'tis there our splendid churches is in all their pride
and glory,
St. Peter's famous Basilisk and St. Mary's Maggiory ;
And them benighted Protestants, on Sunday they must go
Outside the town to the preaching-shop by the gate of
Popolo.

Now in this town of famous Room, as I dessay you have
heard,
There is scarcely any gentleman as hasn't got a beard.
And ever since the world began it was ordained so,
That there should always barbers be wheresumever beards
do grow.

And as it always has been so since the world it did begin,
The Pope, our Holy Potentate, has a beard upon his chin ;
And every morning regular when cocks begin to crow,
There comes a certing party to wait on Pope Pio.

There comes a certing gintleman with razier, soap, and
lather,

A shaving most respectfully the Pope, our Holy Father.
And now the dread consperracy I'll quickly to you show,
Which them sanguinary Protestants did form against Nono.

Them sanguinary Prodestants, which I abore and hate,
Assembled in the preaching-shop by the Flaminian gate ;
And they took counsel with their selves to deal a deadly
blow

Against our gentle Father, the holy Pope Pio.

Exhibiting a wickedness which I never heerd or read off ;
 What do you think them Prodestants wish'd ? to cut the
 good Pope's head off !

And to the kind Pope's 'Air-dresser the Prodestant Clark
 did go,
 And proposed him to decapitate the innocent Pio !

' What hever can be easier,' said this Clerk—this Man of
 Sin,

' When you're call'd to hoperate on his Holiness's chin,
 Than just to give the razier a little slip—just so ?—
 And there's an end, dear barber, of innocent Pio !'

This wicked conversation it chanced was overerd
 By an Italian lady ; she heard it every word ;
 Which by birth she was a Marchioness, in service forced
 to go,
 With the Parson of the preaching-shop at the gate of
 Popolo.

When the lady heard the news, as duty did obleege,
 As fast as her legs could carry her she ran to the Polege.
 ' O, Polegia,' says she (for they pronouns it so),
 ' They're going for to massyker our Holy Pope Pio.

' The ebominable Englishmen, the Parsing and his Clark,
 His Holiness's 'Air-dresser devised it in the dark !
 And I would recommend you in prison for to throw
 These villians would esassinate the Holy Pope Pio !

' And for saving of his Holiness and his trebble crownd
 I humbly hope your Worships will give me a few pound ;
 Because I was a Marchioness many years ago,
 Before I came to service at the gate of Popolo.'

That sackreligious 'Air-dresser, the Parson and his man,
 Wouldn't, though ask'd continyally, own their wicked
 plan—

And so the kind Authoraties let those villians go
 That was plotting of the murder of the good Pio Nono.

Now isn't this safishnt proof, ye gentlemen at home,
 How wicked is them Prodestans, and how good our Pope
 at Rome ;

So let us drink confusion to Lord John and Lord Minto,
 And a health unto his Eminence, and good Pio Nono.

THE ORGAN BOY'S APPEAL

[*Punch*, October, 1853]

'Westminster Police Court,—Policeman X brought a paper of doggrel verses to the Magistrate, which had been thrust into his hands, X said, by an Italian boy, who ran away immediately afterwards.

'The Magistrate, after perusing the lines, looked hard at X, and said he did not think they were written by an Italian.

'X, blushing, said, he thought the paper read in Court last week, and which frightened so the old gentleman to whom it was addressed, was also not of Italian origin.'

O SIGNOR BRODERIP, you are a wickid ole man,
 You wexis us little horgan boys whenever you can,
 How dare you talk of Justice, and go for to seek
 To pussicute us horgin boys, you senguinary Beek ?
 Though you set in Vestminster surrounded by your crushers,
 Harrogint and habsolute like the Hortacrat of hall the
 Rushers,

Yet there is a better vurld I'd have you for to know
 Likewise a place vere the henimies of horgin boys will go.

O you vickid Herod without any pity,
 London vithout horgin boys vood be a dismal city !
 Sweet St. Cicily who first taught horgin-pipes to blow,
 Soften the heart of this Magistrit that haggerywates us so !

Good Italian gentlemen, fatherly and kind,
 Brings us over to London here our horgins for to grind ;
 Sends us out vith little vite mice and guinea pigs also,
 A Popping of the Veasel and a Jumpin of Jim Crow.

And as us young horgin boys is grateful in our turn
 We gives to these kind gentlemen hall the money we earn,
 Because that they vood vop us as wery wel we know
 Unless we brought our hurnings back to them as loves us so.

O Mr. Broderip ! wery much I'm surprise
 Ven you take your valks abroad where can be your eyes ?
 If a Beak had a heart then you'd compryend
 Us pore little horgin boys was the poor man's friend.

Don't you see the shildren in the droring rooms
 Clapping of their little ands when they year our toons ?
 On their mothers' bussums don't you see the babbies crow
 And down to us dear horgin boys lots of apence throw ?

Don't you see the ousemaids (pooty Pollies and Maries),
 Ven ve bring our urdigurdis, smilin from the hairies?
 Then they come out vith a slice o' cole puddn or a bit
 o' bacon or so

And give it us young horgin boys for lunch afore we go.

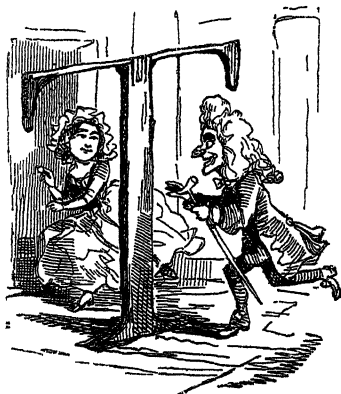
Have you ever seen the Hirish children sport
 When our velcome music-box brings sunshine in the Court?
 To these little paupers who can never pay,
 Surely all good organ boys, for God's love, will play.

Has for those proud gentlemen, like a serting B—k
 (Vich I von't be pussonal and therefore vil not speak),
 That flings their parler-vinders hup ven ve begin to play
 And cusses us and swears at us in such a wiolent way,

Instedd of their abewsing and calling hout Poleece
 Let em send out John to us vith sixpence or a shillin apiece.
 Then like good young horgin boys away from there we'll go
 Blessing sweet St. Cicily that taught our pipes to blow.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY

[*Punch*, November 28, 1848, as 'A Bow-Street Ballad, by a Gentleman of the Force'; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]



HERE's in the Vest a city
 pleasant,
 To vich King Bladud gev
 his name,
 And in that city there's a
 Crescent,
 Vere dwelt a noble knight
 of fame.

Although that galliant
 knight is oldish,
 Although Sir John as grey,
 grey air,
 Hage has not made his
 busum coldish,
 His Art still beats tewodds
 the Fair

'Twas two years sins, this knight so splendid,
Peraps fateagued with Bath's routines,
To Paris towne his phootsteps bended
In sutch of gayer folks and seans.

His and was free, his means was easy,
A nobler, finer gent than he
Ne'er drove about the Shons-Eleesy,
Or paced the Roo de Rivolee.

A brougham and pair Sir John provided,
In which abroad he loved to ride ;
But ar ! he most of all enjyed it,
When some one helse was sittin' inside !

That ' some one helse ' a lovely dame was,
Dear ladies, you will heasy tell—
Countess Grabrowski her sweet name was,
A noble title, ard to spell.

This faymus Countess ad a daughter
Of lovely form and tender art ;
A nobleman in marridge sought her,
By name the Baron of Saint Bart.

Their pashn touched the noble Sir John,
It was so pewer and profound ;
Lady Grabrowski he did urge on,
With Hyming's wreeth their loves to crownd.

' O, come to Bath, to Lansdowne Crescent,'
Says kind Sir John, ' and live with me ;
The living there's uncommon pleasant—
I'm sure you'll find the hair agree.

' O, come to Bath, my fair Grabrowski,
And bring your charming girl,' sezee ;
' The Barring here shall have the ouse-key,
With breakfast, dinner, lunch, and tea.

' And when they've passed an appy winter,
There opes and loves no more we'll bar ;
The marridge-vow they'll enter inter,
And I at Church will be their Par.'

To Bath they went to Lansdowne Crescent,
Where good Sir John he did provide
No end of teas, and balls incessant,
And hosses both to drive and ride.

He was so Ospitably busy,
When Miss was late, he'd make so bold
Upstairs to call out, 'Missy, Missy,
Come down, the coffy's getting cold !'

But O ! 'tis sadd to think such bounties
Should meet with such return as this ;
O, Barring of Saint Bart, O, Countess
Grabrowski, and O, cruel Miss !

He married you at Bath's fair Habby,
Saint Bart he treated like a son—
And wasn't it uncommon shabby
To do what you have went & done !

My trembling And amost refewses
To write the charge which Sir John swore,
Of which the Countess he ecuses,
Her daughter and her son in lore.

My Mews quite blushes as she sings of
The fatle charge which now I quote :
He says Miss took his two best rings off,
And pawned 'em for a tenpun note.

' Is this the child of honest parince,
To make away with folk's best things ?
Is this, pray, like the wives of Barrins,
To go and prig a gentleman's rings ?'

Thus thought Sir John, by anger wrought on.
And to revenge his injured cause,
He brought them hup to Mr. Broughton,
Last Vensday veek as ever waws.

If guiltless, how she have been slanderd !
If guilty, wengeance will not fail ;
Meanwhile, the lady is remanderd
And gev three hundred pounds in bail.

THE SPECULATORS

[*Punch*, May 31, 1845, as 'Railroad Speculators'; *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1855]



"HOW MANY HUNDRED SHARES HAVE YOU WROTE FOR?"

THE night was stormy and dark, The town was shut up
in sleep : Only those were abroad who were out on a lark,
Or those who'd no beds to keep.

I pass'd through the lonely street, The wind did sing and
blow ; I could hear the policeman's feet Clapping to
and fro.

There stood a potato-man In the midst of all the wet ;
He stood with his 'tato-can In the lonely Haymarket.

Two gents of dismal mien, And dank and greasy rags
Came out of a shop for gin, Swaggering over the flags :

Swaggering over the stones, These shabby bucks did
walk ; And I went and followed those seedy ones, And
listened to their talk.

Was I sober or awake ? Could I believe my ears ?
Those dismal beggars spake Of nothing but railroad shares.

I wondered more and more : Says one—‘ Good friend of
mine, How many shares have you wrote for ? In the
Diddlesex Junction line ? ’

‘ I wrote for twenty,’ says Jim, ‘ But they wouldn’t give
me one ;’ His comrade straight rebukèd him For the
folly he had done :

‘ O Jim, you are unawares Of the ways of this bad town ;
I always write for five hundred shares, And *then* they put
me down.’

‘ And yet you got no share,’ Says Jim, ‘ for all your
boast ;’ ‘ I *would* have wrote,’ says Jack, ‘ but where
Was the penny to pay the post ? ’

‘ I lost, for I couldn’t pay That first instalment up ;
But here’s taters smoking hot—I say Let’s stop my boy
and sup.’

And at this simple feast The while they did regale,
I drew each ragged capitalist Down on my left thumb-nail.

Their talk did me perplex, All night I tumbled and tost,
And thought of railroad specs., And how money was won
and lost.

‘ Bless railroads everywhere,’ I said, ‘ and the world’s
advance ; Bless every railroad share In Italy, Ireland,
France ; For never a beggar need now despair, And every
rogue has a chance.’

KITCHEN MELODIES—CURRY

[*Punch*, November 28, 1846]

THREE pounds of veal my darling girl prepares,
 And chops it nicely into little squares ;
 Five onions next procures the little minx
 (The biggest are the best, her Samwel thinks),
 And Epping butter nearly half a pound,
 And stews them in a pan until they're brown'd.

What's next my dexterous little girl will do ?
 She pops the meat into the savoury stew,
 With curry-powder table-spoonfuls three,
 And milk a pint (the richest that may be),
 And, when the dish has stewed for half an hour,
 A lemon's ready juice she'll o'er it pour :
 Then, bless her ! then she gives the luscious pot
 A very gentle boil—and serves quite hot.

PS.—Beef, mutton, rabbit, if you wish ;
 Lobsters, or prawns, or any kind of fish
 Are fit to make A CURRY. 'Tis, when done,
 A dish for Emperors to feed upon.

MR. SMITH AND MOSES

[*Punch*, March 25, 1848]

A VETERAN gent, just stepped out of a boat,
 In a tattered old hat and a ragged pea-coat,
 Appeared at a shop whither many folks run,
 And that was the palace of Moses and Son.

A respectable dame with the manner went,
 Most likely the wife of this veteran gent,
 And the eyes of the pair were excited with wonder
 on seeing the mansion of Moses and Son.

'I've look'd upon many a palace before,
But splendour like this, love, I never yet sor !'
This party exclaimed. 'What a great sum of mon-
ey it sure must have cost Messrs. Moses and Son !'

In the language of France his good lady replied,
'This house is well known through the universe wide ;
And you, my dear Philip, to seed having run,
Had better refit with E. Moses and Son.'

E. Moses stepped forth with a bow full of grace,
Inviting the couple to enter his place :
He thought they were poor—but the poor are not done,
And the rich are not fleeced by E. Moses and Son.

'What clothes can I serve you to-day, my good man ?
E. Moses exclaimed : 'You shall pay what you can ;
The peer or the peasant, we suit every one ;
Republicans true are E. Moses and Son.'

The pea-coated gent at that word made a start,
And looked nervously round at the goods of our mart :
'A vest, coat, and trousers, as soon as they're done,
I want, *s'il vous plaît*, Messieurs Moses and Son.

'I once was a King, like the monarch of Room,
But was forced from my throne and came off in a br——m ;
And in such a great hurry from P——s I run,
I forgot my portmanteau, dear Moses and Son.'

'Dear Sir,' we exclaimed, 'what a lucky escape !'
So one brought the patterns, another the tape ;
And while with our patterns his 'peepers' we stun,
The gent is quick measured by Moses and Son.

The clothes when complete we direct in a hurry—
'— Smith, Esquire, at Prince Leopold's, Claremont, in
Surrey.'

The cloth was first-rate, and the fit such a one
As only is furnished by Moses and Son.

As he paces the valley or roams in the grove,
All cry, 'What a very respectable cove !'
How changed in appearance from him who late run
From Paris to refuge with Moses and Son.

Now who was this 'veteran gent,' Sirs, E. Moses,
Although he may 'guess,' yet he never discloses,
Do you wish to know more, gents? if you do, why then
run
To Aldgate and ask of Moses and Son.

THE FRODDYLENT BUTLER.

[*Punch*, February 10, 1849]

MR. PUNCHA, SIR,

The above is the below written Pome, on a subject of grate delicacy, which as a butler, I feel it a disgrace to the cloth that any man calling himself a butler, should go for to get wind on false pretences, and such wind (as reported in the papers of Tuesday last) from Richmond; and in justice to self and feller servants, have expressed my feelings in poetry, which as you 'ave previously admitted to your entertainin columns pomes by a futman (and also a pleaceman), I think you 'ave a right to find a place for a pome by a butler, which I beg to subscribe myself your constant reader.

JOHN CORKS.

14 LUSHINGTON PLACE,
WEST BELGRAVY.

It's all of one John George Montresor,
And Briggs, Esquire, his master kind ;
This retch, all for his privat plesure,
Did froddylently order wind.

To Mister Ellis, Richmond, Surrey,
 Were Briggs, Esquire, he did reside,
 This wicked John druv in an 'urry,
 On June the fust and tenth beside.

And then, this mene and shabby feller
To Mister Ellis did remark,
Briggs 'ad gone out and took the cellar
Kee away across the Park ;

And Cumpny comeng on a suddent,
'Ad stayed to dine with Missis B.
Whereby in course the butler cooden't
Get out the wind without the kee.

So Missis B. she would be werry
 Much obliged if e'd send in
 'Arf a dozen best brown Sherry
 And single bottel 'Ollands gin.

But this was nothink but a story as
 This wicked butler went and told,
 Whereby for nothink to get glorious
 Wich so he did, and grew more bold.

Until, at last grown more audashus,
 He goes and orders, wat d'ye think ?
 He goes and orders, goodness grashus,
 Marsaly, wind no gent can drink.

It wasn't for his private drinkin—
 For that he'd Briggses wine enuff—
 But, wen the Sherry bins was sinkin
 He filled 'em with this *nasty stough*.

And Briggs, Esquire, at 'is own tabel
 (To rite such things my 'art offends)
 Might 'ave to drink, if he was abul,
 Marsaly wind, hissself and frends !

But praps John ne'er to tabel brort it,
 And used it in the *negus* line ;
 Or praps the raskel, when he bort it,
 Knew Briggs was not a judge of wind.

At all ewents, all thro' the season
 This villin plaid these 'orrid games.
 For butlers to commit such treson,
 I'm sure it is the wust of shames.

But masters, tho soft, has there senses,
 And roges, tho sharp, are cotcht at last ;
 So Briggs, Esquire, at last commenses
 To find his wine goes werry fast.

Once when the famly gev a party,
 Shampain, in course, the bankwet crown'd,
 And Briggs, Esquire, so kind and arty,
 He ordered John to 'and it round,

No wind in general's drunk more quicker,
But now his glass no gent would drane;
When Briggs, on tastin, found the lick
Was British 'arf-a-crown Shampain!

That they'd not drink it was no wonder,
A dredful look did Briggs assoom,
And ordered, with a voice of thunder,
The retched butler from the room.

Then, rushin edlong to the cellar,
Regardless if he broke 'is shins,
He found wot tricks the wicked feller
Had been a playin with the binns.

Of all his prime old Sherry, raelly
There wasent none to speke of there,
And Mr. Ellis's Marsaly
Was in the place the Sherry were.

Soon after that the wicked feller's
Crimes was diskivered clear and clenc,
By the small akount of Mr. Ellis
For lickers, twenty pound fifteen.

And not content with thus embezzlin
His master's wind, the skoundrel had
The Richmond tradesmen all been chizzlin,
An' a doin' every think that's bad.

Whereby on Toosday, Janwry thirty,
As is reported in the *Times*,
He wor 'ad up for his conduc dirty,
And dooly punished for his crimes.

So masters, who from such base fellers,
Would keep your wind upon your shelves,
This 'int accept—If you 'ave cellars,
Always to mind the kee yourselves.

THE IDLER

[*The Idler Magazine of Fiction*, March, 1856]

With the London hubbub
Overtired and pestered,
I sought out a subbub
Where I lay sequestered,—
Where I lay for three days,
From Saturday till Monday,
And (*per face aut neface*)
Made the most of Sunday ;

Burning of a *cheeroot*
When I'd had a skinful,
Squatting on a tree root,
Doubting if 'twas sinful ;
As the bells of Kingston
Made a pretty clangor
I (forgiving heathen)
Heard them not in anger ;—

Heard and rather fancied
Their reverberations,
As I sat entrancèd
With my meditations.
From my Maker's praises
Easily I wandered
To pull up His daisies,
As I sat and pondered.

As I pull'd His daisies
Into little pieces,
Much I thought of life
And how small its ease is ;
Much I blamed the world
For its worldly vanity,
As my smoke up curl'd,
Type of its*inanity.

By world I meant the Town,
Mayfair, and its high doings ;
Or rather my own set,
Its chatterings and cooings ;
So I view'd the strife
And the sport of London,
Doubting if its life
Were overdone or undone.

Be it slow or rapid,
If it wakes or slumbers,
Anyhow it's vapid ;—
Moonshine from cucumbers
Man is useless too,
Be he saint or satyr ;
Nothing's new or true,
And—it doesn't matter.

May not I and Jeames
Be compared together,
I in inking reams,
He in blacking leather ?
Snob and swell are peers ;
Snuffer, chewer, whiffer,—
In a hundred years
Wherein shall we differ ?

Counting on to-morrow's
'Oirish.' Whither tendeth
He who simply borrows,
He who simpler lendeth ;
If we give or take,
Where remains the profit ?
Sold or wide awake
All will go to Tophet.

To Tophet—shady club
Where no one need propose ye,
Where Hamlet hints 'the rub'
Is not select or cosy.
In that mixed vulgar place,
It doesn't matter who pays,
There's no more 'Bouillabaisse'
And no more *petits soupers*.

Why then seek to vie
 With Solomons or Sidneys ?
 Why care for Strasburg pie,
 For punch or devilled kidneys ?
 Why write 'Yellowplush' ?
 Why should we *not* wear it ?
 Wherefore should we blush ?
 Rather grin and bear it.

These uprooted daisies
 Speak of useless trouble ;
 Cheroots that burn like blazes
 Show that life's a bubble.
 Thus musing on our lot,
 A foggyfied old sinner,
 I'm glad to say I got—
 An appetite for dinner.

' DADDY, I'M HUNGRY '

[*The Nation* (Dublin), May 13, 1843]

A SCENE IN AN IRISH COACHMAKER'S FAMILY, DESIGNED
 BY LORD LOWTHER, JULY, 1843.

A SWEET little picture, that's fully desarving
 Your lordship's approval, we here riprisint—
 A poor Irish coachmaker's family starving
 (More thanks to your lordship) is dhrawn in the print.

See the big lazy blackguard ! although it is Monday,
 He sits at his ease with his hand to his cheek,
 And doin no more work nor a Quaker on Sunday,
 Nor your lordship's own self on most days of the week.

And thim's the two little ones, Rory and Mysie,
 Whom he'd dandle and jump every night on his knee—
 Faith, he gives the poor darlins a welcome as icy
 As I'd give a bum-bailiff that came after me !

He turns from their prattle as angry as may be,
 ' O daddy, I'm hungry,' says each little brat ;
 And yonder sits mammy, and nurses the baby,
 Thinking how long there'll be dinner for that.

For daddy and children, for babby and mammy,
 No work and no hope, Oh, the prospect is fine !
 But I fancy I’m hearing your lordship cry—‘ Dammee,
 Suppose they *do* starve, it’s no business of mine.’



Daddy, I'm Hungry.

Well, it's 'justice,' no doubt, that your lordship's observing,
 And that must our feelings of hunger console ;
 We've five hundred families, wretched and starving,
 But what matters that, so there's *Justice for Croal*

POLITICAL AND TOPICAL VERSE FROM 'PUNCH,' 1844-7

GREAT NEWS! WONDERFUL NEWS!

[May 4, 1844]



SHAKESPEARE COMPRESSED

Punch wondereth that
Shakespeare hath at
length appeared
before ye Queene.

He saith her Grace
will heare no more
Italians nor Al-
mayne fiddlers, but
take the right Eng-
lish waye.

Neither will her Grace
see Amburgh his
beastes never no mo.

Nor ye littel Thumb
(a sillie vaine
fellowe).

WHAT wonderful news from the Court,
Old Will's at the palace a guest,
The Queen and her Royal Consort
Have received him 'a little com-
pressed.'

Who'll venture to whisper henceforth
Her Grace loves the Opera best?
Our Queen has acknowledged the
worth

Of Shakespeare a little compress'd.

Who'll talk of Van Amburgh again?
No more are his beasts in request;
They're good but for poor Drury Lane,
At home She has Shakespeare com-
pressed.

Away with the tiny Tom Thumb,
Like mighty Napoleon dress'd;
For Shakespeare a-courting has come,
Like Tommy 'a little compressed.'

The Court in its splendour assembles
 (The play gives its dullness a zest),
 And the last of the Royal old Kembles
 Reads Shakespeare a little compressed.

Bunch sees (in
 Imagination) the
 winte assemble, and
 Master Kemble the
 Player with his boke

Behold them all diamonds and jewels,
 Our Queen and our Prince, and the
 rest ;
 As they sit upon gilded fauteuils,
 And listen to Shakespeare compress'd.

They forme round
 Master Kemble a
 ring royall, and ting,
 ding, ding! he Playe
 beginneth

ACT I

Great Cymbeline's Court's in a gloom,
 Rash Posthumus' flame is confess'd ;
 Poor Imogen's locked in her room,
 And her love is a little compressed.

He firste Acte.
 (After this ye servants
 hand muffinnes
 aboute)

ACT II

Fair Imogen sleeps in her bed,
 Iachimo lurks in a chest ;
 What, locked in a drunk ? the Prince
 said,
 I think *he's* a little gombress'd.

He seconde Acte.
 After the which an
 Interlude of Tringez
 Beere

ACT III

Now Imogen, flying the Court,
 Appears in boy's trousers and vest ;
 O fie ! Mr. Kemble stops short,
 And the act is a little compress'd.

He thirde Acte.
 A straunge incident of
 Imogen.
 Flourish of Trumpets.

ACT IV

When the Queen heard how Imogen
 died
 (Poor child ! like a dove in a nest),
 She looked at the Prince at her side,
 And her tears were a little compress'd.

He fourthe Acte.
 He Queene's Grace
 weepeth for Imogyn,
 poole mayde !

ACT V

But oh, how Her Majesty laughed
 When she found 'twasn't dying she
 saw,
 But fainting, brought on by a draught
 From Imogen's mother-in-law.

He Queene's Grace
 rejoyceth that Imogyn
 is not dedde.

The play draweth
nigh to a close.
Virtue is rewarded.

And now come the Romans in force,
And Posthumus comes in their train ;
With their foot, and their chariots, and
horse,
They come over [to] England to reign.

Britannia ruleth ye
wayves.
The play endeth.

Impossible ! here says the Queen—
Our lady, with pride in her breast :
O bring me the lovers again,
And pray let the fight be compressed,

The curtain falleth.
Master Kemble
boweth.

GRAND TABLEAU

The lovers are happy as just ;
The lecturer closes his book,
And bows from the presence august,
Well paid with a smile and a look.

Punch Moralizeth.

Great Lady ! the news of thy court
Poor *Punch* has oft read as a pest ;
But with this he inclines not to sport,
As he solemnly here does attest.
If it please you our bard to cut short,
It doubtless is done for the best.
Be pleased, too, we pray, to exhort
Sir Bob with your royal behest
To shorten his speeches, and for 't
Your Grace shall be heartily blest ;
And fiercely I'll joke and retort
On all who your peace would infest.
And, though joking is known as my forte,
I never will jibe or will jest,
If you'll list to our Poet immortal,
and love him complete or compress'd !

A RARE NEW BALLAD OF MALBROOK

TO A NEW TUNE

TO BE SUNG AT WOODSTOCK, AT THE ELECTION DINNERS
THERE

[May 11, 1844]

LAST evening I did sup at Joy's Hotel,
Where, to the merry clinking of the can,
Great Evans (who can troll the chorus well)
Did sing 'The Good Old English Gentleman.'
A gallant song it is, of moral plan
And somehow always makes my bosom swell.

Strange visions in my sleep that evening ran :
I was again a boy of Oxenford,
And, all unheeding of the Proctor's ban,
To famous Woodstock town had driven my tandem,
and was strolling upon Blenheim sward :
Whom should I see approach but Blenheim's Lord.
He, too, the tune I heard at Joy's began,
And thus he sang—

THE GOOD OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

I'll sing you a good old song, about England's days of
splendour :

John Churchill was the famous Duke that did our race
engender,

And as he beat the French, and was our country's best
defender,

Why, he took money from Queen Anne and likewise from
the Pretender,

Like a good old English nobleman,
Of the good old honest time.

Lord, Lord, it is a dreadful thing to think what my sires got
thro' in

A century or so of reckless life, and made extravagant doing ;

With building, racing, dicing, eating, drinking, courting,
 Jewing,
 They emptied Great John Churchill's bags and left poor me
 to ruin—

Those brave old English noblemen, &c.

This nation was ungrateful, and so I plainly tell them,
 Why give us Churchill's park of trees and then not let us fell
 them ?

Why give us gold and silver plates, and then not let us sell
 them ?

Plate we had, but mutton and beef we could very seldom
 smell them—

We poor old English noblemen, &c.

As the people treated us so base, why, it is my maxim,
 Whenever I get a poor man down, never to relax him ;
 Whenever I have a tenant safe, how I squeeze and tax him ;
 Whenever he will not pay his rent, I sells him up and racks
 him,

Like a true old English nobleman, &c.

My ancestors an almshouse built ! (the greater asses they)
 For a score of poor old women, as could eat but couldn't pay ;
 And they used to come and crawl about, in my great park
 way ;

Hang their eyes ! like so many flies, all in the sunshine gay !

What a sight for an English nobleman, &c.

Their rags and wrinkles made me sick, as sure as I wear
 ermine ;

To turn them out of Blenheim Park I graciously did deter-
 mine ;

So I bricked the Almshouse gate up, and I read my keepers
 a sermon :

Says I, No more let into my door that poor old crawling
 vermin !

For I'm a true old English nobleman, &c.

There was John Bartlet, who picked up a half-eaten rabbit—
 How dared John Bartlet for to venture for to go for to
 grab it ?

I sent him to Oxford Jail because he dared to nab it.
 No more, I warrant you he'll indulge in that there villanous
 habit,

And steal from an English nobleman, &c.

Before he went to Oxford Jail, this Bartlet had the cholera.
I promise you, when he came out, his cheeks looked paler
and hollorer;

Fourteen days he lay in jail, his conduct was intolerable;
and such as practises vice will rue it if they foller
her,

Says a moral old English nobleman, &c.

There was John Harris, too; and, sir, what d'ye think,
He was a-riding on his old horse, and actually gave him
drink—

Gave him drink in Woodstock Pond, at which I could not
wink;

For I am Lord of Woodstock Town, and will suffer no such
think,

As sure as I'm a nobleman, &c.

The parker might have let him off, but I was firm to hold out,
I committed and fined him myself, and so his goods were
sold out,

Ruined he was and turned out of doors, with naught to keep
the cold out,

And the knackers got his silly old horse, and so John Harris
was bowled out

By a true old English nobleman, &c.

So now let's sing God save the King, and the house of bold
Malbrook,

Take this here example, rogues, of a gallant English Duke,
And voters all of Woodstock, let all grumbling be forsook,
And let my son, the Marquis, for your Parliament-man be
took,

For he's a true young English nobleman,
And loves the olden time.

THE DREAM OF JOINVILLE

[June 15, 1844]



ONTINENTAL gossip says that the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE having had a row with his royal father, concerning his famous pamphlet, rushed away to Saint-Cloud, where he slept at an inn, and dreamed the following dream :—

STEALTHILY we speed along,
I and my black steamers,
None can see the colours three
Painted on our streamers.
Not a star is in the sky,
Black and dull and silent ;
Stealthily we creep along
Towards the wicked Island !

Ne'er an English ship is out
Somehow to defend it ;
So we reach the Thames's mouth—
Swiftly we ascend it.
Then I give a lesson fit
To Albion perfidious ;
Properly I punish it,
For its treasons hideous.

Swiftly down the Thames we go,
All pursuit outstripping,
Blowing every village up,
Burning all the shipping.
Fancy Ramsgate in a blaze,
Margate "pier a-dropping,
Woolwich burnt, and red-hot shot
Plunging into Wapping !

London town 's a jolly place,
England's pride and wonder ;
Mortal eyes have never seen
Such a place for plunder.
Lord ! it is a glorious night
As my steamers pretty
Moor there, and my lads and I
Pour into the City.

' Here's enough for each,' says I,
' Whatsoe'er his rank, lads,
Pierre shall rifle Lombard Street,
And Jean shall gut the Bank, lads ;
Every seaman in my crews
Shall take as much as suits his
Wish, and needs but pick and choose
From Jones and Lloyd's to Coutts's.'

When my speech the seamen hear,
Each man does salute his
Admiral with loyal cheer,
And then begins his duties.
Some burn down the Monument,
And some the Tower invest, sir ;
Some bombard the Eastern end,
And some attack the West, sir.

Gods ! it is a royal sight,
All the town in flames is
Burning, all the way from White-
Chapel to St. James's !
See the Mayor, in cotton cap,
Asking what the blaze meant ?
When we hang his worship up,
Fancy his amazement !

Kill me every citizen,
But spare their pretty spouses ;
Hang me the policemen up
At the station-houses.
Beat St. Paul's with red-hot balls,
Set Temple Bar a-blazing ;
Burn me Paper Buildings down,
And Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn.

List to no man's prayers and vows,
 Grant to none their pardons ;
 Blomfield hang at London House,
 Peel at Whitehall Gardens.
 Apsley House is stormed and won,
 Seize the Iron Duke, boys ;
 Have him out, and hang him up
 To the lantern-hook, boys !

Gods, it is a noble flame !
 Now my fellows thunder
 At the gates of Buckingham—
 How the Prince does wonder.
 Out he comes with sword and lance ;
 Boys, stand back, impartial,
 See an Admiral of France
 Pink an English Marshal !

Tell us who's the best at blows,
 The Army or the Navy ?
 Carte and tierce ! and down he goes ;
 Albert cries, ' Peccavi.'
 ' Spare my precious husband's life : '
 The Queen upon her knees is,
 The little Princes kneeling round
 In their night-chemises.

Just as I had raised my arm
 To finish Albion's ruin,
 Came a cock, and crow'd a cursed
 Cock-a-doodle-dooing.
 It was morning,—and I lost
 That delightful vision—
 Cruel morning, to dispel
 Such a dream Elysian !

'PUNCH' TO DANIEL IN PRISON

[July 20, 1844]



IMMURED in Dublin's prison base,
 Great Daniel, while thou smartest,
 'Tis thus thy venerable face
 Appeared to *Punch's* artist.
 He reads those weekly bulletins,
 Which of your health inform us,
 And thus the prisoner paints, who grins
 Contented and enormous !

Perhaps the wicked limner shows,
 Inclined to laughter spiteful,
 That certain patriots' vaunted woes
 Are not so *very* frightful.
 Perhaps he would insinuate,
 By that stupendous figure,
 That those who free are Truly Great,
 When wronged are Doubly Bigger !

I know not which ; but love to read
 Each speech of Dan the younger,
 Which tells us how your people feed
 Their chief's imprisoned hunger.
 How matrons cook you soups and broths,
 How cakes are baked by virgins,
 How weavers weave your table-cloths,
 And fishers hook you sturgeons.¹

Says Dan, ' My father's cheek's as red,
 His mood as blithe and merry,
 As when at morn his dogs he led
 Along the hills of Kerry.
 His mighty lungs more free to talk,
 His body stronger waxen,
 Than when at Tara or Dundalk,
 He bullyragged the Saxon.'

Amen ! I hope the tale is true,
 Thus brought by Irish rumour ;
 May each day's prison bring to you
 Good health, sir, and good humour !
 Amen, cries Lord Chief Justice *Punch*,
 Approving of your sentence,
 It is, I swear it by my hunch,
 A jovial repentance !

No chains shall in his prison clink,
 No ruthless jailer urge him,
 With lashings of the best of drink
 I'd pitilessly scourge him.

¹ Mr. Daniel O'Connell, jun., thought the prisoners were looking right well and getting fat; they had just received an enormous cake weighing 45 lb., a sturgeon from Limerick, weighing 200 lb., and table-cloth of Irish manufacture, &c. &c.

'Tis thus that noble Justice *Punch*
 Would treat his Celtic neighbour,
 And thus at dinner, supper, lunch,
 Condemn him to 'hard labour'.

Nor you alone, but good son John,
 And Ray, and Steele, and Duffy;
 Ye dire Repealers every one,
 Remorselessly I'd stuff ye!
 I'd have you all, from last to first,
 To grow such desperate gluttons,
 That you should eat until ye burst
 Your new Repealers' Buttons!

A PAINTER'S WISH¹

[April 5, 1845]

I WISH that I could Etty be,
 A mighty man methinks is he;
 And strong enough to try a fall
 With Titian or with Peter Paul.
 And yet, why deck a palace wall
 As gorgeously as Peter Paul?
He'd love and honour from his Prince,
My gracious lord would blush and wince;
 And so I would not Etty be,
 To shock my Prince's modesty.
 I would I were the great Landseer,
 To paint the best of dogs and deer;
 I would not care for glory, since
 I pleased my Queen and charmed my Prince.
 And yet I must not wish for that;
 To paint my gracious Prince's hat,

¹ Note in *Punch*, April 12, 1845:—ERRATUM.—Paul Pindar, whose poem, called 'A Painter's Wish,' we published in the last number, writes an indignant letter complaining of a misprint in his ballad. Speaking of our admirable painter Etty, he wrote, 'And princely patrons spurn him down' (which they did, and no mistake), when we printed, 'spoon him down,' which we confess to be absurd. 'Spoon him down, indeed,' says Paul; 'spoon yourself, Mr. Punch,' and adds further ribald vituperation. As we made the mistake, we are bound to correct it, but as for the *spoon*, we thrust it contemptuously back down Paul's own throat.

To paint his cane, his gloves, his shoes,
 To paint his dogs and cockatoos,
 And naught beside, would weary me ;
 And so I would not Landseer be.

Let famous Edwin still be free
 To paint his Queen's menagerie ;
 Let Etty toil for Queen and Crown,
 And princely patrons spurn him down ;
 I will not ask for courtly fame,
 When veterans are brought to shame—
 I will not pine for royal job,
 Let my Maecenas be a snob.

PAUL PINDAR.

ODE TO SIBTHORP, BY THE POET LAUREATE

[April 26, 1845]

NOTICE

IN the distant solitude of my mountains, the echoes of the great world reach me faintly and seldom. But as the storm sometimes ruffles the placid bosom of my lakes, the political tempest breaks over the Poet, too, occasionally, and blows into commotion the placid depths of his soul.

It was on reading in my paper (the *St. James's Chronicle*, which, with some friends, I have taken in for thirty-three years) the announcement, by my admirable friend Colonel Sibthorp, that he was about to sacrifice his life and his whiskers upon the altar of his country, that I felt a tumultuous movement to me very unusual.

I bathed twice in the lake, and, having ascended Mount Rydal, I lay down upon the topmost peak there, and flung my feelings into the following lyrical shape. I chose the Anapaestic measure, as best suited to express the agitation of the subject of the sacrifice. The other metres employed in the ode are of a calmer tendency, as the reader will see.

The Genius of Britain is made to interpose between our Curtius and the sacrifice he meditates. That she may be successful, is the earnest hope of

W. W.

PS.—I cannot but think the accompanying design of singular significance and beauty.



ODE

ON MY FRIEND COLONEL SIBTHORP PROPOSING TO SACRIFICE
HIS LIFE AND HIS WHISKERS

‘In the cause of my country, who says I’m afraid—’
Says Waldo of Lincoln, ‘to cut off my beard?
Her rights to maintain, and her honour to save,
Who questions how much or how little I’d shave?
A Protestant born, and a gentleman bred,
I’d cut my mustashes with pitiless gashes—
I’d shave off my whiskers, my tuft, my eyelashes—
I’d shave off my beard, and I’d shave off my head.’

*Pleased with the Colonel and his courage wild,
The British Lion wagged his tail and smiled;
And Britain thus addressed her wayward, whiskered child:—*

‘My bold Dragoon, my favourite son,
With heart as bold and manly
As beats the ribs of Wellington,
Or warms the breast of Stanley:—

‘Thou art my boy, my pride and joy,
 Of chivalry the model;
 And yet the sense is not immense
 In that poor honest noddle.

‘What cause hath wrought thy rambling thought
 This martyrdom to think on?
 There’s many here that I can spare,
 But not my man of Lincoln.

‘What would they in the Commons do,
 And in the strangers’ gall’ry,
 Were they by death deprived of you,
 My model of chivalry?

‘That head, now fixed on your body,
 Is wondrous small of profit;
 But smaller yet the good would be,
 My son, when shaven off it.

‘Retain your head, my son, and prize
 Your face above all money:
 That face so vacuously wise,
 So dolorously funny.

‘Ah, never cause those meagre jaws
 To lose their tufted glories;
 And never shave that face so grave,
 My Champion of the Tories.

‘Keep on your beard, your head keep on
 My orders are explicit;
 You might not know that it was gone—
 But *I*, my son, should miss it.’

*Thus spoke Britannia’s genius excellent;
 The British Lion wagged his tail intent;
 And Sibthorp, blushing deep, and loath to risk her
 Displeasure, humbly at her footstool leant,
 And swore he would maintain both head, and tuft, and whisker.*

THE EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD OF MR. PEEL AT TOLEDO¹

[May 3, 1845]

SAYS Bulwer to Peel,
 'This note where my seal
 And Ambassador's² arms are displayed O,
 Is big with a freight
 Of secrets of weight,
 Concerning a town of Tolaydo.
 'Tis a delicate job,
 And I've chosen you, Bob,
 And beg you will hasten with speed O,
 And deliver the note
 Where you see that I've wrote
 The address,—at the town of Toledo.³

'So quit your cigars,
 And your twangling guitars,
 And the beautiful dames on the Prado⁴;
 And haste and fulfil
 Your Ambassador's will,
 By posting away to Tolaydo.'
 'Some pangs I may feel
 To part,' says young Peel,

¹ *Toledo, Tolaydo*.—As in our country, the name of that famous city is always pronounced in the former manner, *Toleedo*, whilst in Spain it is invariably called *Tolaydo*, I have thought proper to make a compromise in my little poem, and to give each method of pronunciation a chance in the course of the stanza of twelve lines.

² Mr. Bulwer is only our Minister at Madrid, but I have thought it more respectful to give him the ambassadorial title.

³ I consider this mystery as very fine—you see the address is not specified—I only say *at the town of Toledo*. Whereabouts in Toledo?—*that* remains a secret between his Excellency and his Attaché.

⁴ The Prado, the Hyde Park of Madrid, where the nobility drive about in their tertulias, and the idlers pass their time in dancing the Muchacha, &c., and amusing themselves with 'cigars' and 'guitars,' as above described.

‘ From music, and woman, and weed O !
 But to honour my Queen,
 I would run to Pekin,
 And shall I not go to Toledo ? ’

So he uttered a roar¹
 For his carriage-and-four.
 The order was straightway obey’d, O,
 And he bade his young man to
 Pack up his portmanteau,
 And was off in a trice to Tolaydo.
 ‘ My pistols I’ll load ’
 (Says he) ‘ for the road,
 And make the banditti to bleed, O.
 With powder and ball,
 I’ll massacre all
 The rogues between this and Toledo.’

Now galloping fast,
 The journey is past
 As quick as four animals may do.
 Till at length the postilions
 (Those faithful Sevillians)²
 Drive up to the gates of Tolaydo.
 They pull up their mules
 (For such do the fools
 Employ, and not horses as we do),
 And say ‘ Monsignor,
 We are now at the door
 Of the elegant town of Toledo.’³

Some carabineers
 Kept guard, it appears,
 At the gate, and imagine what they do ?
 The rascals approach
 To examine the coach
 As it stops at the door of Tolaydo !

¹ A roar for his carriage-and-four. As indicating impetuous youthful haste, I must be permitted to consider this expression very fine.

² Though Toledo is not in Seville, yet as the postilions *may* have been of that city, I conceive myself quite authorized in using the expression.

³ And it *is* an elegant town, as may be seen by Roberts’s delightful sketches.

‘ Let go my barouche,’
With a scream and a push,
Says Peel, as they ventur’d the deed, O.
And, inspir’d with disgust,
His pistols he thrust
In the face of the men of Toledo.

‘ Have a care, my signors,’
The gentleman roars,
As fierce as a Western tornado,
‘ Approach my coach panes,
And I’ll blow out the brains
Of each carabineer in Tolaydo.
I swear with an oath
To murder I’m loath,
But if ever you venture on me do ;
With powder and ball
I’ll murder you all,
As sure as you live at Toledo.’

The Carabineers,
They heard him with fears,
And stood, in their glory arrayed, O,
All formed in long lines,
With their big carabines¹,
Across the main street of Tolaydo.
‘ Be hanged to his shot,’
Says the Captain. ‘ For what
’Gainst fifty can one such as he do ? ’
His pistols Peel cocks
(They were Manton’s or Nocks’),
And prepares to encounter Toledo.

But what sudden alarms
Make the soldiers ground arms,
As if they were told on parade, O ?
What angel of peace
Bids the hubbub to cease
’Twixt Peel and the guard of Tolaydo ?
Inform’d of the rout,
And what ’twas about,

¹ *As they form in long lines with their big carabines.*—Surely this is a noble way of expressing the armament of the gallant fellows, and gives a fine picture to the imagination.

As quickly as if he were fee'd O,¹
 At double quick trot
 There comes to the spot
 The Political Chief of Toledo.

He beseeches his sons
 To fling down their guns,
 With a voice like the canes of Barbado,²
 'Why seek, silly boy,'
 He says, 'to destroy
 The peace of the town of Tolaydo?'
 Young Peel, at his frown,
 Was fain to look down,
 As mute as a fish or torpedo;
 And, looking sheepish,³
 Says 'It wasn't my wish
 To kick up a row in Toledo.

'It wasn't for quarrels
 That these double-barrels
 From out my coach-door were displayed O;
 But to ask if a pistol
 Was subject to fiscal
 Or custom-house dues at Tolaydo.'
 The Political chief
 Expressed his belief,
 Bob grinned at the simpleton's credo⁴;
 The Carabineers
 They uttered three cheers,
 And bade the young hero proceed, O!
 And the name of the youth
 Is famous for truth,
 Henceforth, in Madrid and Toledo.

¹ Can haste be more dexterously described?—as quickly as if he were *fee'd*.

² I mean *sweet*, like the well-known sugar-cane, which renders our tea agreeable, and is so indispensable an adjunct to our puddings.

³ I have made him look like a sheep, a fish, and a torpedo in two lines. This is by way of giving an idea of doubt, perplexity, hesitation—all incidental to the young gentleman's situation.

⁴ I need not tell my accomplished friends that *credo* in Spanish means 'I believe,' and a great many monstrous fibs, humbugs, and absurd statements those Spanish simpletons *do* believe, according to the authority of travellers.

MORAL

My tale it is said,
 And now it is read,
 My jolly philosophers say, do,
 If Bobby the old
 Isn't sometimes as bold
 As Bobby the young at Tolaydo ?
 Yes, the sire and the colt
 Both know how to bolt,
 'Tis the chivalrous blood of the breed O,
 And we see in the youth
 The Man of Maynooth,
 And in Parliament House *his* Toledo.

PEEL AT TOLEDO

[May 17, 1845]

A ROGUY-POGY, who signs himself Pepper Birch, has sent us the following letter :—

‘ MISTER PUNCH,

‘ Is *Tertulia* a carriage ? if so, what kind of one ? Is *Muchacha* a dance ? For shame, Punch, naughty Boy, refer to your dictionary ; *Tertulia* is an evening party in Spain, and *Muchacha* is a girl ; let me see that your error is corrected in your next week's number, and

‘ I remain,

‘ Your loving Schoolmaster,

‘ PEPPER BIRCH.’

We have had other letters regarding that noble ballad which appeared in our columns a fortnight since. One of the letters purported to come from F.M. the Duke of Victory, who charged us ‘ with wilful falsehood ’ in calling a *tertulia* a carriage, and a *muchacha* a dance. Let F.M. the Duke of Victory mind his own affairs—there is only one man in England who is to give the lie with impunity, and that is F.M. the Duke of Wellington.

As for Pepper Birch, to show him our knowledge of Spanish, we beg to say that *manguito* is the Spanish for a muff ; *euchara* in the Castilian dialect means a spoon ; and in the Aragonese the word *bomba* is universally used to signify a pump.

THE ALLEGORY OF THE FOUNTAINS

[May 31, 1845]

'Since the Fountains of Trafalgar Square have begun to play,
a well which the Union Club sunk at a great expense is quite dry.'

THE Clubbists of the Union sunk a well
Deep, deep into the bowels of Pall Mall,
The rushing water gurgled in the shaft,
And all the footmen washed, and all the members quaffed.

Two wondrous fontanels arose to grace
Lord Nelson's column and Trafalgar Place ;
Deep in the bosom of the earth below,
The builder digg'd to make his fountains froth and flow.

Up, up to heaven Trafalgar's Fountains rose,
Their spray bedewed the Duke of Brontë's nose,
George's fat statue, and St. Martin's Rail,
And bathed in silver dew Northumbria's Lion Tail.

Down, deeper down, the Union's waters sank,
No more the footmen washed, the members drank ;
Ask ye the fatal reason of the drought ?
The Union's wells were sold and up Trafalgar's spout.

A moral from those Fountains twain I drew
(Each thing in life a moral hath, or two),
And thought St. Stephen's Chapel could compete
With those two aqueducts of Cockspur Street.

The Liberals sought and found the spring and sank it—
It was the cunning Tories came and drank it ;
'Twas Russell bade the water rise and flow ;
Lo, from Peel's brazen pipes it issues now !

Thus recognizing Whig and Tory types
In voluble and brazen water-pipes—
I'm thankful that the stream at last is free ;
Bobby or Johnny, what's the odds to me ?

'Tis hard for John, no doubt, that Stealthy Bob
His stream of fame should thus divert and rob ;
And that for which he toiled through seasons hot,
Should fructify another's garden-plot.

Let us, not caring for the strife a dump,
Accommodate ourselves with Peel for pump ;
And so the Liberal waters to compel,
Pump, freemen, day and night ! AND WORK THE HANDLE
WELL !



[August 23, 1845]

INTRODUCTION

THE only man of any mark
In all the town remaining,
I sauntered in St. James's Park,
And watched the daylight waning.
'The Speaker's lips,' I said, 'are sealed,
They've shut up both the Houses ;
Sir Robert's gone to Turnabout field,
Sir James to shoot the grouses.
The Queen and all the Court are out
In Germany and Flanders,
And happy, midst his native *Kraut*,
My princely Albert wanders.

No more the dumpy Palace arch
 The Royal Standard graces ;
 Alone, upon his lonely march,
 The yawning sentry paces.'
 Beneath an elm-tree, on a bank,
 I mused (for tired my hunch was),
 And there in slumber soft I sank,
 And this the dream of *Punch* was.

THE DREAM

I dreamed it was a chair of gold,
 The grassy bank I sat on ;
 I dreamed St. Edward's sceptre old
 I wielded for a baton.
 Men crowded to my throne, the elm,
 In reverend allegiance ;
 And *Punch* was publish'd through the realm,
 The jolliest of Regents.
 Back came the ministerial rout
 From touring and carousing ;
 Back came Sir Bob from Turnabout,
 And back Sir James from grouching.
 I turn'd upon a scornful heel,
 When Graham ask'd my favour ;
 I sternly banish'd Bobby Peel
 To Turnabout for ever.
 To courtly Aberdeen I sent
 A mission influential,
 To serve the Yankee President
 As Flunkey Confidential.
 Lord Brougham and Vaux in banishment
 I order'd to Old Reekie,
 And Stanley to New Zealand went
 Ambassador to Heki.
 And Kelly, whom the world assails,
 But whom the Bar takes fame from,
 I made Lord Viscount New South Wales
 Where poor John Tawell came from.
 And then I asked His Grace the Duke
 What ministers to go to,
 On which he generously took
 The Cabinet *in toto*.

Oh, then all other reigns which shine
Upon our page domestic
Were mean and dim compared to mine,
That Regency majestic.
And ages hence the English realm
Shall tell the wondrous legend
Of *Punch*, when at the nation's helm,
Her Majesty's High Regent.

Around my empire's wide frontier
No greedy bully swaggered,
Nor swindling Yankee buccaneer,
Nor savage Gallic braggart.
For threats and arms were flung aside,
And war-ships turned to traders,
And all our ports were opened wide,
To welcome the invaders.

At home the cottier coursed his hare,
Beside the Duke his neighbour;
The weaver got his living fair
For his ten hours of labour.
And every man without employ
Got beef—not bones—to feed on,
And every little working boy
His page of *Punch* could read on.

And Irishmen learned common sense,
And prudence brought them riches;
Repeal ceased pilfering for pence
In Paddy's mended breeches.
Old Dan was grown too rich to beg,
And in a Union jolly
I linked MacHale with Tresham Gregg,
And Beresford with Crolly.

Then gentlemen might earn their bread,
And think there was no shame in 't;
And at my court might hold their head
Like any Duke or Dame in 't.
A Duchess and her governess
The same quadrille I clapt in;
I asked old Wellington to mess,
And meet a half-pay Captain.

The Bar and Press I reconciled
 (They thanked me one and all for 't),
 Benignantly the Thunderer smiled
 On Mr. Serjeant Talfourd . . .
 I know not where my fancy strayed,
 My dream grew wilder—bolder—
 When suddenly a hand was laid
 Full roughly on my shoulder.

It was the Guardian of the Park,—
 The sun was sunk in heaven ;
 'Git up,' says he, 'it 's after dark,
 We shuts at half-past seven.'
 And so I rose and shook myself,
 And, *satiatus ludi*,
 Resigned the crown to Royal Guelph,
 And went to tea to Judy.

SERENADE

[September 6, 1845]

WE have been (exclusively) favoured with a copy of the following graceful verses composed by Doctor Praetorius, and sung by him to the guitar before the windows of the Royal guests at Rosenau. They show considerable aptness in a German, and there is only one word, that of *Ritter* (knight), which is not idiomatic English. The Doctor has been appointed Knight of the George and Blue Boar of Coburg in consequence of the effusion.

SLEEP, softly sleep, O royal pair ! and be your slumbers
 cosy now ;
 Watch round their pillows, angels fair, and give their eyes
 repose enow ;
 And summer flowers and summer air breathe soft around
 Schloss Rosenau !

No jealous gates are locked and barred around the Dame and
 Ritter here,
 Nor sentinels keep watch and ward, save wakeful stars
 which glitter here,
 Or larks, which come relieving guard at morn, and sing and
 twitter here.

Though England is an Empire grand, and but a humble
 Duchy's this ;
 And though the realm which you command a thousand
 times as much as this ;
 You cannot take, in all England, a pleasant slumber such
 as this.

As calm as in his infancy the royal Albert dozes here ;
 Forgetting cares of royalty the Stranger Queen reposes here,
 Though citizens and peasantry come walk amid the roses
 here.

In Pimlico there roses blow, if true the papers write of you,
 But 'tis not thus in Pimlico your people take delight of you ;
 Were ever English people so allowed to take a sight of you ?

Then softly sleep, O royal pair, and pleasantly repose ye now,
 In England there is state and care, and weariness and woes
 enow ;
 But summer wind and summer air breathe gently round
 Schloss Rosenau.

NEW VERSION OF 'GOD SAVE THE QUEEN'

[September 6, 1845]

THE Coburg children sang our national melody in presence of their Majesties with great sweetness and precision. It is not generally known that Doctor Praetorius, who invariably accompanies his Royal patrons, was present at the rehearsals of the poem, and instructed the little darlings personally.

When the occasion came for singing it, *one* little rogue (son of Professor von Muff) pipes out—

Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Doctor Praetorius.
 God save the Queen.

At which the royal revellers laughed with much good humour.

THE CAMBRIDGE ADDRESS TO PRINCE ALBERT¹

[March 13, 1847]

WE have received a version of the above document, freely rendered into English by a gentleman of the name of Gyp, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

STERN fate hath clipped, with cruel shear,
 In spite of all physick,
 A worthy duke, a noble peer,
 To virtue and to Cambridge dear,
 (Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)

He ruled us but for seven short year,
 His death was all too quick ;
 We howl, and drop the briny tear
 Upon his lamentable bier,
 (Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)

About his venerated dust,
 Our tear-drops tumble thick ;
 He was our champion kind and just,
 In him was all our hope and trust,
 (Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)
 But weep and blubber though we must,
 For this of dukes the pick,
 We must not cry until we bust—
 Such conduct would inspire disgust,
 (Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)

My Granta ! wipe your weeping face,
 And be philosophick ;
 Look round and see can we replace
 In any way his poor dear Grace,
 (Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)
 Who is the man to meet our case ?
 Who enters in the nick,
 To take Northumbria's vacant mace ?
 There is a gent of royal race,
 (Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)

¹ [Soliciting him to stand as candidate for the Chancellorship of Cambridge University.]

There is a gent of ional breed,
 There is a princely brick,
 Who doth on every virtue feed,
 As wise in thought as great in deed,
 To him we'll fly, (says Crick.)
 O Prince! come succour at our need,
 This body politic;
 Heal up our wounds, which gape and bleed;
 Prevent us running quite to seed,
 (Cries Reverend Mr. Crick.)



CRICK Y^e PUBLIC ORATOR SPOWTS BEFORE Y^e PRINCE'S HIGHNESSE

On thee our hopes and faith we pin;
 Without thee, ruined slick;
 To thee we kneel with humble shin;
 Stand by us, guide us, hem us in,
 Great Prince! (cries Mr. Crick.)
 Thou bright exemplar of all Prin-
 ces, here your shoes we lick;
 Kings first endowed us with their tin,
 Why mayn't we hope for Kings agin?
 (Says independent Crick.)

Our tree is of an ancient root,
 And straightway perpendicular to heaven its boughs will shoot,
 If you but listen to our suit,
 (Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)
 We grovel at your royal boot ;
 Ah ! don't in anger kick,
 Great Prince, the suppliants at your foot,
 See how our lips cling fondly to 't,
 (Cries that true Briton, Crick.)

From faction's sacrilegious claws
 Keep Church and Bishopric ;
 Support our academic cause ;
 Uphold our rights ; defend our laws,
 (Ejaculated Crick.)
 The speech was done. He made a pause
 For Albert and for Vic ;
 Three most vociferous huzzaws
 Then broke from mighty Whewell's jaws,
 Who, as a proof of his applause,
 Straight to the buttery goes and draws
 A pint of ale for Crick.

PROSE CONTRIBUTIONS TO 'PUNCH'

[1842 TO 1850]

THE LEGEND OF JAWBRAHIM-HERAUDEE

[June 18, 1842]



HERE once lived a King in Armenia, whose name was Poof-Allee-Shaw ; he was called by his people, and the rest of the world who happened to hear of him, Zubberdust, or the Poet, founding his greatest glory, like Bulwer-Khan, Moncktoon-Milnes-Sahib, Rogers-Sam-Bahawder, and other lords of the English Court, not so much on his possessions, his ancientrace, or his personal beauty (all which, 'tis known, these Frank emirs possess), as upon his talent for poetry, which was in truth amazing.

He was not, like other sovereigns, proud of his prowess in arms, fond of invading hostile countries, or, at any rate, of reviewing his troops when no hostile country was at hand, but loved Letters all his life long. It was said that at fourteen he had copied the Shah-Nameh ninety-nine times, and, at the early age of twelve, could repeat the Koran backwards. Thus he gained the most prodigious power of memory ; and it is related of him that a Frank merchant once coming to his Court, with a poem by Bulwer-Khan called the Siamee-Geminee (or Twins of Siam), His Majesty, Poof-Allee, without understanding a word of the language in which that incomparable epic was written, nevertheless learned it off, and by the mere force of memory, could repeat every single word of it.

Now, all great men have their weaknesses ; and King Poof-Allee, I am sorry to say, had his. He wished to pass for a poet, and not having a spark of originality in his composition, nor able to string two verses together, would, with the utmost gravity, repeat you a sonnet of Háfiz or

Saadee, which the simpering courtiers applauded as if it were his own.

The King, as a man of Letters himself, pretended to be a great patron of all persons of that profession, inviting them to his Court, receiving them at first with smiles, and filling their mouths with sugar-candy and so forth. But smiles and sugar-candy do not cost much ; and, in return for his compliments, His Majesty made the poets pay him very handsomely ; for he sucked their brains, learned their beautiful poems of them, and then showed them the door. In fact, when he had heard their poems once read to him, he could repeat them without missing a word ; and then he would pretend to be violently angry with the bards for daring to deceive him. ‘ This an original poem ! ’ he would cry ; ‘ O shame-faced rogues ! I have heard it this score of years ; ’ and repeating it, would forthwith call for his furoshes to beat the poets’ heels into jelly. Thus he learned a great deal of delightful poetry, and at small charges. Now, strange to say, the King had a female slave, the far-famed moon of beauty, surnamed, for the slimness of her shape, Roolee-Poolee, who had almost as wonderful a memory as himself, and would sit and cap verses with him for weeks together. She knew the works of all sorts of authors, and could repeat you a little lively erotic ditty of Thamaz the Moor, or a passionate tale by Byroon, or a long sanctimonious, philosophic, reflective poem by the famous old Dervish Woordsworath-el-Muddee (or of the lake), and never miss one single word. To be brief, she was the next person in the kingdom, after the King, for memory ; for though she could not, like His Majesty, repeat a poem on hearing it *once*, after hearing it twice she was perfect in it, and would speak it off without missing a word. And as the poet touchingly observes, that ‘ Birds of one and the same feather, will frequently be found in one and the same company ; ’ so likewise the Court of Armenia boasted a kindred spirit to that of Poof-Allee and Roolee-Poolee, in the person of the chief of the eunuchs, Samboo Beg. Samboo had been a Shaitan, or printer’s devil in the printing-office of Buntlee’s Mugazeen (the fashionable periodical of Constantinople), and thence, after acquiring a love of Letters and a great power of memory, had been transported to the Armenian Court, where he held the important post before named. After hearing a

thing *thrice*, Samboo Beg would repeat it without a fault, as he had been frequently known to do with the leading articles of the *Aurora-Po* (the fashionable Court newspaper of Armenia), which he would have read to him while he was being shaved in the morning, before he waited upon his Sovereign.

Thus, then, the matter stood in this singular Court :—

King Poof-Allee	} could repeat a thing	{ once		
Princess Roolee-Poolee			after hearing it	{ twice
Samboo Beg				

and now you must be informed how they put this strange talent of theirs out to interest.

The King gave out that he believed there were no more original poems left in the world, that he believed men of letters were impostors, but that he would give its weight in gold for any original work which a poet should bring him. Those who failed were to suffer the penalty of the bastinado, and were to pay a fine to the Crown.

Now what did he do ? When any poet came to recite, Poof-Allee received him with courtesy sitting on his throne, with his eunuch, Samboo Beg, waiting behind him.



As soon as the poet had done his verses, he would assume a terrible air and say, ' Bankillah, Bismillah, Rotee-Muckun, Hurrumzadeh ! ' (Mahomet is the true prophet, and Mecca the Holy City.) ' Slave of a poet, thou hast deceived me ! this poem, too, is borrowed ; ' and then he would repeat it himself, and bid Samboo go and fetch Roolee-Poolee (who had been standing all the while behind a curtain and had heard every syllable)—and Roolee-Poolee, appearing, would also repeat the poem ; and as if to put the matter beyond all doubt, Samboo himself would step forward, saying, ' Nay, I myself have known the verses for years past ! ' and would repeat them ; as well he might, having heard them thrice repeated already, viz., by the inventor, by His Majesty, and by Roolee-Poolee. Then if the poor bard could not pay a handsome fine, he was bastinadoed ;

in fact, to use the monarch's own vile pun, he was completely *Bamboozled*.

It was a wonder then after some time, when the fate of all poets at King Poof-Allee's Court came to be known, that still literary men could be found to spout their verses, and to brave the inevitable bastinado, which was their reward; but such is the infatuation of men of letters in Armenia, Persia, and elsewhere, that they will make poems be they never so much belaboured for them, and there was never a lack of bards to come and sing before the Armenian throne. There was, for instance, the celebrated writer, Mollah Moongoomeree, who recited his poem of Eblis, and was beaten accordingly; there was Ulphabeet-Baylee, who sang his little verses to the guitar, and whose heels were scarified for his pains; and a hundred others whose names might be mentioned, but that the heart grows sick at thinking of the fate which attended these geniuses, and at the atrocious manner in which Poof-Allee-Shaw treated them. His conduct, you may be sure, awakened the deepest indignation in all loyal bosoms, and many a conspiracy was hatched in order to put the monarch to shame.

Now there lived somewhere on the peak of Mount Caucasus, a famous and wise old bard and prophet, who was chief of the Syncreteek sect of philosophers, and much admired by his followers. They were, though not numerous, yet of undaunted courage, and cheerfully went down at the command of their master, the great Jawbrahim-Heraudee (may his shadow never be less!), to recite these poems before Poof-Allee, and assert their claims to originality. Alas! one by one they came back dreadfully bastinadoed; and the old man, revolving their wrongs in his mind, determined to avenge them. 'This King,' said he, 'who repeats a poem, when one of my faithful children has uttered it—this woman, this rascally black slave who repeats it after the King, what can be their art?—I am sure they must either take it down in shorthand, or that they must employ some other diabolical stratagem!' Accordingly Jawbrahim-Heraudee climbed up to the topmost peak of his mountain, and remained there for three weeks in tremendous meditation; he lay on his back there in the snow, not caring for the burning noon sun, nor the icy night-wind, but he fasted, and gave up his soul to the contemplation of the heavenly bodies, and at the end of

the three weeks came down to the huts and hermitages where the Syncreticks inhabited, emaciated certainly, but still, to the astonishment of his disciples, wearing a cheerful aspect.

'My children,' said he, 'I will go down to Armenia, and confront this wicked King, who has put our brethren to shame.' And though the disciples clung about him, he yet resolutely determined to go forth, and girded his loins, and mounted his dromedary, and descended the rugged sides of the mountain.

He took nothing with him but a little bag of rice for



himself and his faithful animal, his nightcap, and his harp, which he slung behind him.

'If I can't puzzle Poof-Allee-Shaw,' said the sage, 'only Belzeboob himself can hope to overcome him.'

In the six-thousandth year of the Hegira, it being the day Nishti, the thirteenth day of the month Ramjam, there was great gloom and despondency in the Court of Armenia—as when was there not, when the heart of Armenia's King was sad?

He was ill, and was out of humour—no literary man had appeared before him for many days; his great soul yearned for new poetry, and there was none to be had. He called upon Roolee-Poolee to recite to him in vain: could she compose verses of her own? and did he not know every poem that ever was written? He flung his slippers at Roolee-Poolee's head, and the faithful girl retired sobbing. Then he called upon Samboo Beg for a song; but Samboo too failed, and left the royal presence howling, after a vigorous bastinado. Then he told the slaves to bastinado each other all round—which they did; and afterwards dared not come near their august master, who sat in his divan alone. 'By the beard of Mahomet's grandmother,' said he (and that oath no believer was ever known to

break), 'if I do not hear a new poem to-day, I will levy an income-tax to-morrow upon all Armenia.'

Just as evening fell, the curtain of the sacred apartment was drawn aside, and the head of the chief of the eunuchs appeared between the interstices.

'Grinning hound of a black slave, what wilt thou?' said the King—flinging at the same time one of his top-boots in the direction in which the smiling sycophant appeared.

'Light of the world!' replied the faithful negro, 'there's a poet come! a poet of fame: no other than the great Jawbrahim-Heraudee.'

'What! the sheikh of the Syncreteeks?' cried the King, delighted; 'bring sherbet and pipes—go, slaves, get a collation ready, set the fountains playing, bring flowers, perfumes, and the best of everything.' And the delighted monarch himself rushed outside the court of the palace to welcome the illustrious stranger.

There stood indeed the great Jawbrahim; he was not on the back of his dromedary, but led the animal by the bridle: it seemed to bend under the weight of two huge baskets, which hung on either side of his humps.

'Great bard,' said the King, bending low before him, 'welcome to the court of Armenia; thy fame hath long since travelled hither, and Poof-Allee's heart yearns towards the sage of Mount Caucasus.'

Jawbrahim-Heraudee, who knew the fallacious nature of His Majesty's compliments and welcome, made a stiff salutation in reply to this oratorical flourish, and thus said: 'The fame of Poof-Allee has reached to the summit of Mount Caucasus; the world cries that he is a lover of poetry, and a generous patron of bards—and is it so, O King?'

Jawbrahim spoke these words in such a queer satiric way, that Poof-Allee did not at first know whether he was complimenting him, or merely laughing at his beard. 'Poetry I love,' said he; 'poets I respect, if I find them original: but, O Caucasian sage! many poets have come before me, who were but magpies with peacocks' plumes; who looked like lions, but lo! when they opened their mouths, brayed like donkeys: these I chastise as they deserve; but the real poet I honour with my soul.'

'Am I a real poet, or a false poet?' inquired Jawbrahim.

‘That I cannot tell, except from reputation, and can only be sure of when I have heard a specimen of your art. Be it original, I promise you that, though your work be twenty cantos long, I will pay its weight in gold; but be it a copy (as I shall know, for I know by heart every known poem in the world), I shall exercise upon thy heels the wholesome rattan.’

‘May my heels be beaten into calf’s-foot jelly,’ replied Jawbrahim, ‘if the poem I shall sing before your Majesty be not entirely unknown to you. Only the moon has heard it as yet, as I lay upon the snowy peak of Caucasus—or, mayhap, an owl has listened to a stanza or two of it, as he flapped by my midnight couch upon his pinions white.’

‘Will you take a trifle of anything before you begin?’ asked the King: but the sage only waved his head in scorn, and, tying up his dromedary to a post in the courtyard, said that he required no refreshment, but would commence his poem at once. Accordingly the monarch and his suite led the way, and seated themselves in the magnificent chamber of the palace which was called the golden nightingale cage, or the hall of song.

‘I have, sir, a choice of works which I can recite to you. Will you have a sonata to Swedenborg, an ode to Madame Krudner, or a little didactic, enclytic, aesthetic—in a word, synthetic piece, on the harmony of the sensible and moral worlds and the symbolical schools of religion?’

‘The subjects, sir, do honour to your morality,’ replied the King, ‘but strike us as rather tedious.’

‘My ode to my country?—

‘Oh, for dear Little Britain—for dear Little Britain—my country.
Close to Goswell Street Road,—closer to Simmary Axe,—

‘Simmary, my lord, is not the real, and, so to say, organic pronunciation of the term—but rather the synthetic and popular one.

‘Oh, for dear Little Britain, that’s near thy row Paternoster,
Near to the Post-office new, near to the Bull and the Mouth.
Oh, for Aldersgate pump!’—

‘Those jaw-breaking hexameters and pentameters, O sage!’ here interposed the monarch, who had already begun to yawn, ‘were never much to my taste; and if you will please to confine yourself to some metre more

consonant to the Armenian language'—(in which dialect, it need scarcely be stated that the poet and the monarch both spoke),—'if you will condescend to try rhyme, or at the worst, blank verse, I shall listen with much greater pleasure.'

'Sire, I will enunciate a poem in sixteen cantos, if you please, and written in the Dantesque *terza-rima*.' But the unconscionable Sovereign of Armenia, knowing the extreme difficulty of hunting up the rhymes in that most puzzling of metres, begged Jawbrahim rather to confine himself to blank verse : on which the Caucasian sage, taking his harp, sang as follows :—

Eastward of Eden lies the land of Nod ;
There grew an old oak in the vale of Ely—
Old as the world, in lasting marble dure.
The threefold serpents animating clasp
The mundane egg, and wondrous trident coil'd,
The cataracts of everlasting heaven,
The fountains of the co-eternal deep,
Defined anon, and growing visible,
Undimm'd shone out clear as the hour of dawn !

Harmonious symmetry, proportion bland !
Visions were thine wherein the sculptile mind
Twin'd with the harmless serpent as in sport,
Till grew his aspect spectral, and his eye
Flitting athwart a place of sepulchres,
Hung o'er his shoulders broad and on his breast.

Consistency, eternity's sole law,
The indefatigable universe,
Substance with attribute. . . .

Then entering into his theme, the poet after these preparatory considerations gave utterance to his sublime epic, which is far too long to be noted here. He spoke of the vision of Noah, and the Book of Enoch ; he spoke of the children of Cain, of Satan, Judael, Azazel ; and when he arrived at that splendid part of his work in which he cries—

O Amazarah ! most majestic
Of women, wisest and most amorous !

he looked up at the King and paused, expecting no doubt that applause would ensue.

The king bounced up on his seat—the black eunuch suddenly started and opened his great goggling black eyes—the lovely Roolee-Poolee stretched out her fair arms and gave a yawn. The fact is, they had all been asleep for hours.

‘Samboo—Roolee-Poolee,’ cried the monarch, ‘I was a little overtaken and did not hear that awful long poem, but you can repeat it, can’t ye?’ Samboo and the lady could not repeat one word of it. They began to stammer ‘the catechisms of everlasting heaven,’—‘the mundane egg in wondrous trident boiled’—‘the harmless spectral serpent with his eye flitting athwart a pair of spectacles’—but as for repeating the whole of the lines, that was impossible. The King was obliged fairly to give in, and to confess for the first time in his life that the poem he had heard was original.

‘O sage,’ said he (in quite a new compliment), ‘your poem does equal credit to your head and heart. I cannot reward you as you merit, but that poor guerdon which my straitened circumstances permit me to offer to the original poet is justly thine. Take thy poem to my treasurer, have the book in which it is written weighed against the purest gold, and by the beard of the Prophet’s relative, the gold shall be thine.’

‘Will it not please you to hear the rest of the poem, sire?’ said the sage; ‘there are but forty thousand lines more, and having vouchsafed to give me a patient hearing since yesterday,’—

‘Since *when*?’ exclaimed Poof-Allee.

‘Since yesterday at sunset, when I began; and the stars came out, and still my song continued; and the moon rose, and lo! my voice never faltered; and the cock crew, but we were singing before him; and the skies were red, and I, like the rising sun, was unwearied; and the noon-tide came and Jawbrahim-Heraudee still spake of Azazael and Samiasa.’

‘Mercy upon us, the man has been talking and we have been asleep for four-and-twenty hours,’ cried lovely little Roolee-Poolee.

‘Your Majesty paid me a compliment not to notice how the hours flew,’ said Jawbrahim, ‘and I will now proceed, by your leave, with the 44th canto: beginning with an account of the birds—

Then came the birds that fly, perch, walk, or swim,
On trees the Incessorial station hold,
The Gallinaceous tribes must feed and walk;
The Waders—

‘Hold your intolerable tongue, O poet with a burned

father !' roared King Poof-Allee in a fury. ' I can bear no more of thy cursed prate, and will call my slaves with bamboo canes if thou utterest another word.'

' Thou promisedst me gold and not a beating, O King !' cried the sage, scornfully. ' Is it thus that the Armenian monarchs keep their word ? '

' Take thy gold in the name of the Prophet !' replied the King—' go to my treasurer and he shall pay it to thee.'

' He will doubtless not pay without a draft from thy royal hand.'

' I can't write !' shouted the King ; and then recollecting himself, and his reputation as a literary genius, blushed profusely, and said, ' that is, I *can* write, but I do not choose to have my signature in the hand of every rogue who may take a fancy to forge it. Here, take my ring, and, Samboo, go thou with Jawbrahim ; see his poem weighed by the treasurer, and its weight in gold counted out to the poet (may dirt be flung on his mother's grave). Go, Samboo, and execute my commission.'

' On my eyes be it !' replied the faithful negro ; and, with Jawbrahim, whose face wore a look of exulting malignity, quitted the royal presence.

Some two hours afterwards, the hoofs of Jawbrahim's dromedary were heard clattering over the paving-stones of the court, and the King, going to the window, had the satisfaction of beholding that renowned chief of the Syncreticks pacing solemnly by the side of the animal which he led by the bridle.

' May I never see his ugly nose again !' cried Poof-Allee ; ' the rascal's unconscionable poem must have weighed twenty guineas at least.'

At this moment, and looking rather frightened, in came Samboo. He made a low salaam to his master and restored to him his private signet.

' How much did the old wretch's poem weigh ?' asked Poof-Allee.

' Oh, him weighed a berry good deal,' answered Samboo, still salaaming ; ' but massa, treasurer had a plenty of money, and him paid him poet, and sent him about him business.'

' Did it weigh twenty guineas ?'

' Oh, berry much more—him poem in two columns.'

‘Two columns? two *volumes* you mean, you black antigrammarian.’

‘Well, two bolumns two columns, two columns two bolumns, him all de same.’

‘How do you mean, ruffian?’ shrieked the monarch, when, with some hesitation the negro handed him a paper, thus written :—

SIRE,—I acknowledge to have received from your treasurer, Cashee Beg, the sum of two hundred and fifty-five billions four hundred and nineteen thousand nine hundred and six tomauns, two rupees, and sixpence, being the weight of my splendid epic poem, *The Descent into Jericho*, recited to Your Majesty last night.

‘And lest, Sire, you should be astonished that such a sum should be paid for a poem (for which, in fact, no money can pay), learn, that I had no paper whatever to write (which would have rendered the bargain a much cheaper one to Your Majesty), but that I was compelled, at much pains, to engrave my epic upon two pillars which I found in the ruins of Persepolis, and which now lie in your august treasury.

I have the honour to be, Sire,

With the utmost respect,

Your Majesty’s most faithful Servant,

JAWBRAHIM-HERAUDEE SYNCRETEEK.

Fancy how poor Samboo Beg was bamboozed that night ! how the treasurer was fustigated, how all the clerks of the treasury were horsed and swished !—



Anything like the rage of Poof-Allee was never known since the days when Achilles Khan grew furious whilst laying siege to the town of Shah Priam. As for Jawbrahim-Heraudee, he returned safely among the Syncreteeks, and spent his money in publishing several immortal works which have rendered his name beloved and celebrated ; and never after that did Poof-Allee-Shah pretend to be

a man of letters, or try to swindle poor literary gentlemen any more.

This story is taken from the ancient Chronicles, written in the Armenian language, and sung by the shepherds of the Caucasus as they drive down their flocks to water by the Red Sea. Praise be to Mahomet and the twelve Imaums!

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY

[July to October, 1842]

A CHARACTER

(TO INTRODUCE ANOTHER CHARACTER)



WE have the pleasure to be acquainted with a young fellow by the name of Adolphus Simcoe, who, like many another person of his age and rank in life, has been smitten with a love for literary pursuits, which have brought him to early ruin.

He gained a decent maintenance as assistant in the shop of Messrs. Butler, apothecaries, Cheapside, but even then was observed never to move without a Byron in his pocket, and used to amuse the other gents in the establishment, by repeating whole passages from Shelley, Wordsworth, and Moore. To one young man he confided a large ledger of poems, of his own composition ; but being of a timid turn, and the young man falling asleep during the reading of the very first ballad, Adolphus never attempted a similar proceeding with any of his comrades again, but grew more morose and poetical, frequenting the theatres, coming late to business, living alone, and turning down his shirt collars more and more every day. Messrs. Butler had almost determined, although with regret, to turn away the lad, when he prevented that step on their part, by signifying his own intention to retire. His grandmother, who, we are led to believe, kept a small shop in the town of York, left Adolphus a fortune of three hundred pounds in the three

per cents, which sum he thought fully adequate for the making of his fortune in his own way.

His passion was to become an editor of a Magazine ; to assemble about him ' the great spirits of the age,' as he called them ; and to be able to communicate his own contributions to the public, aided by all the elegances of type, and backed by all the ingenuities of puffery.

That celebrated miscellany, the *Lady's Lute*, then being for sale—indeed, if a gentleman has a mind to part with his money, it is very hard if he cannot find some periodical with a broom at its masthead,—Adolphus, for the sum of forty-five pounds, became the proprietor and editor of the *Lute* ; and had great pleasure in seeing his own name in the most gothic capitals upon the title-page—his poems occupying the place of honour within. The honest fellow has some good mercantile notions, and did not in the least hesitate to say, on the part of the proprietors, and on the fly-leaf of the magazine, that the Public of England would rejoice to learn that the great aid of ADOLPHUS SIMCOE, ESQ., has been secured, at an immense expense, for the *Lady's Lute* ; that his contributions would henceforth be *solely* confined to it, and that the delighted world would have proofs of his mighty genius in song.

Having got all the poets by heart, he had a pretty knack of imitating them all, and in a single ballad would give you specimens of, at least, half a dozen different styles. He had, moreover, an emphatic way of his own, which was for a little time popular ; and the public, for near a year, may be said to have been almost taken in by Adolphus Simcoe—as they have been by other literary characters of his kind. It is, we do believe, a fact, that for a certain time Adolphus's Magazine actually paid its contributors ; and it is a known truth, that one India paper proof of the portrait of himself, which he published in the second year of his editorship, was bought by a young lady, a sincere admirer of his poems.

In the course of eighteen months he exhausted his manuscript ledger of poetry—he published his *Ghoul*, a poem in Lord Byron's style ; his *Leila*, after the manner of Thomas Moore ; his *Idiosyncrasy*, a didactic poem, that strongly reminded one of Wordsworth ; and his *Gondola, a Venetian Lay*, that may be considered to be slightly similar to the works of L. E. L. Then he came out with a

Tragedy, called *Perdition, or the Rosicrucian Gammons*, of which the dullness was so portentous, that at the end of the fourth act it was discovered there were not more than thirty-three subscribers left to the magazine.

Suffice it to say that, though he continued the work desperately for six months longer, pouring, as he said, the whole energies of his soul into its pages—(the fact was, that as there was no more money, there were no more contributors)—though he wrote articles pathetic, profound, and humorous, commenced romances, and indited the most bitter and sarcastic reviews, the *Lady's Lute* fell to the ground—its chords, as he said, were rudely snapped asunder, and he who had swept them with such joy, went forth a wretched and heart-broken man.

He passed three months in Her Majesty's Asylum of the Fleet, from whence he issued in brocade robe-de-chambre, and the possessor of the cut-glass bottles and shaving trumpery of a dressing-case, the silver covers of which he had pawned, in order to subsist while in durance.

Our belief is that Miss Tickleto by is his relation: it is certain that he sleeps in her back garret (and the venerable age of the lady puts all scandal out of the question); he has, we are fully certain, instructed her pupils in penmanship, filling up his leisure moments by writing what would have been contributions to the magazines, if those works would but have accepted the same.

He still speaks of the *Lady's Lute* as of the greatest periodical that ever was produced, and but the other day apologized warmly to the writer of this for having abused his early volume of poems—*Lyrics of the Soul* they were called—written at sixteen, when we were students at the University of London. He persists in thinking that the author of *Lyrics of the Soul* has never forgiven him, that he has never been the same man since, but has pined away under the effects of that withering sarcasm. Our next work, he says, was the bitter Slough of Despair—it was called *The Downy Dragsman, or, Love in Liquorpond Street*. This, at least, the reader will remember. Could anything be more frank than its humour—more joyously low than every one of the scenes in that truly racy production?

It is needless to say, we have no sort of anger against poor Adolphus; but that on the contrary, meeting him very wild

and gloomy, and more than usually dirty, at the Globe, in Bow Street, which we both frequent, it was a great pleasure to us to lend him seven shillings, which enabled him to order a dish of meat, in addition to that unhappy half-pint of beer which seemed really to form all his dinner.



The dinner and the money made him communicative: and he was good enough to confide to us the history of a vast number of his disappointments—‘His blighted opes—his withered dreams of hearly years—his “vain hambition”’ (Adolphus is a Londoner, whatever his grandmother may have been), and at the end of all, he pulled out a manuscript (which is always rather a frightful object to a literary man), but instead of reading it began, thank Heaven! only to discourse about it. It was another’s writing, not his own.

‘Halfred,’ said he, ‘you know I hoccupy no common position in the literary world. I ave at least done so, until misfortune hovertook me. Since my sorrows, I’ve been kindly oused by a munificent being—a woman (’ere’s to er,’ said he, draining his glass solemnly, ‘who doubles hall our joys, and alves hall our sorrows—to woman!’). Having finished his bñandy-and-water, he resumed:—

‘Hever since hi’ve been in the ouse of that hangelic being—she’s hold, Halfred, hold enough to be my grandmother,

and so I pray you let the sneer pass away from your lips—hi've not neglected, has you may himagine, the sacred calling for which hi feel hi was born. Poesy has been my solace in my lonely hagonies, hand I've tried the newspapers hall round. But they're a callous and ard-earted set, those literary men—men who have feasted at my table, and quaffed of my wine-cup—men, who in the days of my prosperity have grown rich from my purse—will you believe it, they won't accept a single harticle of my writing, and scornfully pass me by ! Worse than this—they refuse to elp me by the most simple puff, for me and mine ; would you believe it, my dear friend, Miss Tickletooby has just commenced a series of lectures, for which hi'm hanxious to get the world's good opinion, and not one paper will hinsert the little description I've written off. The *Hage*, the *Hargus*, the *Hera*, hi've applied to 'em all, and they're hall the same—hall, hall, ungrateful.'

'My dear fellow, if you will write verse,' said I—

'It's not verse,' answered Adolphus, 'it's prose—a report of Miss T.'s lecture, prefaced by a modest leading harticle.'

'I'll see if I can get it into *Punch*,' said I.

'Hush, *Punch* !' shouted he, 'Heavens, have you fallen so low ? I, write in *Punch* ! Gracious powers ! In *Punch*—in *Punch* !'

'Rum or brandy, sir ?' said Betsy, the waiter, who caught the last word.

'*Rum*,' said Adolphus (with a good deal of presence of mind) ; and as he drank the steaming liquor took my hand. 'Halfred,' said he, 'tell me this one thing—does *Punch* pay ? for, between ourselves, Miss Tickletooby says that she'll turn me out of doors unless I can make myself useful to her and—pay my bill.'

Adolphus Simcoe is to be paid for his contributions, and *next week* we shall begin Miss Tickletooby's Lectures.

LECTURE I

WE have just had the joy to be present at one of the most splendid exhibitions of intelligence which has been witnessed in our splendid and intelligent time.

The great spirit of History, distilled in a mighty mind's alembic, outpouring clear, rich, strong, intoxicating oft—so delicious was the draught, and so eager the surrounding drinkers—the figures of statesmen and heroes, wise heroes and heroic statesmen, caught up from their darkness in the far past, and made by the enchantress to shine before us visible; the gorgeous and gigantic memories of old Time rising stately from their graves, and looking on us as in life they looked: such were the thoughts, sensations, visions, that we owe to the eloquence of Miss Tickletoby this day.

We write under a tremendous emotion, for the words of the fair speaker still thrill in our ears; nor can we render account of one tithe part of that mystic harmony of words, that magic spell of poesy, which the elegant oratrix flung round her audience—a not readily-to-be-dissipated charm.

Suffice it to say that, pursuant to her announcements in the public prints, this accomplished lady commenced her series of lectures on English history to-day. Her friends, her pupils, those who know and esteem her (and these consist of the rarest of England's talent, and the brightest of her aristocracy), were assembled at one o'clock punctually in her modest dwelling (No. 3, Leg-of-Veal Court, Little Britain, over the greengrocer's; pull the *third* bell from the bottom). We were among the first to attend, and gladly give the publicity of our columns to a record of the glorious transactions of the day. The reporters of this paper were employed in taking down every word that fell from the speaker's lips—(would that they could have likewise transferred the thrilling tones and magic glance which made her words a thousand times more precious): we, on the other hand, being from our habits more accustomed to philosophic abbreviation, have been contented with taking down rather the heads and the *suggestivity* (if we may use the phrase) of Miss Tickletoby's discourse, and we flatter ourselves that, upon a comparison with the text, the analysis will be found singularly faithful.

We have spoken of the public character : a word now regarding Miss Tickletooby *the woman*. She has long been known and loved in the quarter of which she is the greatest blessing and ornament—that of St. Mary Axe.



From her early life practising tuition, some of the best families of the City owe to her their earliest introduction to letters. Her Spelling-book is well known, and has run through very nearly an edition ; and when we rank among her pupils *the daughter of one of the clerks of Alderman Harmer, AND A NIECE OF A LATE HONOURED LORD MAYOR*, we have said enough to satisfy the most fastidious votary of fashion with respect to the worldly position of those who sit at Miss Tickletooby's feet.

Miss Tickletooby believes that education, to be effective, should be begun early, and therefore receives her pupils from the age of two upwards. Nay, she has often laughingly observed that she would have no objection to take them from the month, as childhood's training can never be too soon commenced. Of course, at so tender an age, *sex* is no consideration. Miss Tickletooby's children (as she loves to call them) are both of the sterner and the softer varieties of our human species.

With regard to her educational system, it is slightly coercive. She has none of the new-fangled notions regarding the inutility of corporal punishments, but remembering their effects in her own case, does not hesitate to apply them whenever necessity urges.

On Wednesdays (half-holidays) she proposes to deliver a series of lectures upon English history, occasionally (it would appear from a hint in the present discourse) diversified by subjects of a lighter and more holiday kind. *We shall attend them all*—nor can the public of this city do better than follow our example. The price of tickets for the six lectures is—ninepence.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud
Without our special wonder ?

THE LECTURE-ROOM

The lecture was announced for one o'clock, and arriving at that hour, we found the room full of rank and fashion. Excellent accommodation was arranged for the public press. Flowers, some of those cheap but lovely and odorous ones which form the glory of England's garden, were placed tastefully here and there—on the mantel, on the modest table at which stood the lecturer's chair, and a large and fragrant bouquet in the window-sill. These were (with the exception of a handsome curtain that hung before the door from which Miss Tickletoby was to issue) the sole ornaments of the simple academic chamber.

The lovely children, with wistful eyes and cheeks more flushed than any roses there, were accommodated with their usual benches, while their parents were comfortably ranged in chairs behind them. 'Twas indeed a thrilling sight—a sight to bring tears into the philanthropic heart—happy tears though—such as those spring showers which fall from the lids of childhood, and which rainbow joy speedily dries up again.

The bell rings :—one moment—and the chintz curtain draws aside ; and 'midst waving of kerchiefs, and shouting of bravos, and with smiling eyes fixed upon her, and young hearts to welcome her, THE LECTURER steps forth. *Now, our task is over.* Gentles, let the enchantress speak for herself.

Having cleared her voice, and gazing round the room with a look of affection, she began

THE LECTURE

MY LOVES,

With regard to the early history of our beloved country, before King Alfred ascended the throne, I have very little indeed to say ; in the first place, because the story itself is none of the most moral—consisting of accounts of murders agreeably varied by invasions ; and secondly, dears, because, to tell you the truth, I have always found those first chapters so abominably stupid that I have made a point to pass them over. For I had an indulgent mamma, who did not look to my education so much as I do to yours, and provided she saw Howell's *Medulla* before me, never thought of looking to see whether *Mother Goose* was within the leaves. Ah, dears ! that is a pleasant history too, and in holiday time we will have a look at *that*.

Well, then, about the abominable odious Danes and Saxons, the Picts and the Scots, I know very little, and must say have passed through life pretty comfortably in spite of my ignorance. Not that this should be an excuse to *you*—no, no, darlings ; learn for learning's sake ; if not, if I have something hanging up in the cupboard, and you know my name is Tickleto-by. [Great sensation.]

How first our island became inhabited is a point which nobody knows. I do not believe a word of that story at the beginning of the *Seven Champions of Christendom*, about King Brute and his companions ; and as for the other hypotheses (Let Miss Biggs spell the word 'hypothesis,' and remember not to confound it with 'apothecary'), they are not worth consideration. For as the first man who entered the island could not write, depend on it he never set down the date of his arrival ; and I leave you to guess what a confusion about dates there would speedily be—you who can't remember whether it was last Thursday or Friday that you had gooseberry pudding for dinner.

Those little dears who have not seen Mrs. Trimmer's *History of England* have, no doubt, beheld pictures of Mr. Oldridge's balm of Columbia. The ancient Britons were like the lady represented there, only not black ; the excellent Mrs. T.'s pictures of these, no doubt, are authentic, and there our ancestors are represented as dressed in painted skins, and wearing their hair as long as possible. I need not say

that it was their own skins they painted, because, as for clothes, they were not yet invented.

Perhaps some of my darlings have seen at their papas' evening parties some curious (female) Britons who exist in our own time, and who, out of respect for the country in which they were born, are very fond of the paint, and not at all partial to clothes.

As for the religion of the ancient Britons, as it was a false and abominable superstition, the less we say about it the better. If they had a religion, you may be sure they had a clergy. This body of persons were called Druids. The historian Hume says that they instructed the youth of the country, which, considering not one boy in 1,000,000,000,000 could read, couldn't give the Druids much trouble. The Druids likewise superintended the law matters and government of Britain; and, in return for their kindness, were handsomely paid, as all teachers of youth, lawyers, and ministers ought to be. [Hear, hear, from Lord Abinger and Sir Robert Peel.]

The ancient Britons were of a warlike rude nature (and loved broils and battles, like Master Spry yonder). They used to go forth with clubs for weapons, and bulls' horns for trumpets; and so with their clubs and trumps they would engage their enemies, who sometimes conquered them, and sometimes were conquered by them, according to luck.

The priests remained at home and encouraged them; praying to their gods, and longing no doubt for a share of the glory and danger; but they learned, they said, to sacrifice themselves for the public good. Nor did they only sacrifice themselves—I grieve to say that it was their custom to sacrifice other people: for when the Britons returned from war with their prisoners, the priests carried the latter into certain mysterious groves, where they slew them on the horrid altars of their gods. The gods, they said, delighted in these forests and these dreadful human sacrifices, and you will better remember the facts by representing these gods to you as so many wicked Lovegroves, and their victims as unfortunate Whitebait. [Immense sensation.]

And as your papas have probably taken some of you to see the Opera of *Norma*, which relates to these very Druids that we are talking about, you will know that the ancient Britons had not only priests, but priestesses—that is, clergy-women. Remember this, and don't commit an error which

is common in society, and talk of two clerical gentlemen as two *priestesses*. It is a gross blunder. One might as well speak of the Blue Posteses (in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, where, I am told, excellent beefsteaks are served), or talk of having your *breakfasteses*, as I have heard the Duchess of —— often do. Remember then, Priests; singular, Priest. ‘Blue Post’ (Cork Street, Burlington Gardens); singular, Blue Post, ‘Breakfasts,’ singular—What is the singular of Breakfasts, Miss Higgins?

Miss Higgins. I don’t know.

Master Smith (delighted and eager). I know.

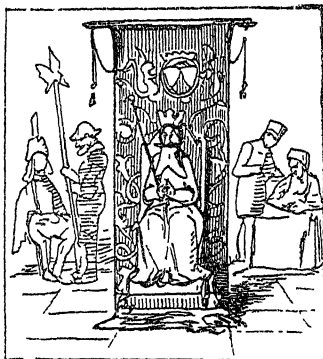
Miss Tickletooby. Speak, my dear, and tell that inattentive Miss Higgins what is the singular of ‘breakfasts’.

Master Smith (clearing his voice by rubbing his jacket sleeve across his nose). The most singular breakfast I know, is old John Wapshot’s, who puts sugar in his muffins, and takes salt in his tea! [Master Smith was preparing to ascend to the head of the class, but was sternly checked by Miss Tickletooby, who resumed her discourse.]

It was not to be supposed that the wickedness of these priests could continue for ever: and accordingly we find (though upon my word I don’t know upon what authority) that, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven years ago, Julius Caesar, that celebrated military man, landed at Deal. He conquered a great number of princes with jaw-breaking names, as did the Roman Emperors, his successors, such as the Trinobantes, the Atrebatas, the Silures, all richly deserving their fate, doubtless, as I fear they were but savages at best. They were masters of the Britons for pretty near five hundred years, and though the Scotch pretend that the Romans never conquered their part of it, I am inclined to suppose it was pretty much for the reasons that the clothes are not taken off a scarecrow in the fields, because they are not worth the taking.

About the year 450, the Romans, having quite enough to do at home, quitted Britain for good, when the Scots, who were hungry then, and have been hungry ever since, rushed in among the poor unprotected Britoners, who were forced to call the Saxons to their aid.

’Twas two o’clock—the Lecturer made her curtsy and reminded her auditory that another Lecture would take place on the following Wednesday, and the company departed, each making a mental affidavit to return.



IN the lecture-room we observed one of the noblest of our poet-philosophers who was assiduously taking notes, and we say that it is to Adolphus Simcoe, Esq., author of *The Ghoul*, *Leila*, *Idiosyncrasy*, &c., that we are indebted for the following Philosophical Synopsis of Miss Tickletohy's First Lecture on English History, delivered to her pupils and their friends on the — July, at her Scholastic Hall, Little Britain. 1. On the painful impression occasioned by the contemplation of early barbarism.—2. The disposition of the human mind to avoid such a study.—3. The *mystic* and the *historic*: their comparative beauty and excellence—the Lecturer promises on a further occasion to speak upon the former subject.

4. Spite of his unwillingness, 'tis the duty of the student to acquaint himself with *all* the facts of history, whether agreeable or not, and of the tutor to urge *by every means* the unwilling.

5. Various hypotheses with regard to the first colonization of Britain. The hypothesis of the chivalric ages, and of the cycle of Arthur.—6. The insufficiency of all theories upon the subject proved by a familiar appeal to the student's own powers of memory.

7. THE ANCIENT BRITONS—their costume, (8) its singular resemblances with that of the transatlantic savage, (9) a passing word of reprobation upon an odious modern custom.

10. THE RELIGION OF THE BRITONS.—11. A religion inseparable from a priesthood—The attributes of the Druidical priesthood, their privileges and powers.—12. Of the rewards that the State ought to grant to the ministers of its government, its laws, and its education.

13. THE WARS OF THE BRITONS.—14. Their weapons.—15. Their various fortunes in the field.

16. The influence of the priests upon their campaigns.—

17. The barbaric sacrifices in the groves of Odin.—17. Fanciful simile.

18. The priestesses : grammatical distinction to be drawn between them and the priests.

19. Episode of Miss Higgins and Master Smith—absurd blunder of the latter.

20. THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.—21. The character of Caesar.—22. Of his successors.—23. Their victories over the barbarous Britons a blessing and not an evil.—24. The Scottish boasts of invincibility ; the true view of them.

25. THE DOWNFALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. The legions withdrawn from Britain. Depredations of the Scots in that unhappy island.

The following questions on the most important points of the Lecture were delivered by Miss Tickleto by to her pupils :—

EXAMINATION PAPER

July, 1842. At the Academe, Leg-of-Veal Court, London, Superintended by Wilhelmina Maria Tickleto by.

Q. By whom was Britain first colonized ; and at what period ?

A. From the best accounts it is quite uncertain. It was colonized at the period when the colonists landed !

Q. What was the date of the landing of the Romans in Britain ?

A. A day or two after they quitted Gaul !

Q. Why were they obliged to jump into the water from their boats ?

A. Because they were *invaders* !

Q. When Boadicea harangued the Icenic warriors before her supreme combat with Suetonius, why did she remind the latter of a favourite vegetable ?

A. Because she was an Icenean (a nice inion). The alicampane prize to Miss Parminter (for answering this).

LECTURE II

PERSONAGES PRESENT

MISS WILHELMINA MARIA TICKLETOBY.	} Pupils.
MASTER SPRY (<i>a quarrelsome boy</i>).	
MISS PONTIFEX (<i>a good girl</i>).	
MASTER MAXIMUS PONTIFEX (<i>her brother, a worthy though not brilliant lad</i>).	
MASTER DELANCEY MORTIMER (<i>says nothing</i>).	
MR. DESBOROUGH MORTIMER, <i>footman in the service of</i>	
SIR GEORGE GOLLOP, Bart., <i>and father of the above</i> .	
MISS BUDGE, <i>an assistant (says nothing)</i> .	
Boys, girls, parents, &c.	

SCENE AS BEFORE

THE PICTS, THE SCOTS, THE DANES ; GREGORY THE SATIRIST, THE CONVERSION OF THE BRITONS, THE CHARACTER OF ALFRED.—I did not in my former lecture make the least allusion to the speech of Queen Boadicea to her troops before going into action, because, although several reports of that oration have been handed down to us, not one of them, as I take it, is correct, and what is the use, my darlings, of reporting words (hers were very abusive against the Romans)—of reporting words that never were uttered ? There's scandal enough, loves, in this wicked world without going back to old stories : *real* scandal too, which may satisfy any person. Nor did I mention King Caractacus's noble behaviour before the Roman Emperor Claudius—for that history is so abominably stale that I am sure none of my blessed loves require to be told it.

When the Britons had been deserted by the Romans, and found themselves robbed and pillaged by the Picts and Scots, they sent over to a people called Saxons (so called because they didn't live in Saxony) : who came over to help their friends, and having turned out the Picts and Scots, and finding the country a pleasant one to dwell in, they took possession of it, saying that the Britons did not deserve to have a country, as they did not know how to keep it. This sort of argument was considered very just in those days—and I've seen some little boys in this school acting *Saxon-fashion* : for instance, Master Spry the other day took away a piece of gingerbread from Master Jones,

giving him a great thump on the nose instead ; and what was the consequence ? I showed Master Spry the injustice of his action, and punished him severely.

(*To Master Spry*). How did I punish you, my dear ?—tell the company.

Master Spry. You kept the gingerbread.

Miss T. (severely). I don't mean that : how *else* did I punish you ?

Master Spry. You vipped me : but I kicked your shins all the time.

Unruly boy !—but so it is, ladies and gentlemen, in the infancy of individuals as in that of nations : we hear of these continual scenes of violence, until prudence teaches respect for property, and law becomes stronger than force. To return to the Saxons, they seized upon the goods and persons of the effeminate Britons, made the latter their slaves, and sold them as such in foreign countries. The mind shudders at such horrors ! How should *you* like, you naughty Master Spry, to be seized and carried from your blessed mother's roof—[immense sensation, and audible sobbing among the ladies present]—how should you like to be carried off and sold as a slave to France or Italy ?

Master Spry. Is there any schools there ? I shouldn't mind if there ain't.

Miss T. Yes, sir, there *are* schools, and RODS.

[Immense uproar. Cries of 'Shame ! No flogging ! Serve him right ! No tyranny ! Horse him this instant !']

With admirable presence of mind, however, Miss Tickleto-by stopped the disturbance by unfolding her GREAT HISTORICAL PICTURE !—of which we give the outline below.]

It chanced that two lovely British children, sold like thousands of others by their ruthless Saxon masters, were sent to Rome, and exposed upon the slave-market there. Fancy those darlings in such a situation !

There they stood—weeping and wretched, thinking of their parents' cot, in the far Northern Isle, sighing and yearning, no doubt, for the green fields of Albin !¹

It happened that a gentleman by the name of Gregory, who afterwards rose to be Pope of Rome—but who was

¹ Albin, the ancient name of England : not to be confounded with Albin, hairdresser and wig-maker to the Bar, Essex Court, Temple.

then a simple clerical gent, passed through the market with his friends, and came to the spot where these poor British children stood.

The Reverend Mr. Gregory was instantly struck by their appearance—by their rosy cheeks, their golden hair, their little jackets covered all over with sugar-loaf buttons, their poor nankeens grown all too short by constant wash and wear—and demanded of their owner, of what nation the little darlings were ?

The man (who spoke in Latin) replied that they were *Angli*, that is, Angles or English.

'Angles,' said the enthusiastic Mr. Gregory, 'they are



not Angles, but Angels ;' and with this joke, which did not do much honour to his head, though certainly his heart was good, he approached the little dears, caressed them, and made still further inquiries regarding them.¹

Miss Pontifex (one of the little girls). And did Mr. Gregory take the little children out of slavery, and send them home, ma'am ?

Mr. Hume, my dear 'good little girl, does not mention

¹ Miss Tickletohy did not, very properly, introduce the other puns which Gregory made on the occasion, they are so atrociously bad that they could not be introduced into the columns of *Punch*.

this fact ; but let us hope he did : with all my heart, I'm sure *I* hope he did. But this is certain, that he never forgot them, and when in process of time he came to be Pope of Rome——

Master Maximus Pontifex. Pa says *my* name's Lat'n for Pope of Rome ; is it, ma'am ?

I've no doubt it is, my love, since your papa says so : and when Gregory became Pope of Rome, he dispatched a number of his clergy to England, who came and converted the benighted Saxons and Britons, and they gave up their hideous idols, and horrid human sacrifices, and sent the wicked Druids about their business.

The Saxons had ended by becoming complete masters of the country, and the people were now called Anglo- or English-Saxons. There were a great number of small sovereigns in the land then ; but about the year 830, the king called Egbert became the master of the whole country ; and he, my loves, was the father of Alfred.

Alfred came to the throne after his three brothers, and you all know how good and famous a king he was. It is said that his father indulged him, and that he did not know how to read until he was twelve years old—but this, my dears, I cannot believe ; or, at least, I cannot but regret that there were no nice day-schools then, where children might be taught to read before they were twelve, or ten, or even eight years old, as many of my dear scholars can.

[Miss Tickleto by here paused for a moment, and resumed her lecture with rather a tremulous voice.]

It is my wish to amuse this company as well as I can, and sometimes, therefore, for I am by nature a facetious old woman, heartily loving a bit of fun, I can't help making jokes about subjects which other historians treat in a solemn and pompous way.

But, dears, I don't think it right to make one single joke about good King Alfred ; who was so good, and so wise, and so gentle, and so brave, that one can't laugh, but only love and honour his memory. Think of this, how rare good kings are, and let us value a good one when he comes. We have had just fifty kings since his time, who have reigned for near a thousand long years, and he the only Great one. Brave and victorious many of them have been, grand and sumptuous, and a hundred times more

powerful than he : but who cares for one of them (except Harry V, and I think Shakespeare made *that* King)—who loves any of them except him—the man who spoiled the cakes in the herdsman's cottage, the man who sang and played in the Danes' camp ?

There are none of you so young but know those stories about him. Look how, when the people love a man, how grateful they are ! For a thousand years these little tales have passed from father to son all through England, and every single man out of millions and millions who has heard them has loved King Alfred in his heart, and blessed him, and was proud that he was an Englishman's King. And then he hears that Alfred fought the Danes, and drove them out of England, and that he was merciful to his enemies, and kept faith at a time when every one else was deceitful and cruel, and that he was the first to make laws, and establish peace and liberty among us.

Who cares for Charles the Second, secured in his oak, more than for any other man at a pinch of danger ? Charles might have stayed in his tree for us, or for any good that he did when he came down. But for King Alfred, waiting in his little secret island until he should be strong enough to have one more battle with his conquerors, or in the camp of the enemy singing his songs to his harp, who does not feel as for a dear friend or father in danger, and cry hurrah ! with all his heart, when he wins ?

All the little Children. Hurrah ! Alfred for ever !

Yes, my dears, you love him all, and would all fight for him, I know.

Master Spry. That I would.

I'm sure you would, John, and may you never fight for a worse cause ! Ah, it's a fine thing to think of the people loving a man for a thousand years ! We shan't come to such another in the course of all these lectures—except mayhap if we get so far, to one George——

Mr. Mortimer (aloud, and with much confidence). George the Fourth, you mean, Miss, the first gentleman in Europe.

Miss T. (sternly). No, Sir ; I mean George Washington, —the *American* Alfred, Sir, who gave and took from us many a good beating, and drove the *English*-Danes out of his country.

Mr. Mortimer. Disgusting raddicle ! — Delancey, my

dear, come with me. Mem!—I shall withdraw my son from your academy. [*Exeunt* Mortimer, Sr & Jr.]

Miss T. Let them go. As long as honest people agree with me, what care I what great men's flunkies choose to think? Miss Budge, make out Mr. Mortimer's account. Ladies and Gentlemen, on Wednesday next I hope for the honour of resuming these lectures.

Punch, in concluding this long paper, begs to hint to Mr. Simcoe, whose remuneration will be found at the office, that for the future he may spare his own remarks, philosophical, laudatory, or otherwise, and confine himself simply to the Lectures of Miss Tickletoby.

LECTURE III

THE SEA-KINGS IN ENGLAND



IN the olden time our glorious country of England, my dears, must have been a pleasant place; for see what numbers of people have taken a fancy to it! First came the Romans, as we have seen, then the Saxons,—and when they were comfortably established here, the Danes, under their Sea-kings, came gallantly over the main, and were not a whit less charmed with the island than

the Saxons and Romans had been.

Amongst these distinguished foreigners may be mentioned the Sea-king Swayn, who came to England in the year nine hundred and something, landing at Margate, with which he was so pleased as to determine to stop there altogether,—being, as he said, so much attached to this country that nothing would induce him to go back to his own. Wasn't it a compliment to us? There is a great deal of this gallantry in the people of the North; and you may have observed, even in our own days, that some of

them, 'specially Scotchmen, when once landed here, are mighty unwilling to go home again.

Well, King Swayn's stay became preposterously long; and his people consumed such a power of drink and victuals that at length our late beloved monarch, King Ethelred the Second, was induced to send to him. A bard of those days has recorded, with considerable minuteness, the particulars of Swayn's arrival; and as his work has not been noticed by Turner, Hallam, Hume, or any other English historian, may be quoted with advantage here. Snoro the Bard (so called from the exciting effect which his poem produced on his audience) thus picturesquely introduces us to the two Kings:—

'ÆTHELFRED KONING MURNING POST REDINGE'

B.M. MSS. CLAUD. XXV—XXVII

A reading of the newspaper, | in meditation lost,
Sat Æthelfred of England | and took his tea and toast;
Sat Æthelfred of England | and read the *Morning Post*.

Among the new arrivals | the journal did contain,
At Margate on the twentieth | His Majesty King Swayn
Of Denmark, with a retinue | of horseman and of Dane!

Loud laugh'd King Æthelfred, | and laid the paper down;
'Margate is a proper place | for a Danish clown.'

'Take care,' said the Chancellor, | 'he doesn't come to town.'

'This King Swayn,' says Witfrid the fool, | laughing loud and free,
'Sea-king as he is, | a boatswain ought to be.'

'It is none of *our seeking*,' | says the Chancellor, says he.

'Let him come,' said the King (in his mouth | butter'd toast popping),

'At Wapping or at Redriff | this boatswain will be stopping.'

'Take care,' says Chancellor Wigfrid, | 'he don't give *you* a wapping.

'I'm certain,' says wise Wigfrid, | 'the Sea-king means us evilly,
Herald, go to Margate | and speak unto him civilly;
And if he's not at Margate, | why then try Ramsgate and Tivoli.'

Herald, in obedience | to his master dear,

Goes by steam to Margate, | landing at the pier;

Says he, 'King Swayn of Denmark | I think is lodging here?'

Swayn the bold Sea-king, | with his captains and skippers,

Walk'd on the sea-beach, | looking at the dippers—

Walk'd on the sea-beach | in his yellow slippers.

The ballad, which is important to the archaeologist, as showing how many of the usages of the present day pre-

vailed nine hundred years back (thus fondly do Englishmen adhere to their customs !), and which shows that some of the jokes called puns at present currently uttered as novelties were in existence at this early period of time, goes on to describe, with a minuteness that amounts almost to tediousness, the interview between Swayn and the herald ; it is angry, for the latter conveys to the Danish monarch the strongest exhortations, on the part of King Ethelred, to quit the kingdom.

‘ Nay, I cannot go,’ said Swayn, | ‘ for my ships are leaking.’
 ‘ You shall have a fleet,’ says the herald, | ‘ if that be what you’re seeking.’
 ‘ Well, I *won’t* go, and that’s flat,’ | answered Swayn the Sea-king.

Falling into a fury, Swayn then abuses the King of England in the most contumelious terms ; says that he will make his back into a football, and employ his nose for a bell-rope ; but finally recollecting himself, dismisses the herald with a present of five-eighths of a groat—two-pence-halfpenny (a handsome largesse, considering the value of money in those days), bidding him at the same time order what he liked to drink at the hotel where he (King Swayn) resided. ‘ Well,’ says the Chronicler pathetically, ‘ well might he order what he thought proper. *King Swayn of Denmark never paid a copper.*’ A frightful picture of the insolence and rapacity of the invader and his crew !

A battle, as is natural, ensues ; the invader is victorious—Ethelred flies to France, and the venerable Chancellor Wigfrid is put to the most dreadful tortures, being made by the ferocious despot to undergo the indignities which (as we have seen in the former passage) he had promised to inflict on the royal fugitive, as well as many more. As a specimen of the barbarian’s ingenuity, it may be stated that the martyr Wigfrid is made to administer a mockery of justice, seated on a woolsack stuffed with—the mind revolts at the thought—*stuffed with fleas !*

But it is remarkable that the bard Snoro, who so long as Swayn was not victorious over Ethelred is liberal in his abuse of the Dane, immediately on Ethelred’s defeat changes his note, and praises with all his might the new sovereign. At Swayn’s death he is lost in grief—being, however, consoled in the next stanza by the succession of his son Canute to the throne.

Snoro gives particular accounts of Canute's reign and actions—his victories in foreign lands, and the great drawn battle between him and Edmund Ironsides, about whose claims the bard is evidently puzzled to speak; however, on Edmund's death, which took place, singularly and conveniently enough, about a month after Canute and he had made a compromise regarding the crown (the compromise left the kingdom to the *survivor*), Snoro takes up the strain loudly and decidedly in favour of Canute, and hints at the same time his perfect conviction that Ironsides is roasting in a certain place.

And then, after following King Canute through his battles—in one of which the celebrated Godwin (who, I believe, afterwards married Mary Wolstonecraft) showed the valour of Englishmen—after going through a list of murders, treasons, usurpations, which the great monarch committed, the bard comes to that famous passage in his history, which all little boys know; and I have the pleasure to show a copy of an Anglo-Saxon drawing which is to be found in the MS., and which *never* has been seen until the present day.

[This drawing was handed round to the company by Miss Tickletoby, and excited an immense sensation, which having subsided, the lecturer proceeded to read from the same MS. Claud. XXVII, XXVIII, *The Song of King Canute*.¹]

King Canute was weary-hearted, | he had reigned for years a score;
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, | killing much, and robbing
more;

And he thought upon his actions | walking by the wild seashore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop | walk'd the King with step
sedate;

Chamberlains and Grooms came after, | Silver-sticks and Gold-
sticks great;

Chaplains, Aides de Camp, and Pages, | all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, | pausing when he chose to pause,

If a frown his face contracted, | straight the courtiers dropp'd their
jaws;

If to laughter he was minded | out they burst in loud hee-haws.

¹ The poems are translated, word for word, from the Anglo-Saxon, by the accomplished Adolphus Simcoe, Esq., author of *Perdition*, *The Ghoul*, editor of the *Lady's Lute*, &c.

But that day a something vex'd him, | that was clear to old and young ;

Thrice his Grace had yawn'd at table | when his favourite gleeman sung—

Once the Queen would have consoled him | and he bid her hold her tongue.

'Something ails my royal master,' | cried the Keeper of the Seal ;
'Sure, my Lord, it is the lampreys | served at dinner, or the veal.
Shall I call your Grace's doctor ?' | 'Psha, it is not *that* I feel.

'Tis the *heart* and not the stomach, | fool ! that doth my rest impair ;

Can a king be great as I am, | prithee, and yet know no care ?

Oh ! I'm sick, and tired, and weary.' | Some one cried, 'The King's arm-chair !'

Then towards the lackeys turning, | quick my lord the Keeper nodded ;

Straight the King's great chair was brought him | by two footmen able-bodied ;

Languidly he sank into it, | it was comfortably wadded.

'Leading on my fierce companions,' | cried he, 'over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquer'd ; | where is glory like to mine ?'
Loudly all the courtiers echoed, | 'Where is glory like to thine ?'

'What avail me all my kingdoms ? | I am weary now and old ;
Those fair sons I have begotten | long to see me dead and cold :
Would I were, and quiet buried | underneath the silent mould.

'Oh ! remorse, the writhing serpent, | at my bosom tears and bites
Horrid, horrid things I look on, | though I put out all the lights,—
Ghosts of ghastly recollections | troop about my bed of nights.

'Cities burning, convents blazing | red with sacrilegious fires ;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming | vainly to their slaughtered sires.'—

'Such a tender conscience,' cries the | Bishop, 'every one admires.

'But for such unpleasant by-gones | cease, my gracious Lord, to search ;

They're forgotten and forgiven | by our holy mother church.

Never, never doth she leave her | benefactors in the lurch.

'Look, the land is crown'd with minsters | whom [which] your Grace's bounty raised :

Abbeys filled with holy men, where | you and Heaven are daily praised ;—

You, my Lord, to think of dying ! | on my honour I'm amazed !'

'Nay, I feel,' replied King Canute, | 'that my end is drawing near.'

'Don't say so,' exclaimed the courtiers | (striving each to squeeze a tear) :

'Sure your Grace is strong and lusty | and will live this fifty year !'

'Live these fifty years!' the Bishop | roar'd (with action made to suit);
 'Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, | thus to speak of King Canute?
 Men have lived a thousand years, and | sure His Majesty will do't.
 'Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Cainan, | Mahaleel, Methusela,
 Lived nine hundred years apiece; and | is not he as good as they?'
 'Fervently,' exclaimed the Keeper, | 'fervently I trust he may.'
 'He to die!' resumed the Bishop; | 'he, a mortal like to us?
 Death was not for him intended, | though *communis omnibus*.
 Keeper, you are irreligious | for to talk and cavil thus.



'With his wondrous skill in healing | ne'er a doctor can compete;
 Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, | start up clean upon their feet;
 Surely he could raise the dead up | did His Highness think it meet.
 'Did not once the Jewish Captain | stop the sun upon the hill,
 And, the while he slew the foeman, | bid the silver moon stand still?
 So, no doubt, could gracious Canute | if it were his sacred will.'
 'Might I stay the sun above us, | good Sir Bishop?' Canute cried;
 'Could I bid the silver moon to | pause upon her heavenly ride?
 If the moon obeys my orders, | sure I can command the tide.
 'Will the advancing waves obey me, | Bishop, if I make the sign?'
 Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, | 'Land and sea, my Lord, are
 thine.'
 Canute look'd toward the ocean, | 'Back,' he said, 'thou foaming
 brine!

'From the sacred shore I stand on, | I command thee to retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, | to approach thy master's seat;
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee, | come not nearer to my feet.'

But the angry ocean answered | with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, | falling sounding on the shore,—
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, | back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never | more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship | that which earth and seas obey;
And his golden crown of empire | never wore he from that day.
King Canute is dead and gone; | Parasites exist alway.

LECTURE IV

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR—HAROLD—WILLIAM THE
CONQUEROR



ING CANUTE, whose adventures at the watering-place my young friend Mr. Simcoe described last week in such exquisite verse (and I am afraid that the doings at watering-places are not often so moral), died soon after, having repented greatly of his sins. It must have been Graves-end, I think, where the King grew so thoughtful.

[Here Miss T. was rather disappointed that nobody laughed at her pun; the fact is, that Miss —, the usher, had been ordered to do so, but, as usual, missed her point.]

Before he died, he made a queer sort of reparation for all the sins, robberies, and murders that he committed—he put his crown on the head of the statue of a saint in Canterbury, and endowed no end of monasteries. And a great satisfaction it must have been to the relatives of the murdered people, to see the King's crown on the saint's head; and a great consolation to those who had been robbed, to find the King paid over all their money to the monks.

Some descendants of his succeeded him, about whom there is nothing particular to say, nor about King Edward the Confessor, of the Saxon race, who succeeded to the throne when the Danish family failed, and who was canonized by a Pope two hundred years after his death—His Holiness only knows why.

Spoony, my dears, is a strong term, and one which, by a sensitive female, ought to be employed only occasionally ; but SPOONY, I emphatically repeat [immense sensation], is the only word to characterize this last of the regular Saxon kings. He spent his time at church, and let his kingdom go to rack and ruin. He had a pretty wife, whom he never had the spirit to go near ; and he died, leaving his kingdom to be taken by any one who could get it.

A strong gallant young fellow, Harold by name, stepped forward, and put the crown on his head, and vowed to wear it like a man. Harold was the son of Earl Godwin that we spoke of in the last lecture, a great resolute fellow, who had been fighting King Edward's enemies while the King was singing psalms, and praying the saints to get rid of them, and turned out with a sword in his hand, and a coat of mail on his body, whilst the silly King stayed at home in a hair-shirt, scourging and mortifying his useless old body.

Harold then took the crown (though, to be sure, he had no right to it, for there was a nephew of the late King, who ought to have been first served), but he was not allowed to keep undisturbed possession of it very long, for the fact is, somebody else wanted it.

You all know who this was—no other than William, Duke of Normandy, a great and gallant prince (though I must say his mother was no better than she should be ¹), who had long had a wish to possess the noble realm of England, as soon as the silly old Confessor was no more. Indeed, when Harold was abroad, William had told him as much, making him swear to help him in the undertaking. Harold swore, as how could he help it ? for William told him he would have his head off if he didn't, and then broke his oath on the first opportunity.

Some nine months, then, after Harold had assumed the crown, and just as he had come from killing one of his brothers (they were pretty quarrelsome families, my dears, in those days), who had come to England on a robbing excursion, Harold was informed that the Duke of Normandy had landed with a numerous army of horse, foot, and marines, and proposed, as usual, to stay.

Down he went as fast as the coach could carry him (for

¹ Miss Tickletoby's rancour against Edward's treatment of his wife, and her sneer at the Conqueror's mother, are characteristic of her amiable sex.

the Kentish railroad was not then open), and found Duke William at Hastings, where both parties prepared for a fight.

You, my darlings, know the upshot of the battle very well; and though I'm a delicate and sensitive female; and though the Battle of Hastings occurred—let me see, take 1066 from 1842—exactly seven hundred and seventy-six years ago; yet I can't help feeling angry to think that those beggarly, murderous Frenchmen should have beaten our honest English as they did. [Cries of 'Never mind, we've given it 'em since.']—Yes, my dears, I like that spirit—we *have* given it 'em since, as the Duke of Wellington at Badajos, and my late lamented br-r-other, Ensign Samuel T-t-tickleto-by, at B-b-bunhill Row, can testify. [The lecturer's voice was here choked with emotion, owing to the early death of the latter lamented hero.]—But don't let us be too eager for military glory, my friends. Look! we are angry because the French beat us eight hundred years ago! And do you suppose *they* are not angry because we beat *them* some five-and-twenty years back? Alas! and alas! this is always the way with that fighting; you can't satisfy both parties with it, and I do heartily hope that one day there'll be no such thing as a soldier left in all Europe.—[A voice, 'And no police neither.']

Harold being dead, His Majesty, King William—of whom, as he now became our legitimate sovereign, it behoves every loyal heart to speak with respect—took possession of England, and, as is natural, gave all the good places at his disposal to his party. He turned out the English noblemen from their castles, and put his Norman soldiers and knights into them. He and his people had it all their own way; and though the English frequently rebelled, yet the King managed to quell all such disturbances, and reigned over us for one-and-twenty years. He was a gallant soldier, truly—stern, wise, and prudent, as far as his own interests were concerned, and looked up to by all other Majesties as an illustrious monarch.

But great as he was in public, he was rather uncomfortable in his family, on account of a set of unruly sons whom he had—for their Royal Highnesses were always quarrelling together. It is related that one day being at tea with Her Majesty the Queen and the young Princes, at one of his castles in Normandy (for he used this country to rob it chiefly, and not to live in it), a quarrel ensued, which was certainly very disgraceful. Fancy, my darlings, three

young Princes sitting at tea with their papa and mamma, and being so rude as to begin throwing water at one another ! The two younger, H.R.H. Prince William, and H.R.H. Prince Henry, actually flung the slop-basin, or some such thing, into the face of H.R.H. Prince Robert, the King's eldest son.

H. R. Highness was in a furious rage, although his brothers declared that they were only in play ; but he swore that they had insulted him ; that his papa and mamma favoured them and not him, and drawing his sword, vowed that he would have their lives. His Majesty with some difficulty got the young Princes out of the way, but nothing would appease Robert, who left the castle vowing vengeance. This passionate and self-willed young man was called *Court-hose*, which means in French *short inexpressibles*, and he was said to have worn shorts, because his *limbs* were of that kind.

Prince Shorts fled to a castle belonging to the King of France, who was quite jealous of Duke William, and was anxious to set his family by the ears ; and the young Prince began forthwith robbing his father's dominions, on which that monarch marched with an army to besiege him in his castle.

Here an incident befell, which, while it shows that Prince Robert (for all the shortness of his legs) had a kind and brave heart, will at the same time point out to my beloved pupils the dangers—the awful dangers of disobedience. Prince Robert and his knights sallied out one day against the besiegers, and engaged the horsemen of their party. Seeing a warrior on the other side doing a great deal of execution, Prince Robert galloped at him sword in hand, and engaged him. Their visors were down, and they banged away at each other, like—like *good uns*. [Hear, hear.]

At last Prince Robert hit the other such a blow that he felled him from his horse, and the big man tumbling off cried, ' Oh, murder ! ' or ' Oh, I'm done for ! ' or something of the sort.

Fancy the consternation of Prince Robert when he recognized the voice of his own father ! He flung himself off his saddle as quick as his little legs would let him, ran to his father, knelt down before him, besought him to forgive him, and begged him to take his horse and ride home. The King took the horse, but I'm sorry to say he only abused his son, and rode home as sulky as possible.

However he came soon to be in a good humour, acknowledged that his son Prince Shortlegs was an honest fellow, and forgave him, and they fought some battles together, not against each other, but riding bravely side by side.

So having prospered in all his undertakings, and being a great Prince and going to wage war against the French King, who had offended him, and whose dominions he vowed to set in a flame, the famous King William of England, having grown very fat in his old age, received a hurt while riding.



which made him put a stop to his projects of massacring the Frenchmen, for he felt that his hour of death was come.

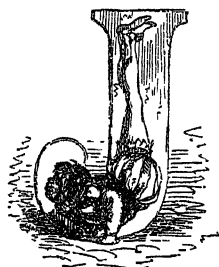
As usual, after a life of violence, blood, and rapine, he began to repent on his death-bed; uttered some religious sentences which the chroniclers have recorded, and gave a great quantity of the money which he had robbed from the people to the convents and priests.

The moment the breath was out of the great King's body, all the courtiers ran off to their castles expecting a war. All the abbots went to their abbeys, where they shut themselves

up. All the shopkeepers closed their stalls, looking out for riot and plunder, and the King's body being left quite alone, the servants pillaged the house where he lay, leaving the corpse almost naked on the bed. And this was the way they served the greatest man in Christendom ! [Much sensation, in the midst of which the lecturer retired.]

LECTURE V

WILLIAM RUFUS



UST before the breath was out of the Conqueror's body, William Rufus, his second son (who had much longer legs than his honest elder brother Robert), ran over to England, took possession of some castles and his father's money, and, so fortified, had himself proclaimed King of England without any difficulty. Honest Robert remained Duke of Normandy ; and as for the third son, Prince Henry, though not so handsomely provided for as his elder brothers, it appears he managed to make both ends meet by robbing on his own account.

William's conduct on getting hold of the crown was so violent, that some of the nobles whom he plundered were struck with remorse at having acknowledged him King instead of honest Courthose, his elder brother. So they set up a sort of rebellion, which Rufus quelled pretty easily, appealing to the people to support him, and promising them all sorts of good treatment in return. The people believed him, fought for him, and when they had done what he wanted, namely, quelled the rebellion, and aided him in seizing hold of several of Robert's Norman castles and towns—would you believe it ?—William treated them not one bit better than before ! [Cries of ' Shame '.]

At these exclamations Miss Tickletohy looked round very sternly. Young people, young people (exclaimed she), I'm astonished at you. Don't you know that such cries on your part are highly improper and seditious ? Don't you know that by crying out ' Shame ' in that way, you insult

not only every monarch, but every ministry that ever existed? Shame indeed! Shame on *you*, for daring to insult our late excellent Whig Ministry, our present admirable Conservative Cabinet, Sir Robert, Lord John, and all, every minister that ever governed us. They *all* promise to better us, they *all* never do so. Learn respect for your betters, young people, and do not break out into such premature rebellion. [The children being silent, Miss T. put on a less severe countenance and continued]—

I will tell you a pleasant joke of that wag, his late Majesty King William Rufus. He put the kingdom into a great fury against the Normans, saying, I have no doubt, that they were our natural enemies, and called a huge army together, with which, he said, he would go and annihilate them. The army was obliged to assemble, for by the laws of the country each nobleman, knight,thane, and landholder was bound according to the value of his land to furnish so many soldiers, knowing that the King would come down on their estates else; and so being all come together, and ready to cross the water, the King made them a speech.

‘Friends, Countrymen, and Fellow Soldiers;’ (said he) ‘companions of my toil, my feelings, and my fame; the eyes of Europe are upon you. You are about to embark on a most dangerous enterprise; you will have to undergo the horrors of a sea-voyage, of which I need not describe to you the discomforts’ (the army began to look very blue). ‘You will be landed in a hostile country, which has been laid waste by me already in my first invasions, as also by the accursed policy of the despot who governs it. (*Cries of Down with Robert Shorthose! No tyranny! No Normans!*) In this afflicted naked country the greater part of you will inevitably starve; a considerable number will be cut to pieces by the ferocious Norman soldiery, and even if it please Heaven to crown my just cause with success, what will my triumph benefit *you*, my friends? *You* will be none the better for it; but will come back many of you without your arms and legs, and not a penny richer than when you went. (*Immense sensation.*)

‘Now, I appeal to you as men, as Englishmen, as fathers of families, will it not be better to make a peaceful and honourable compromise than to enter upon any such campaign? Yes! I knew you would say yes, as becomes men of sense, men of honour—Englishmen, in a word. (*Hear,*

hear.) I ask you, then—your sovereign and father asks you—will it not be better to pay me ten shillings a-piece all round, and go home to your happy families—to your lovely wives, who will thus run no risk of losing the partners of their beds—to smiling children, who may still for many, many years have their fathers to bless, maintain, and educate them? Officers, carry the hats round, and take the sense of the army.’

Putting his handkerchief to his eyes, the beneficent monarch here sat down: and what was the consequence of his affecting appeal? The hats were sent round—the whole army saw the propriety of subscribing—fifteen thousand pounds were paid down on the spot—a bloody war was avoided—and thus, as the King said, all parties were benefited.

For all this, however, he was not long before he had them out again, and took a great number of his towns and castles from his brother Robert. At last he got possession of his whole dukedom; for at this time all Europe was seized with a strange fit of frenzy and hatred against the Turks; one Peter, a hermit, went abroad preaching hatred against these unbelievers, and the necessity of taking Palestine from them, and murdering every mother’s son of them. No less than a million of men set off on this errand. Three hundred thousand of them marched ahead, without food or forethought, expecting that Heaven would provide them with nourishment on their march, and give them the victory over the Saracens. But this pious body was cut to pieces; and as for the doings of the other seven hundred thousand, what heroes commanded them, what dangers they overcame, what enchanters they destroyed, how they took the holy city, and what came of their conquest—all this may be read in the veracious history of one Tasso, but has nothing to do with the history of William Rufus.

That shrewd monarch would not allow his islanders to meddle with the business; but his brother, honest Robert, quite sick of fighting, drinking, and governing in his own country, longed to go to Palestine, and having no money (as usual), William gave him a sum for which the other handed over his inheritance to him; and so Robert was got rid of, and William became King of England and Duke of Normandy.

But he did not keep his kingdoms long. There is a tract

of land called the New Forest in Hampshire which has been called so ever since the Conqueror's time. Once it was a thriving district covered with farms and villages and churches, with many people living in it. But conquering King William had a fancy to have a hunting-ground there. Churches and villages he burned down ; orchards and corn-fields he laid waste ; men, women, and children he drove pitilessly away, and gave up the land to boar and deer. So the people starved and died, and he had his hunting-ground. And such a keen sportsman was he, and so tender and humane towards the dumb animals, that he gave orders, if any man killed a boar, a deer, or even a hare, he should be killed, or have his eyes put out. Up to a late period, our country enjoyed many of the blessings of that noble code of laws.

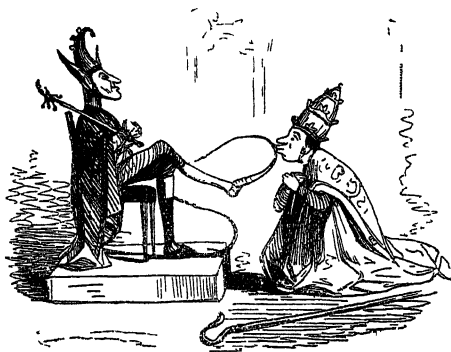
His Majesty King William Rufus loved sport as well as his royal father, and this New Forest above all. There were all sorts of legends concerning it. The people said (but this was, no doubt, from their superstitious hatred of His Majesty's person and race) that, on account of the crimes the Conqueror had committed in the spot, it was destined to be fatal to his family. One of Rufus's brothers and his nephew were actually killed while hunting there ; and one morning in the year 1100, when His Majesty was going out hunting, a monk came and prophesied death to him, and warned him to stay at home.

But the scent was lying well on the ground ; the King ordered the prophet a purse of money, and rode off with his dogs.

He was found dead in the wood, with an arrow in his breast ; and nobody knows who shot it : and what's more, my loves, I fear nobody cares. A Frenchman by the name of Tyrrell was supposed to have done the deed ; but Tyrrell denied the charge altogether. His Royal Highness Prince Henry was hunting with the King when the accident took place, and as poor Robert Shorthose was away fighting the Turks, Prince Henry slipped into his brother's shoes, and ruled over the land of England.

Talking about shoes, a dreadful religious disturbance occurred in England *à propos de bottles*. It was the fashion to wear these with immense long toes ; and the priests, who could pardon all sorts of crimes, wouldn't pardon the long-toed boots. You laugh ? It is a fact, upon my word ;

and what is more, these popes and priests, who could set up kings and pull them down, and send off millions of people to fight in crusades, never were strong enough to overcome the long-toed boots. The *FASHION* was stronger than the Pope ; and long toes continued to flourish in spite of his curses, and never yielded a single inch until—until *SQUARE-TOES* came in.



LECTURE VI

HENRY I—MAUDE—STEPHEN—HENRY II

WE have still a little more to hear of honest Robert Shorthose. With his usual luck, the poor fellow came posting back from Jerusalem, a month after his brother Henry had taken possession of the English crown ; and though at first he made a great noise, and got an army together, with which, as he was a valiant captain, he might have done his brother some hurt, yet the latter purchased him off with some money, of which Shorthose was always in want, and the two came to a compromise, it being agreed that Robert should keep Normandy, and Henry England, and that the survivor should have both.

So Shorthose went home with the money his brother gave him, and lived and made merry as long as it lasted ; and the historians say that he was such a spendthrift of

a fellow, and kept such a Castle Rackrent of a house, that he was compelled to lie in bed several days for want of a pair of breeches. [Much laughter at the imperturbed way in which Miss Tickletoby pronounced the fatal word 'breeches.']

But Henry, for all the agreement, would not let his brother keep possession of that fine Dukedom of Normandy. He picked continual quarrels with him, and ended by taking possession of the Duchy, and of Shortlegs, in spite of his bravery, whom he shut up in a castle, where he lived for near five-and-twenty years after. His fate inspires one with some regret, for he was a frank, open fellow, and had once, in a siege, saved from starvation this very brother who robbed him; but he was a fool, and did not know how to keep what he had, and Henry was wise; so it was better for all parties that poor Shortlegs should go to the wall. Peace be with him! We shall hear no more of him; but it is something in the midst of all these lying, swindling tyrants and knaves, to find a man who, dissolute and brutal as he was, was yet an honest fellow.

King Henry, the first of his name, was, from his scholarship (which I take it, was no great things; and am sure that many a young lady in this seminary knows more than ever he did), surnamed Beauclerc—a sharp, shifty fellow, steering clear, amidst all the glooms and troubles of his times, and somehow always arriving at his end. He was admired by all Europe for his wisdom. He had two fair kingdoms, which had once been riotous and disorderly, but which he made quiet and profitable; and that there might be no doubts about the succession to the throne, he caused his son, Prince William, to be crowned co-king with him, and thus put the matter beyond a doubt.

There was, however, one obstacle, and this was the death of Prince William. He was drowned, and his father never smiled after. And after all his fighting and shuffling, and swindling, and cleverness, and care, he had to die and leave his throne to be fought for between his daughter, and his nephew, one Stephen; of the particulars of whose reign it need only be said, that they fought for the crown, like the devil and the baker, and sometimes one had it and sometimes the other. At last Stephen died, and Maude's son, Henry II, came to reign over us in the year 1154.

He was a great Prince, wise, brave, and tender-hearted; and he would have done much for his country too, which was attached to him, if the clergy and the ladies had left him a moment's peace.

For a delicate female [a blush covered Miss T.'s countenance with roses as she spoke], the subject which I am now called upon to treat is—ahem!—somewhat dangerous. The fact is, the King had married in very early life a lady possessing a vast deal of money, but an indifferent reputation, and who, having been wicked when young, became very jealous being old, as I am given to understand is not unfrequently the case with my interesting sex.

Queen Eleanor bore four sons to her husband, who was dotingly fond of them all, and did not, I have reason to suppose, bestow upon them *that correction* [a great sensation in the school] which is necessary for all young people, to prevent their becoming self-willed and licentious in manhood. Such, I am sorry to say, were all the young Princes. The elder, whom, to prevent mistakes, his father had crowned during his lifetime, no sooner was crowned than he modestly proposed to his father to give up his kingdom to him, and when he refused, rebelled, and fled to the King of France for protection. All his brothers rebelled too;—there was no end to the trouble and perplexity which the unhappy King had to suffer.

I have said that the Queen was jealous, and, oh! I am ashamed to confess, when speaking of his late Sacred Majesty, a King of England, that the Queen, in this instance, had good cause. A worthless, wicked, naughty, abandoned profligate, vile, improper, good-for-nothing creature, whom historians, forsooth, have handed down to us under the name of Fair Rosamund—(Fair Rosamund, indeed! a pretty pass things are come to, when hussies like this are to be bepraised and bepited!)—I say, a most wicked, horrid, and abandoned person, by name Miss Rosamund Clifford, had weaned the King's affections from his lady, Queen Eleanor.

Suppose she *was* old and contumacious¹: do not people

¹ We grieve to remark, that Miss Tickletohy, with a violence of language that is not uncommon amongst the pure and aged of her sex, loses no opportunity of twitting Queen Eleanor, and abusing Fair Rosamund. Surely that unhappy woman's fate ought to disarm some of the wrath of the virgin Tickletohy.

marry 'for better, for worse'? Suppose she *had* a bad temper, and a worse character, when the King married Her Majesty: did not he know what sort of a wife he was taking?—A pretty pass would the world come to, if men were allowed to give up their wives because they were ill-tempered, or go hankering after other people's ladies because their own were a little plain, or so! [Immense applause from the ladies present. And it was here remarked—though we do not believe a word of the story—that Mrs. Binks looked particularly hard at Mr. Binks, saying, 'B., do you hear that?' and Binks, on his part, looked particularly foolish.]

How this intimacy with this disreputable Miss Clifford commenced, or how long it endured, is of little matter to us; but, my friends, it is quite clear to you that such a connexion could not long escape the vigilance of a watchful and affectionate wife. 'Tis true, Henry took this person to Woodstock, where he shut her up in a castle or labyrinth: but he went to see her often—and, I appeal to any lady here, could her husband, could any man, make continual visits to Woodstock, which is five-and-forty miles from London, without exciting suspicion? ['No, no!']

It can't be to buy gloves—thought her injured Majesty, Queen Eleanor—that he is always travelling to that odious Woodstock:—and she sent her emissaries out; and what was the consequence? She found it was not glove-making that the King was anxious about—but glove-making *without the g!* She instantly set off to Woodstock, as fast as the coach would carry her; she procured admission into the place where this saucy hussy was, and drawing from her pocket a dagger and a bowl of poison, she bade her to take one or the other. She preferred, it is said, the prussic acid, and died, I have no doubt, in extreme agonies, from the effects of the draught. [Cries of 'Shame!'] Shame!—who cries shame? I say, in the name of injured woman, that, considering the rude character of the times, when private revenge was practised commonly, Queen Eleanor **SERVED THE WOMAN RIGHT!** ['Hear, hear!' from the ladies; 'No, no!' from the men; immense uproar from the scholars in general.]

After this, for his whole life long, Henry never had a moment's quiet. He was always fighting one son or other, or all of them together, with the King of France

at their back. He was almost always victorious, but he was of a forgiving temper, and the young men began and rebelled as soon as he had set them free. In the midst of one of these attacks by one of the Princes, an attack was made upon the young man of a sort which neither young nor old can parry. He was seized with a fever, and died. He besought his father's forgiveness when dying, but his death does not appear to have altered his brothers'



ways, and at last, of a sheer broken heart at their perverseness, it seems that Henry himself died nor would he forgive his sons their shameful conduct to him.

And whom had he to thank for all this disobedience? Himself and FAIR ROSAMUND. Yes, I repeat it, if he had not been smitten with her, the Queen would not have been jealous, if she had not been jealous, she would not have quarrelled with him, if she had not quarrelled with him,

she would not have induced her sons to resist him, and he might have led an easy and comfortable life, and have bettered thus the kingdoms he governed

Take care, then, my dear young friends, if *you* are called upon to govern kingdoms, or simply, as is more probable, to go into genteel businesses and keep thriving shops, take care never to *offend your wives* [Hear, hear] Think of poor King Henry, and all the sorrows he brought upon himself,—and in order not to offend your wives, the best thing you can do is to be very gentle to them, and do without exception every single thing they bid you

At the end of this lecture, several ladies present came up, and shook Miss Tickletoby by the hand, saying they never heard better doctrine But the gentlemen, it must be confessed, made very light of the excellent lady's opinions, and one of them said that, after her confession, even if she were young and handsome, nobody would ask *her* to marry

'Nobody wants you, Sir,' said Miss Tickletoby, and she was more than usually rigid in her treatment of that gentleman's little boy the next day

LECTURE VII

RICHARD THE FIRST

The danger of extolling too much the qualities of a warrior—In kings they are more especially to be reprehended—Frightful picture of war—Its consequences to men—to women—Horrible danger that Miss Tickletoby might have undergone—The crusades—Jealousy of Philip Augustus—Gallantry of Richard—Saladin, his character, and the reverence entertained for him by the British monarch—Ascalon—Jerusalem—Richard's return from Palestine—His captivity—Romantic circumstances attending his ransom—His death—A passing reflection

THIS is a Prince, my dear young creatures, whom I am afraid some of you, Master Spry especially, will be inclined to admire vastly, for he was as quarrelsome and brave a man as ever lived He was fighting all his life long—fighting his brothers, fighting his father, fighting with anybody who would fight, and, I have no doubt, domineering over anybody who wouldn't When his poor old father,

wearied out by the quarrels of his sons, the intrigues of the priests, and the ceaseless cares and anxieties of reigning, died in sadness and sorrow, he left Prince Richard, sur-named Lion-heart, his kingdom, and his curse along with it, he having acted so undutifully towards him, and embittered the last years of his life.

Richard was exceedingly sorry for the pain he had caused his father, and, instead of revenging himself upon his father's ministers (who had treated him as severely as they could during King Henry's reign, and who now, I dare say, quaked in their shoes lest King Richard should deal hardly by them), he of the lion-heart kept them in their places—and good places, let us be sure, they were; and said that they had done their duty by his father, and would, no doubt, be as faithful to him. For, truth to say, Richard had a heart which harboured no malice; all he wanted was plenty of fighting, which he conducted in perfect good humour.

Master Spry.—Hurrah! that's your sort.

Silence, Master Spry, you silly boy, you. It may be very well for Mr. Cribb, or the Most Noble the Marquess of Wat—ford, to rejoice in punching people's heads and breaking their noses, and to shake hands before and after; but kings have other duties to attend to, as we nowadays know very well. Now suppose you were to break a score of lamps in the street, or to twist off as many knockers, or to knock down and injure a policeman or two, who would be called on, as you have never a sixpence in your pocket, to pay the damage?

Master Spry.—Pa'd pay, of course.

Yes, rather than see you on the treadmill, he would; and so, my dears, it's the case with these great kings—they fight, but we have to pay. The poor subjects suffer: the men, who have no quarrel with any prince in Christendom—as how should they, never having seen one?—must pay taxes in the first place, and then must go and fight, and be shot at and die, leaving us poor women, their wives and daughters, to deplore their loss, and to nurse their wounds when they come home. Some forty years since (when I was young, my loves, and reported to be extremely good-looking), King Bonaparte and the French were on the point of invading this country. Fancy what a situation we should have been in had they come—the horrid

monsters ! My mind shudders at the very idea even now. Fancy my dear father, the ensign of volunteers, brought home wounded—dying. Fancy a dozen of horrible soldiers billeted in the house. Fancy some tall ferocious French general, with great black whiskers—Bonaparte himself, very likely, or Marshal Ney, at the very least—falling in love with a beauteous young creature, and insisting upon her marrying him ! My loves, I would have flung myself off London Bridge first. [Immense cheering, part of which, however, seemed to be ironical.]

Such—such is war ! and, for my part, I profess the greatest abhorrence of all such dreadful kind of glory ; and hope for the days when cocked hats and bayonets will only be kept as curiosities in museums, and scarlet cloth will be kept to make cloaks for old women.

But to return to King Richard—though he professed to be very sorry for his turbulent conduct during his father's reign, his sorrow did not lead him to mend his ways at all ; as, alas ! is usual with all quarrelsome people. The very first thing he did was to prepare for a great fight ; and in order to get money for this, he not only taxed his people very severely, but sold for a trifle the kingdom of Scotland, which his father had won. I don't know what the sum was which might be considered as trifling for the purchase of that country,¹ and indeed historians differ about it : but I leave you to imagine how hardly he must have been pressed for coin, when he could bring such an article as that to pawn.

What was called the Christian world then was about this time bent upon taking Jerusalem out of the hands of the Turks, who possessed it, and banded together in immense numbers for this purpose. Many of the princes so leagued were as false, wicked, and tyrannous men as ever lived ; but Richard Cœur-de-Lion had no artifice at all in his nature, and entered into the undertaking, which he thought a godly one, with all his heart and soul. To batter out Turks' brains with his great axe seemed to him the height

¹ Miss Tickletoy's extreme prejudice against Scotland and the Scotch may be accounted for by the fact that an opposition academy to hers is kept by Mr. M'Whirter, who, report says, once paid his addresses to Miss T. Having succeeded in drawing off a considerable number of her pupils to his school, Mr. M'W. at once discontinued his suit.

of Christianity, and no man certainly performed this questionable duty better than he. He and the King of France were the leaders of the crusade; but the latter, being jealous, or prudent, or disgusted with the enterprise, went speedily back to his kingdom, and left all the glory and all the fighting to King Richard. There never was, they say, such a strong and valiant soldier seen. In battle after battle the Turks gave way before him, and especially at the siege of Ascalon, he and his army slew no less than forty thousand Saracens, and defeated consequently Sultan Saladin, their leader.

In the intervals of fighting it seems that a great number



of politenesses passed between these two Princes; for when Richard was ill, Saladin sent him a box of pills from his own particular druggist; and as for Richard, it is said at one time that he wanted to knight the gallant Saracen, as though for all the world he were an Alderman or a Royal Academician. And though the Lion-hearted King felt it his Christian duty to pursue the Turk, and knock his brains out if he could catch him, yet he would not deny that he was a noble and generous Prince, and admired him more than any sovereign in his own camp. Wasn't it magnanimous? Oh, very.

At last, after a great number of victories, Richard came in sight of the city of Jerusalem, which was strongly fortified by the Turkish Sultan; and there the Lion-hearted King had the misfortune to find that there was not a single chance for him ever to win it. His army, by the number of glorious victories, was wasted away greatly. The other kings, dukes, and potentates, his allies, grumbled sadly; and the end was that he was obliged to march back to the sea again—and you may fancy Sultan Saladin's looks as he went off.

So he quitted the country in disguise, and in disgust too—(as for his army, never mind what became of *that*: if we lose our time pitying the common soldiers, we may cry till we are as old as Methuselah, and not get on)—Richard, I say, quitted the country in disguise and disgust, and, in company with a faithful friend or two, made for home.

But as he was travelling through Austria, he was recognized by some people in that country, and seized upon by the Duke of Austria, who hated him, and clapped him without any ceremony into prison. And, I dare say, while there he heartily regretted that, instead of coming home over land, he hadn't at once taken the steamer to Malta, and so got home that way.

Fancy, then, my beloved hearers, this great but unhappy monarch in prison;—fancy him, in a prison-dress very likely, made to take his turn on the mill with other offenders, and to live on a pint of gruel and a penny loaf a day; he who had been accustomed to the best of victuals, and was, if we may credit the late celebrated Sir Walter Scott, particularly partial to wine! There he was—a king—a great warrior—but lately a leader of hundreds of thousands of men, a captive in an odious penitentiary! Where was his army? again one can't help thinking. Oh, never mind *them*: they were done for long since, and out of their pain. So you see it is King Richard who is the object of compassion, for he *wasn't* killed.

I am led to believe that the prison regimen in Austria



in France as hard as ever, and at last was killed before a small castle which he was besieging. He did not pass six months in England in the whole course of his four years' reign : he did more harm to the country than many a worse king could do ; and yet he was loved by his people for his gallantry ; and somehow, although I know it is wrong, I can't help having a sneaking regard for him too.

My loves, it is time that you should go to play. [Immense enthusiasm, in the midst of which Miss T. retires.]

LECTURE VIII

JOHN—HENRY III—EDWARD I

As it is by no means my wish to say anything disrespectful of any sovereign who ever ascended the British throne, we must, my loves, pass over the reign of His late Majesty King John as briefly as possible ; for, between ourselves, a greater rascal never lived. You have many of you read of his infamous conduct to Rowena, Cedric the Saxon, and others, in the History of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe ; and I fear there are other facts, though perhaps not on so good authority, which are still more disreputable.

In the plays of the ingenious Shakespeare, some of which I have seen at Covent Garden, His Majesty's nephew, Prince Arthur, is made to climb over a canvas wall of about three feet high, and die lamentably of the fall in a ditch, in which a mattress has been laid ; but the truth, I fear, is that Prince Arthur did not commit suicide voluntary or involuntary, but that his royal uncle killed him, for His Royal Highness was the son of His Majesty's elder brother, and, by consequence, our rightful King. Well, well, there are ugly stories about high personages at court, and you know it makes very little difference to either of the Princes, now, which reigned and which didn't ; and I dare say, if the truth were known, King John by this time is heartily sorry for his conduct to his august nephew.

It may be expected that I should speak in this place of a celebrated document signed in this reign, by some called the commencement of our liberties, by others Magna Charta. You may read this very paper or parchment at the British Museum any day you please, and if you find anything in it about our liberties, I am a Dutchman—that is, a Dutch-

woman [‘Hear, hear’]; whereas, as the Register of St. Bartholomew’s, Smithfield, of the year seventeen hundred and—ahem!—as the Register, I say, proves, I am a Briton, and glory in the title.

The Pope of Rome who lived in those days was almost as facetious a person as Pope Gregory, of whom before we have spoken; and what do you think he did? I’m blessed if he did not make a present of the kingdom of England to the King of France! [immense laughter] then afterwards he made a present of it to King John very kindly; and the two Kings were about, as usual, to fight for it, when the French King’s army was in part shipwrecked, and partly beaten; and King John himself was seized with an illness, which put an end to him. And so farewell to him. He rebelled against his father, he conspired against his brother, he murdered his nephew, and he tyrannized over his people. Let us shed a tear for his memory, and pass on to his son, King Henry III, who began to reign in the year 1216, and was king for no less than fifty-six years.

I think the best thing he did during that long period was to beget his gallant son, who reigned after him under the title of King Edward the First. The English lords, in King Henry’s time, were discontented with his manner of reigning—for he was always in the hands of one favourite or another; and the consequence was that there were perpetual quarrels between the lords and the Prince, who was continually turned out of his kingdom and brought back again, or locked up in prison and let loose again. In the intervals the barons ruled, setting up what is called an *oligarchy*: when Henry governed himself, he was such a soft, effeminate creature that I think they might have called *his* reign a *mollygarchy*.

As not the least applause or laughter followed this pun, Miss T., somewhat disconcerted, said, I see you do not wish to hear anything more regarding Henry III, so, if you please, we will pass on to the history of his son, a wise king, a stern and great warrior. It was he who first gave the Commons of England in Parliament any authority or power to cope with the great barons, who had hitherto carried all before them; which, with the most sincere respect for their lordships, I cannot but think was a change for the better in our glorious constitution.

He was in the Holy Land when his father’s death was announced to him, following the fashion of that day, to fight

against the Turks, and murder them for the honour of religion. And here I cannot help pointing out how necessary it is that men should *never* part from their wives ; for the King, by having his with him, escaped a great danger. A man of a certain tribe called the Assassins (who have given their names to murderers ever since) stabbed the King in his tent with a dagger, whereupon the Queen, and honour be



to her, supposing that the knife which inflicted the wound might have been poisoned, sucked the wound with her own royal lips, and caused Prince Edward to say that a good wife was the very best doctor in the world. Look how the great artist I employ has represented the scene !

This good Queen died abroad, and her husband caused crosses to be erected at the different places where her body rested on its way to its burial, where the people might stop

and pray for her soul. I wonder how many people who pass by Charing Cross nowadays ever think of her, or whether the omnibuses stop there in order that the cads and coachmen may tell their beads for good Queen Elinor ?

From 1272, when he began to reign, until 1307, when he died, King Edward was engaged in ceaseless wars. In being lord of the largest portion of the island of Great Britain, he had a mind to possess the whole of it ; and, in order to do so, had to subdue the Welsh first, and the Scots afterwards. Perhaps some of you have read an ode by Mr. Gray, beginning, 'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King' ? [*But, as not a single person in the company had, Miss T. said :*] At any rate, my loves, you have heard, no doubt, of the bards ?

Miss Binge.—Papa calls Shakespeare the immoral bard of Heaven. What is a bard, ma'am ?

Miss T.—Why, the bards, as I am led to believe, are Welsh poets, with long beards, who played Welsh airs upon Welsh harps. Some people are very fond of these airs ; though, for my part, I confess, after hearing *Poor Mary Ann* played for fourteen consecutive hours by a blind harper at Llangollen, I rather felt as if I should prefer any other tune to that.

Master Spry.—Pray, ma'am, hare the Welsh airs hanything like the Welsh rabbits ? If so, mother can perform 'em very prettily. [*A laugh, which Miss Tickleto by severely checks, and continues :*]

This country of Wales King Edward determined should be his own, and accordingly made war upon the Princes of the Principality, who withstood him in many bloody actions, and at one time were actually puffed up with the idea that one of their Princes should become King of England, on account of an old prophecy of Merlin's—

'*Llewellyn ydrolwyl cwmllwm.*'—MERLIN'S PROPHECIES.

'Let Wales attend ! the bard prophetic said :

I.V at Y. shall crown Llewellyn's Z.'—SIMCOE.

From which obscure phrase the people, and Llewellyn himself, were led to believe that they would overcome the stern and powerful King of England.

But the prophecy was fulfilled in a singular way. On the two armies meeting together on the river Wye, Llewellyn was slain by an English knight, and his head in derision crowned with ivy. The other Welsh Sovereign, Prince David,

met with a worse fate than to die in battle ; he repeatedly rebelled against King Edward, and was forgiven until the last time, when he was taken in arms, and judged to die as a rebel, so forming the last of his line.

If the King had had trouble with the Welsh, with the Scots he had still more, and was occupied during almost the whole of his reign in settling (after his own fashion, to be sure) that unruly nation.

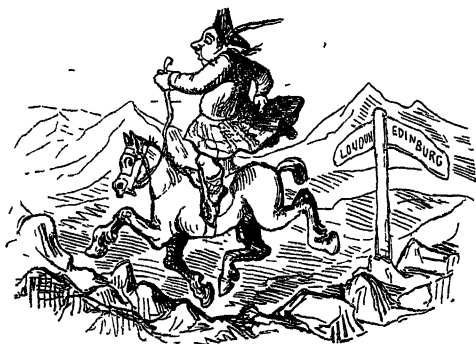
In one of his invasions of Scotland, he carried off the famous stone on which the Scottish Kings used to sit at their coronation—and a very cold seat it must have been for their Majesties, considering their unhappy custom of wearing no small-clothes ; which are not the least of the inestimable, I may say inexpressible, benefits the Scots have derived from commerce with this country.

On the regular line of the Scotch Kings having ended—(never mind in whose person, for, after all, a King without pantaloons is a sorry subject to trouble one's head about)—the regular line being ended, there started up several claimants to the throne ; and the lords of the country, in an evil hour, called upon Edward to decide who should succeed. He gave a just award, assigning the crown to one John Baliol ; but he caused Baliol to swear fealty to him for his crown, and did not scruple about having him up to London whenever he was minded. It is said that he summoned him to court six times in one year, when Edinburgh was at least a month's journey from London. So thus the poor fellow must have passed the whole year upon the road, bumping up and down on a rough-trotting horse ; and he without what-d'ye-call-'ems, too !—after the fashion of Humphry Clinker.

The consequence may be imagined. Baliol was quite worn out by such perpetual jolting. Flesh and blood couldn't bear twelve of these journeys in a year ; and he wrote to King Edward, stating his determination no longer to be saddled with a throne.

Wisely, then, he retired. He took up his residence in Normandy, where he passed his life quietly in devotion, it is said, and the cultivation of literature. The Master of Baliol College, Oxford, has kindly communicated to me a MS., in the handwriting of the retired Prince, accompanied with designs, which, though rude, are interesting to the antiquary. Here is one representing John of Baliol on the North

Road, which must have been in a sad condition indeed at the close of the thirteenth century.



The motto placed beneath the illumination by the royal bard is a quaint, simple, and pathetic one. He says touchingly—

‘To Scotys withouten brychys rydinge is not swete.

I mote have kept my crowne, I shold have lost my seate.’

He retired, then ; but a greater than he arose to battle for the independence of his country.

LECTURE IX

EDWARD I—THE SCOTS AND THEIR CLAIMS



COTCHMEN, my dears, you know are my antipathy, and I had at one time thought, in these lectures, of so demolishing the reputation of William Wallace, that historians would never more have dared to speak about him, and the numbers who hear me, the millions who read me in *Punch*, the countless myriads who in future ages will refer to that work when we, young and old, are no more, would have seen at once that the exploits ascribed to him were fabulous for the most part, and his

character as doubtful as his history.

Some late writers have been very hard upon him. Dr. Lingard, especially, has fallen foul of his claims to be a hero ; and another author, Mr. Keightley, has been to the full as severe, quoting sentences from the old chroniclers strongly defamatory of Wallace's character. One of these calls him, '*quidam latro publicus*,' a certain common thief ; another, writing of his family, says he was '*ex infima gente procreatus*'—sprung from the lowest of the low ; but these writers, it must be remembered, were of the English nation and way of thinking. Washington was similarly abused during the American war ; and I make no doubt that some of my darlings, who read the English newspapers, have seen exactly the same epithets applied to Mr. Daniel O'Connell.

It is easy to call names in this way, but let us, my beloved young friends, be more charitable ; in the case of these Scots especially, for if we take Wallace from them, what hero do we leave to the poor creatures ? Sir Walter Scott has, to be sure, invented a few good Scotchmen in his novels, and perhaps their actions, and those of Wallace, are equally true.

But even supposing that he did come of a low stock,—that he was a freebooter once, it is clear that he came to command the Scotch armies, that he was for a short time Regent of the kingdom—so much the more creditable to him then was it that, by his skill and valour, he overcame those brave and disciplined troops that were sent against him, and raised himself to the position he occupied for a while over the heads of a powerful, ignorant, cowardly, sordid, treacherous, selfish nobility, such as that of the Scots was.

Even poor John Baliol made one or two attempts to rescue his crown from the domineering Edward, but these nobles, though they conspired against the English King, were the first to truckle down to him when he came to assert what he called his right ; and the proof of their time-serving conduct is, that King Edward forgave every one of them, except Wallace, who was the only man who refused to come to terms with the conqueror.

During the King's absence Wallace had tolerable success ; he discomfited the English leaders in many small skirmishes and surprises, and defeated, at Cambuskenneth, a great body of the English troops. He thought, too, to have as easy work with the King himself, when Edward, hearing of his lieutenant's defeat, came thundering down to avenge him.

But the Scot was no match for the stern English warrior. At Falkirk the King gave Wallace's army such a beating as almost annihilated it, and Wallace was obliged to fly to the woods, where he was finally seized by one of his former friends and adherents; and, being sent to London, there died the death of a traitor.

Be warned then, my little dears, when you come to read the *History of the Scottish Chiefs*, by my dear friend Miss



Porter, that William Wallace was by no means the character which that charming historian has depicted, going into battle, as it were, with a tear in his eye, a cambric handkerchief in his hand, and a flounce to his petticoat; nor was he the heroic creature of Tytler and Scott; nor, most probably, the ruffian that Doctor Lingard would have him to be.

He appears, it is true, to have been as violent and ferocious a soldier as ever lived; in his inroads into England murdering and ravaging without pity. But such was the custom of his time; and such being the custom, as we

excuse Wallace for murdering the English, we must excuse Edward for hanging Wallace when he caught him. Hanging and murdering, look you, were quite common in those days ; nay, they were thought to be just and laudable, and I make no doubt that people at that period who objected to such murders at all, were accused of ‘ sickly sentimentality ’, just as they are now, who presume to be hurt when the law orders a fellow creature to be killed before the Old Bailey. Well, at any rate, allow us to be thankful that we do not live in those days, when each of us would have had a thousand more chances of being hanged than now. There is no sickly sentimentality about such a preference as *that*.

Let us allow, then, the claims of Wallace to be a hero and patriot. Another hero arose in Scotland after Wallace’s discomfiture, who was more lucky than he ; but stern King Edward of the Longshanks was dead when Bruce’s triumphs were secured ; and his son, Edward of Carnarvon, was making-believe to reign.

This Bruce had been for a long time shilly-shallying as to the side he should take ; whether he should join his countrymen over whom he might possibly become King ; or whether he should remain faithful to King Edward, and not risk his estates or his neck. The latter counsel for some time prevailed ; for amongst other causes they had to take sides against their country, a chief one was, hatred of the Baliols. When John of Baliol died, his son being then a prisoner in London, a nephew of John Baliol, called Comyn of Badenoch, became the head man in Scotland. He had always been found gallantly in arms against King Edward, doing his duty as a soldier in Falkirk fight, and in many other actions, with better or similar fortune—not sneaking in the English camp as Bruce was.

The King, however, who had pardoned the young man many times, at last got wind of some new conspiracies in which he was engaged, and vowed, it was said, to make away with him. Bruce got warning in time, made for Scotland, called a meeting with the Regent, Comyn of Badenoch, who granted the interview, and hereupon Bruce murdered Comyn in God’s church, and at once proclaimed himself King of Scotland. The Scotch historians have tried to apologize as usual for this foul and dastardly assassination, saying that it was done in a heat—unpremeditated, and so forth. Nonsense, my loves ; Robert Bruce had been shuffling and

intriguing all his life. He murdered the man who stood between him and the crown—and he took it, and if you read Sir Walter Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, you will see what a hero he has made of him. O these Scotchmen! these Scotchmen! how they *do* stand by one another!

Old Edward came tearing down to the borders on the news, vowing he would kill and eat Robert Bruce; but it was not so ordained; the old King was carried off by a much more powerful enemy than any bare-legged Scot; and his son, Edward of Carnarvon (who reigned 1307–1327), had not the energy of his father; and though he made several attempts to punish the Scots, was usually left in the lurch by his nobility, and on one occasion, at Bannockburn, cruelly beaten by them. They have made a pretty pother about that battle, I warrant you, those Scots; and you may hear sailors from Glasgow or Paisley still crow and talk big about it. Give the fellows their battle, my dears; we can afford it. [Great sensation]. As for the murderer, Robert Bruce, he was, it must be confessed, a wary and gallant captain—wise in good fortune, resolute in bad, and he robbed the English counties to the satisfaction of his subjects. It is almost a pity to think he deserved to be hanged.

During the dissensions in England, Robert Bruce, having pretty well secured Scotland, took a fancy to Ireland too—invaded the country himself, came rather suddenly back again, and sent his brother Edward, who even had the impudence to be crowned King of Ireland: but the English forces coming up with him, took his crown from him with his head in it—and so ended the reigns of the Bruces in Ireland.

As for Edward of Carnarvon, little good can be said of him or his times. An extravagant, idle King, insolent favourites (though Gaveston, it must be confessed, was a gallant and dashing fellow), bullying greedy barons, jealous that any one should have power but themselves, and, above all (alas! that I should have to say it), an infamous, disreputable wretch of a French wife, fill the whole pages of this wretched King's reign, with their quarrels, their vices, and their murders. In the midst of their quarrels, they allowed the country to be bullied by the French, and even the Scots; the people were racked and torn by taxes and tyranny; the King was finally deposed, and murdered by the intrigues of his wicked vixen of a wife, who did not, however, enjoy her ill-gotten honours long as Regent of the kingdom. Edward

the Third came to the throne, and of him we will speak in the next lecture.

In the year 1356, the Black Prince, who had commenced his career ten years earlier as a gallant young soldier at Crécy, had an opportunity of achieving for himself a triumph to the full as great as that former famous one. Robbing and murdering for ten years, as he had been, he had become naturally a skilful captain; and now, in 1356, say the historians, having left his chief city of Bordeaux with 12,000 men, crossing the Garonne, overrunning the Querci, the Limousin, Auvergne, and Berri, slaughtering the peasantry, destroying the corn, wine, and provisions, and burning the farm-houses, villages, and towns, he was surprised near Poitiers, in the province of Poitou, by a large army, led by King John of France. The French army was very large—that of the Black Prince very small. ‘Heaven help us,’ said His Royal Highness; ‘it only remains for us to fight bravely.’

He was, however, so doubtful as to the result of the action, that he sent rather modest proposals to the French king, offering to give up his plunder and prisoners, and to promise not to serve against France for seven years, if the French would but let him off this time. King John, however, replied that he must have the Black Prince and a hundred of his chief knights as prisoners, before he would listen to any terms of accommodation, which idea his Royal Highness ‘indignantly rejected.’

He beat the King of France, whose goods he was carrying off; he killed his friends who came to help the King, he drove the King’s servants away; he took King John to England, and would not let him return to France again until he had paid an enormous sum for his ransom. And this was the man who called upon Heaven to defend the right! Ah, my dears, there is not a crowned ruffian in Europe who has not uttered the same cry these thousand years past, attesting Heaven in behalf of his unjust quarrel, and murdering and robbing with the most sacred of all names in his mouth.

Perhaps the most annoying part of the whole imprisonment to poor King John must have been the abominable politeness and humility of his captor. Taken prisoner, and his grand army routed by a handful of starving brigands, the King was marched to supper in the conqueror’s tent, the Prince complimented him by saying that his victory was all chance, that the King ought to have won it (and so he ought

and no mistake), and that His Majesty was the 'garland of chivalry.' Nor would he sit down in His Majesty's presence—not he—he said he was the subject and only fit to wait upon the King (to wait upon him and rob him), so he fetched the dishes, drew the corks, and performed all the duties of His Majesty's yellowplush.

His conduct in carrying his prisoner to London was of the same sort. He had a triumphal entry : the King being placed on a great horse, the Prince meekly riding a pony



beside him, and all the people, of course, shouting 'Long live the Prince !' What humility ! cry the historians, what noble conduct ! No, no, my loves, I say it was *sham humility*, the very worst sort of pride ; if he wanted to spare his prisoner's feelings why didn't the Prince call a hackney-coach ?

In the year 1376, twenty years after his victory of Poitiers, the gallant Black Prince (who in France and Spain, at the head of his famous free companies, had fought many a hard fight since then), died, leaving an only son behind him. Old King Edward, who had been battling and fighting as much as his son, now in his old age, had grown dotingly fond of a wicked hussy, Alice Perrers by name, that had been maid of honour to the good Queen Philippa. The King gave to this good-for-nothing creature all the Queen's jewels, she had the giving away of all the places about the court, and behaved in such a way that the Parliament was obliged to stop her extravagance.

A year after his son, the famous old warrior, King

Edward III, felt that death was coming upon him ; and called his beloved Alice Perrers to come and console him ere he died. She seeing death on his face, took the expiring monarch's hand in hers, and pulled his ring off his finger. The servants pillaged the wardrobes and the hangings of the bed, and dying Edward, the terror of Frenchmen, lay unheeded upon his bed, until a priest came by chance into the room, and knelt down by the King's side, and said a prayer with him for the safety of his soul, at the end whereof, the priest alone had the power of saying ' Amen.'

Here Miss Tickletoby paused with a very solemn voice, and the little children retired quite wistfully and silently, and were all particularly good in school the next day.

LECTURE X

EDWARD III

THE reign of the third Edward has always been considered a glorious period of our annals—the fact is, he beat the French soundly, and it is always a comfort to read of these absurd, vapouring, vainglorious Frenchmen obtaining a beating—and he has had for a historian of his battles one John Froissart, a very bad clergyman, as I make no doubt, but a writer so exceedingly lively and pleasant, that the scenes of the war are made to pass before the reader as if he saw them. No—not as if he saw them in reality by the way, but as if he beheld them well acted in a theatre, the principal characters represented by Mr. Charles Kean, and other splendid stars of the stage.

So there is nothing but fighting in the works of the Reverend John Froissart—nothing but fighting and killing ; yet all passes with such brilliancy, splendour, and good humour that you can't fancy for the world that anybody is hurt ; and though the warriors of whom he speaks are sometimes wounded, it really seems as if they liked it. It is—' Fair Sir, shall we for the honour of our ladies, or the love of the Blessed Virgin of Heaven, cut each other's heads off ? ' ' I am unworthy to have the honour of running through the body such a flower of chivalry as you,' replies the other, and herewith smiling sweetly on each other,

gaudy with plumes, and gold, and blazing coats of armour, bestriding prancing war-horses, covered also with gay housings, and bright steel, at it the two gentlemen go, with lances in rest, shouting their war-cries gaily. 'A Manny! a Manny! our Lady for Alençon,' says one or the other:—'For the love of the saints parry me that cut, Sir,' says Sir Walter Manny, delivering it gracefully with his heavy battle-sword. 'Par le Sambleu, beau Sire, voilà un beau coup d'espée,' says the constable to the other, politely, who has just split his nose in two, or carried off his left whisker and cheek:—and the common people go



ENGLISHMAN WITH CLOTH-YARD SHAFT

to work just as genteelly;—whizz! how the bow-strings thrum, as the English archers, crying 'St. George for England,' send their arrows forth!

Montjoie! St. Denis!—how the French men-at-arms come thundering over the cornfields, their lances and corslets shining in the sun!—As for me, my dears, when I read the story, I fancy myself for a moment or two Jane of Montfort, dressed in armour, and holding up my son in my arms, calling upon my faithful nobles of Bretagne to defend me and him.

[Here Miss Tickletoby, seizing playfully hold of Master Timson, lifted him gaily in one of her arms, and stood for a moment in a heroic attitude; but the children, never having before heard of Jane of Montfort or her history,

were quite frightened, and fancied their venerable instructress mad,—while Master Timson, who believed he had been elevated for the purpose of being flogged, set up a roar which caused the worthy lady to put him quickly down again.]

But to speak of King Edward III. The first act of his reign may be said to have been the seizing of one Mortimer, the Queen's lover, whom he caused to be hanged, and of Her Majesty, whom he placed in a castle, where she lived for the last seven-and-twenty years of her life, with a handsome allowance made to her by her son.

The chief of his time hereafter was filled up with wars—those wars which are so pleasant to read of in Froissart, before mentioned, but which I need not tell any little child here who ever by chance has had a black eye or a whipping, are by no means pleasant in reality. When we read that the King's son, the Black Prince, burned down no less than 500 towns and villages in the south of France, laying the country waste round about them, and driving the population Heaven knows where, you may fancy what the character of these wars must have been, and that if they were good fun to the knights and soldiers, they were by no means so pleasant to the people.

By such exploits, however, the reign of Edward is to be noted. Robert Bruce being dead, and his son a child, Edward fell on the Scots, slaughtered forty thousand of them at Halidon Hill, and aided the younger Baliol, who in return promised the submission of himself and kingdom to England, to take a temporary possession of the throne. The Scotch, however, soon rose against Baliol ; and Edward Bruce got back his crown—such as it was.

Then our Lord Sir Edward took a fancy to France, and, upon a most preposterous claim advanced by him, assumed the French arms, called himself king of that country, and prepared to take possession of the same. The first thing he did, to this end, was to obtain a glorious victory over the French navy, taking no less than two hundred and forty of their ships, and killing I don't know how many thousands of their men. I don't know if the French wore ' wooden shoes ' in those days, but the English hated them for that or some other equally good cause ; and the Parliaments for ever granted the King money to carry on the war in assertion of his just rights. Just rights, forsooth !—a

private man putting forward such claims to another's purse, and claiming his just rights with a pistol at your head, would be hanged for his pains. Bishops and priests said prayers for King Edward, and judges and lawyers wrote long lying documents in support of his cause.

In spite of the hundreds of thousands of pounds which his subjects gave him, and the hundreds of thousands of men he brought into the field against the King of France, Edward for some time made very little way, and did not overcome the French King's armies—for the very good reason that the latter would never meet him. And it is a singular thing that when the two armies *did* meet, and the English obtained those two victories about which we have been bragging for near five hundred years, we did not fight until we were forced, and because we could not help it. Burning, robbing, ravaging, Edward's troops had arrived at the gates of Paris, not with the hope of conquering the country, but of plundering it simply; and were making the best of their way home again from the pursuit of an immense French army which was pressing them very hard, when Edward, finding he could not escape without a fight, took a desperate stand and the best ground he could find on the famous hill of Crécy.

Here, sheltered amidst the vines, the English archers and chivalry took their posts; and the blundering French, as absurdly vain and supercilious in those days as they are at this moment, thinking to make easy work of *ces coquins d'Anglais*, charged the hill and the vineyards—not the English, who were behind them, and whose arrows slaughtered them without pity.

When the huge mass of the French army was thrown into disorder by these arrows, the English riders issued out and plunged among them, murdering at their ease; and the result was a glorious triumph to the British arms. King Edward's son, a lad of fourteen, distinguished himself in the fight, holding his ground bravely against the only respectable attack which the French seem to have made in the course of the day. And ever since that day, the Princes of Wales, as you know, have had for a crest that of an old King of Bohemia (the blind old fool!) who could not see the English, but bade his squires lead him towards them, so that he might exchange a few *coups de lance* with them. So the squires laced their bridles into his, made

their attack, and were run through the body in a minute ; and SERVE 'EM RIGHT, say I.



ENGLISH BILL-MAN

Whilst Edward was fighting this battle, those marauding Scotchmen, under David Bruce their new king (as great a robber, my dears, as his father), thought they might take advantage of the unprotected state of the kingdom, and came across the border in great force, to plunder as usual. But I am happy to state that Her Majesty Queen Philippa, heading a small English army, caught them at a place called Nevil's Cross, and utterly defeated the thievish rogues,

killing vast numbers of them. She was as kind-hearted, too, as she was brave. For at the siege of Calais, after Edward had reduced the town, he swore, in his rage at the resistance of the garrison, that he would hang six of the principal inhabitants. These unhappy six came before him 'in their shirts, with halters round their necks,' the old chroniclers say, and as, in fact, is proved by the following portraits of



THE CITIZENS OF CALAIS

The Queen interceded for their lives ; the Monarch granted her prayer, and Her Majesty gave the poor burghers what must have been very acceptable to them after six months' starvation, a comfortable meal of victuals.

'I hope they went home first TO DRESS FOR DINNER,' here remarked an intelligent pupil.

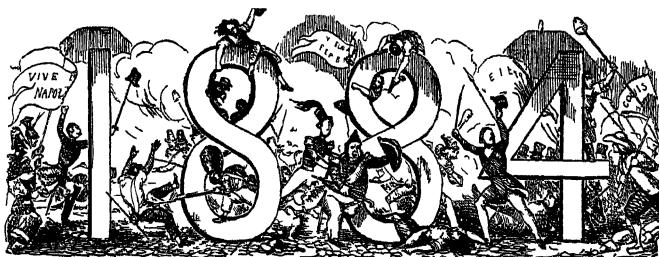
'Of course, they must have done so, my dear,' answered Miss Tickletohy ; 'but for my part, I believe that the whole scene must have been arranged previously between the King and Queen ; indeed, as you will see by the picture, neither of them can help laughing at the ridiculous figure the burgesses cut.'

The company separated in immense good humour, saying that the lecturer had, on this occasion, mingled amusement with much stern instruction.

THE HISTORY OF THE NEXT FRENCH REVOLUTION

(FROM A FORTHCOMING HISTORY OF EUROPE)

[February to April, 1844]



CHAPTER I

It is seldom that the historian has to record events more singular than those which occurred during this year, when the crown of France was battled for by no less than four pretenders, with equal claims, merits, bravery, and popularity. First in the list we place—

His Royal Highness, Louis Antony Frederic Samuel Anna-Maria, Duke of Brittany, and son of Louis XVI. The unhappy Prince, when a prisoner with his unfortunate parents in the Temple, was enabled to escape from that place of confinement, hidden (for the treatment of the ruffians who guarded him had caused the young Prince to dwindle down astonishingly) in the cocked hat of the representative Røederer. It is well known that, in the troublous revolutionary times, cocked hats were worn of a considerable size.

He passed a considerable part of his life in Germany; was confined there for thirty years in the dungeon of

Spielberg ; and, escaping thence to England, was, under pretence of debt, but in reality from political hatred, imprisoned there also in the Tower of London. He must not be confounded with any other of the persons who laid claim to be children of the unfortunate victim of the first revolution.

The next claimant, Henri of Bordeaux, is better known. In the year 1843, he held his little fugitive court in furnished lodgings, in a forgotten district of London, called Belgrave Square. Many of the nobles of France flocked thither to him, despising the persecutions of the occupant of the throne ; and some of the chiefs of the British nobility, among whom may be reckoned the celebrated and chivalrous Duke of Jenkins, aided the adventurous young Prince with their counsels, their wealth, and their valour.

The third candidate was His Imperial Highness Prince John Thomas Napoleon—a fourteenth cousin of the late emperor ; and said by some to be a Prince of the House of Gomersal. He argued justly that, as the immediate relatives of the celebrated Corsican had declined to compete for the crown which was their right, he, Prince John Thomas, being next in succession, was, undoubtedly, heir to the vacant imperial throne. And in support of his claim, he appealed to the fidelity of Frenchmen and the strength of his good sword.

His Majesty Louis Philippe was, it need not be said, the illustrious wielder of the sceptre which the three above-named princes desired to wrest from him. It does not appear that the sagacious monarch was esteemed by his subjects as such a prince should have been esteemed. The light-minded people, on the contrary, were rather weary than otherwise of his sway. They were not in the least attached to his amiable family, for whom His Majesty with characteristic thrift had endeavoured to procure satisfactory allowances. And the leading statesmen of the country, whom His Majesty had disgusted, were suspected of entertaining any but feelings of loyalty towards his house and person.

It was against the three above-named pretenders that Louis Philippe (now nearly a hundred years old), a prince amongst sovereigns, was called upon to defend his crown.

The city of Paris was guarded, as we all know, by a hundred and twenty-four forts, of a thousand guns each ;

provisioned for a considerable time, and all so constructed as to fire, if need were, upon the Palace of the Tuileries. Thus, should the mob attack it, as in August 1792, and July 1830, the building could be razed to the ground in an hour : thus, too, the capital was quite secure from foreign invasion. Another defence against the foreigners was the state of the roads ; since the English companies had retired, half a mile only of railroad had been completed in France, and thus any army accustomed, as those of Europe now are, to move at sixty miles an hour, would have been *ennuyé*'d to death before they could have marched from the Rhenish, the Maritime, the Alpine, or the Pyrenean frontier upon the capital of France. The French people, however, were indignant at this defect of communication in their territory, and said, without the least show of reason, that they would have preferred that the five hundred and seventy-five thousand millions of francs which had been expended upon the fortifications should have been laid out in a more peaceful manner. However, behind his forts, the King lay secure.

As it is our aim to depict in as vivid a manner as possible the strange events of the period, the actions, the passions of individuals and parties engaged, we cannot better describe them than by referring to contemporary documents, of which there is no lack. It is amusing at the present day to read in the pages of the *Moniteur* and the *Journal des Débats* the accounts of the strange scenes which took place.

The year 1884 had opened very tranquilly. The Court of the Tuileries had been extremely gay. The three-and-twenty youngest Princes of England, sons of Her Majesty Victoria, had enlivened the balls by their presence. The Emperor of Russia and family had paid their accustomed visit ; and the King of the Belgians had, as usual, made his visit to his royal father-in-law, under pretence of duty and pleasure, but really to demand payment of the Queen of the Belgians' dowry, which Louis Philippe of Orleans still resolutely declined to pay. Who would have thought that in the midst of such festivity danger was lurking rife ; in the midst of such quiet, rebellion ?

Charenton was the great lunatic asylum of Paris, and it was to this repository that the scornful journalist consigned the pretender to the throne of Louis XVI.

But on the next day, viz. Saturday, the 29th Feb., the

same journal contained a paragraph of a much more startling and serious import; in which, although under a mask of carelessness, it was easy to see the Government alarm.

On Friday, the 28th Feb., the *Journal des Débats* contained a paragraph, which did not occasion much sensation at the Bourse, so absurd did its contents seem. It ran as follows :—

‘Encore un Louis XVII ! A letter from Calais tells us that a strange personage, lately landed from England (from Bedlam we believe), has been giving himself out to be the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI. This is the twenty-fourth pretender of the species who has asserted that his father was the august victim of the Temple. Beyond his pretensions, the poor creature is said to be pretty harmless; he is accompanied by one or two old women, who declare they recognize in him the Dauphin; he does not make any attempt to seize upon his throne by force of arms, but waits until Heaven shall conduct him to it.

‘If His Majesty comes to Paris, we presume he will *take up* his quarters in the palace of *Charenton*.

‘We have not before alluded to certain rumours which have been afloat (among the lowest *canaille*, and the vilest *estaminets*, of the Metropolis), that a notorious personage—why should we hesitate to mention the name of the Prince John Thomas Napoleon ?—has entered France with culpable intentions, and revolutionary views. The *Moniteur* of this morning, however, confirms the disgraceful fact. A pretender is on our shores; an armed assassin is threatening our peaceful liberties; a wandering, homeless cut-throat is robbing on our highways; and the punishment of his crime awaits him. Let no considerations of the past deter that just punishment: it is the duty of the legislator to provide for *the future*. Let the full powers of the law be brought against him, aided by the stern justice of the public force. Let him be tracked, like a wild beast, to his lair, and meet the fate of one. But the sentence has, ere this, been certainly executed. The brigand, we hear, has been distributing (without any effect) pamphlets among the low ale-houses and peasantry of the department of the Upper Rhine (in which he lurks); and the police have an easy means of tracking his footsteps.

‘Corporal Crâne, of the Gendarmerie, is on the track of the unfortunate young man. His attempt will only serve to show the folly of Pretenders, and the love, respect, regard, fidelity, admiration, reverence, and passionate personal attachment in which we hold our beloved Sovereign.’

SECOND EDITION !—CAPTURE OF THE PRINCE !

‘A courier has just arrived at the Tuileries with a report, that after a scuffle between Corporal Crâne and the ‘Imperial Army,’ in a water-barrel, whither the latter had retreated, victory has remained with the former. A desperate combat ensued in the first place in a hayloft, whence the Pretender was ejected with immense loss. He is now a prisoner—and we dread to think what his fate may be ! It will warn future aspirants, and give Europe a lesson which it is not likely to forget. Above all, it will set beyond a doubt the regard, respect, admiration, reverence, and adoration which we all feel for our Sovereign.’

THIRD EDITION !

‘A second courier has arrived—the infatuated Crâne has made common cause with the Prince, and for ever forfeited the respect of Frenchmen. A detachment of the 520th Léger has marched in pursuit of the Pretender and his dupes. Go, Frenchmen, go and conquer ! Remember that it is our rights you guard, our homes which you march to defend ; our laws which are confided to the points of your unsullied bayonets ;—above all, our dear, dear Sovereign, around whose throne you rally !

‘Our feelings overpower us. Men of the 520th remember your watchword is GEMAPPES,—your countersign, VALMY.’

‘The Emperor of Russia and his distinguished family quitted the Tuileries this day. His Imperial Majesty embraced His Majesty the King of the French with tears in his eyes, and conferred upon their RR.HH., the Princes of Nemours and Joinville, the grand cross of the Order of the Blue Eagle.’

‘His Majesty passed a review of the police force—the venerable monarch was received with deafening cheers by this admirable and disinterested body of men. Those cheers were echoed in all French hearts : long, long may our beloved Prince be among us to receive them.’

CHAPTER II

HENRY V AND NAPOLEON III

Sunday, February 30th.

WE resume our quotations from the *Débats*, which thus introduces a third Pretender to the throne :—

‘ Is this distracted country never to have peace ? While on Friday we recorded the pretensions of a maniac to the great throne of France ; while on Saturday we were compelled to register the culpable attempts of one whom we regard as a ruffian, murderer, swindler, forger, burglar and common pickpocket, to gain over the allegiance of Frenchmen—it is to-day our painful duty to announce a *third* invasion—yes, a third invasion. The wretched, superstitious, fanatic Duke of Bordeaux has landed at Nantes, and has summoned the Vendéans and the Bretons to mount the white cockade.

‘ Grand Dieu ! are we not happy under the tricolor ? Do we not repose under the majestic shadow of the best of kings ? Is there any name prouder than that of Frenchman ; any subject more happy than that of our sovereign ? Does not the whole French family adore their father ? Yes. Our lives, our hearts, our blood, our fortune, are at his disposal : it was not in vain that we raised, it is not the first time we have rallied round, the august throne of July. The unhappy duke is most likely a prisoner by this time ; and the martial court which shall be called upon to judge one infamous traitor and Pretender, may at the same moment judge another. Away with both ! let the ditch of Vincennes (which has been already fatal to his race) receive his body too, and with it the corpse of the other Pretender. Thus will a great crime be wiped out of history, and the manes of a slaughtered martyr avenged !

‘ One word more. We hear that the Duke of Jenkins accompanies the descendant of Caroline of Naples—an *English Duke*, *entendez-vous !* an English Duke, great Heaven ! and the Princes of England still dancing in our royal halls ! Where, where will the perfidy of Albion end ? ’

‘ The King reviewed the third and fourth battalions of police. The usual heartrending cheers accompanied the monarch, who looked younger than ever we saw him—aye,

as young as when he faced the Austrian cannon at Valmy, and scattered their squadrons at Gemappes.

‘Rations of liquor, and crosses of the Legion of Honour, were distributed to all the men.

‘The English Princes quitted the Tuileries in twenty-three coaches-and-four. They were not rewarded with crosses of the Legion of Honour. This is significant.’

‘The Dukes of Joinville and Nemours left the palace for the departments of the Loire and Upper Rhine, where they



will take the command of the troops. The Joinville regiment, *cavalerie de la marine*, is one of the finest in the service.’

‘Orders have been given to arrest the fanatic who calls himself Duke of Brittany, and who has been making some disturbances in the *Pas de Calais*.’

‘ANECDOTE OF HIS MAJESTY.—At the review of troops (police) yesterday, His Majesty, going up to one old *grogard*, and pulling him by the ear, said, “Wilt thou have a cross

or another ration of wine ? ” The old hero, smiling archly, answered, “ Sire, a brave man can gain a cross any day of battle, but it is hard for him sometimes to get a drink of wine.” We need not say that he had his drink, and the generous Sovereign sent him the cross and ribbon too.’

On the next day, the Government journals begin to write in rather a despondent tone regarding the progress of the Pretenders to the throne. In spite of their big talking, anxiety is clearly manifested, as appears from the following remarks of the *Débats* :—

‘ The courier from the Rhine departments,’ says the *Débats*, ‘ brings us the following astounding proclamation —

“ Strasburg, xxii Nivose : Decadi. 92nd year of the Republic, one and indivisible. We, John Thomas NAPOLEON, by the Constitutions of the Empire, Emperor of the French Republic, to our marshals, generals, officers, and soldiers, greeting :

“ Soldiers !

“ From the summit of the Pyramids, forty centuries look down upon you. The sun of Austerlitz has risen once more. The Guard dies, but never surrenders. My eagles, flying from steeple to steeple, never shall droop till they perch on the towers of Notre Dame.

“ Soldiers ! the child of *your Father* has remained long in exile. I have seen the fields of Europe where your laurels are now withering, and I have communed with the dead who repose beneath them. They ask where are our children ? Where is France ? Europe no longer glitters with the shine of its triumphant bayonets—echoes no more with the shouts of its victorious cannon. Who could reply to such a question, save with a blush ?—And does a blush become the cheeks of Frenchmen ?

“ No. Let us wipe from our faces that degrading mark of shame. Come, as of old, and rally round my eagles ! You have been subject to fiddling prudence long enough. Come, worship now at the shrine of Glory ! You have been promised liberty, but you have had none. I will endow you with the true, the real freedom. When your ancestors burst over the Alps, were they not free ? Yes : free to conquer. Let us imitate the example of those indomitable myriads ; and, flinging a defiance to Europe, once more trample over her ; march in triumph into her prostrate

capitals, and bring her kings with her treasures at our feet. This is the liberty worthy of Frenchmen.

“ Frenchmen ! I promise you that the Rhine shall be restored to you ; and that England shall rank no more among the nations. I will have a marine that shall drive her ships from the seas ; a few of my brave regiments will do the rest. Henceforth, the traveller in that desert island shall ask, ‘ Was it this wretched corner of the world that for a thousand years defied Frenchmen ? ’

“ Frenchmen, up and rally !—I have flung my banner to the breezes ; ’tis surrounded by the faithful and the brave :—up, and let our motto be, LIBERTY, EQUALITY, WAR ALL OVER THE WORLD !

“ NAPOLEON III.”

“ *The Marshal of the Empire, Haricot.*”

‘ Such is the Proclamation ! such the hopes that a brutal-minded and bloody adventurer holds out to our country. “ War all over the world,” is the cry of the savage demon ; and the fiends who have rallied round him echo it in concert. We were not, it appears, correct in stating that a corporal’s guard had been sufficient to seize upon the marauder, when the first fire would have served to conclude his miserable life. But, like a hideous disease, the contagion has spread ; the remedy must be dreadful. Woe to those on whom it will fall !

‘ His Royal Highness the Prince of Joinville, Admiral of France, has hastened, as we before stated, to the disturbed districts, and takes with him his *cavalerie de la marine*. It is hard to think that the blades of those chivalrous heroes must be buried in the bosoms of Frenchmen : but so be it : it is those monsters who have asked for blood : not we. It is those ruffians who have begun to quarrel : not we. We remain calm and hopeful, reposing under the protection of the dearest and best of sovereigns.

‘ The wretched Pretender, who called himself Duke of Brittany, has been seized, according to our prophecy : he was brought before the Prefect of Police yesterday, and his insanity being proved beyond a doubt, he has been consigned to a strait-waistcoat at Charenton. So may all incendiary enemies of our Government be overcome !

‘ His Royal Highness the Duke of Nemours is gone into the department of the Loire, where he will speedily put

an end to the troubles in the disturbed districts of the Bocage and La Vendée. The foolish young Prince who has there raised his standard is followed, we hear, by a small number of wretched persons, of whose massacre we expect every moment to receive the news. He too has issued his proclamation, and our readers will smile at its contents :

“ WE, HENRY, Fifth of the Name, King of France and Navarre, to all whom it may concern, greeting :

“ After years of exile we have once more unfurled in France the banner of the lilies. Once more the white plume of Henri IV floats in the crest of his little son (*petit fils*) ! Gallant nobles ! worthy burgesses ! honest commons of my realm, I call upon you to rally round the oriflamme of France, and summon the *ban* and *arrière-ban* of my kingdoms. To my faithful Bretons I need no appeal. The country of Duguesclin has loyalty for an heirloom ! To the rest of my subjects, my atheist misguided subjects, their father makes one last appeal. Come to me, my children ! your errors shall be forgiven. Our holy Father, the Pope, shall intercede for you. He promised it when, before my departure on this expedition, I kissed his inviolable toe !

“ Our afflicted country cries aloud for reforms. The infamous universities shall be abolished. Education shall no longer be permitted. A sacred and wholesome inquisition shall be established. My faithful nobles shall pay no more taxes. All the venerable institutions of our country shall be restored as they existed before 1788. Convents and monasteries again shall ornament our country,—the calm nurseries of saints and holy women ! Heresy shall be extirpated with paternal severity, and our country shall be free once more.

“ His Majesty the King of Ireland, my august ally, has sent, under the command of His Royal Highness Prince Daniel, His Majesty's youngest son, an irresistible IRISH BRIGADE, to co-operate in the good work. His Grace the Lion of Judah, the canonized patriarch of Tuam, blessed their green banner before they set forth. Henceforth may the lilies and the harp be ever twined together. Together we will make a crusade against the infidels of Albion, and

raze their heretic domes to the ground. Let our cry be *Vive France!* Down with England! Montjoie! St. Denis!

“ BY THE KING.

The Secretary of State and

Grand Inquisitor . . . La Roue.

The Marshal of France . . . Pompadour de l'Aile de Pigeon.

The General Commander-in-

Chief of the Irish Brigade

in the service of His Most

Christian Majesty . . . Daniel, Prince of Ballybunion.

“ HENRI.”

‘ His Majesty reviewed the admirable police force, and held a council of ministers in the afternoon. Measures were concerted for the instant putting down of the disturbances in the departments of the Rhine and Loire, and it is arranged that on the capture of the Pretenders, they shall be lodged in separate cells in the prison of the Luxembourg: the apartments are already prepared, and the officers at their post.

‘ The grand banquet that was to be given at the palace to-day to the diplomatic body has been put off, all the ambassadors being attacked with illness, which compels them to stay at home.’

‘ The ambassadors dispatched couriers to their various Governments.’

‘ His Majesty the King of Belgium left the Palace of the Tuileries.’

CHAPTER III

THE ADVANCE OF THE PRETENDERS—HISTORICAL REVIEW

WE will now resume the narrative, and endeavour to compress, in a few comprehensive pages, the facts which are more diffusely described in the print from which we have quoted.

It was manifest, then, that the troubles in the departments were of a serious nature, and that the forces gathered

round the two Pretenders to the crown were considerable. They had their supporters, too, in Paris,—as what party indeed has not ? and the venerable occupant of the throne was in a state of considerable anxiety, and found his declining years by no means so comfortable as his virtues and great age might have warranted.

His paternal heart was the more grieved when he thought of the fate reserved to his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, now sprung up round him in vast numbers. The King's grandson, the Prince Royal, married to a Princess of the house of Schlippen-Schloppen, was the father of fourteen children, all handsomely endowed with pensions by the State. His brother, the Count D'Eu, was similarly blessed with a multitudinous offspring. The Duke of Nemours had no children ; but the Princes of Joinville, Aumale, and Montpensier (married to the Princesses Januaria and Februaria, of Brazil, and the Princess of the United States of America, erected into a monarchy, 4th July, 1856, under the Emperor Duff Green I), were the happy fathers of immense families—all liberally apportioned by the Chambers, which had long been entirely subservient to His Majesty Louis Philippe.

The Duke of Aumale was King of Algeria, having married (in the first instance) the Princess Badroulboudour, a daughter of His Highness Abd-El-Kader. The Prince of Joinville was adored by the nation, on account of his famous victory over the English fleet, under the command of Admiral the Prince of Wales, whose ship, the *Richard Cobden*, of 120 guns, was taken by the *Belle-Poule* frigate of 36, on which occasion forty-five other ships of war and seventy-nine steam frigates struck their colours to about one-fourth the number of the heroic French navy. The victory was mainly owing to the gallantry of the celebrated French Horse-marines, who executed several brilliant charges under the orders of the intrepid Joinville ; and though the Irish brigade, with their ordinary modesty, claimed the honours of the day, yet, as only three of that nation were present in the action, impartial history must award the palm to the intrepid sons of Gaul.

With so numerous a family quartered on the nation, the solicitude of the admirable King may be conceived, lest a revolution should ensue, and fling them on the world once more. How could he support so numerous a family ?

Considerable as his wealth was (for he was known to have amassed about a hundred and thirteen billions, which were lying in the caves of the Tuileries), yet such a sum was quite insignificant when divided among his progeny—and, besides, he naturally preferred getting from the nation as much as his faithful people could possibly afford.

Seeing the imminency of the danger, and that money, well applied, is often more efficacious than the conqueror's



sword, the King's Ministers were anxious that he should devote a part of his savings to the carrying on of the war. But, with the cautiousness of age, the monarch declined this offer; he preferred, he said, throwing himself upon his faithful people, who, he was sure, would meet, as became them, the coming exigency. The Chambers met his appeal with their usual devotion. At a solemn convocation of those legislative bodies, the King, surrounded by his family, explained the circumstances and the danger. His Majesty, his family, his Ministers and the two Chambers then burst into tears, according to immemorial usage, and raising their hands to the ceiling, swore eternal fidelity to the dynasty and to France, and embraced each other affectingly all round.

It need not be said that in the course of that evening two hundred deputies of the Left left Paris, and joined the Prince John Thomas Napoleon, who was now advanced

as far as Dijon—two hundred and fifty-three (of the Right, the Centre, and round the corner) similarly quitted the Capital to pay their homage to the Duke of Bordeaux—they were followed, according to their several political predilections, by the various Ministers and dignitaries of State. The only Minister who remained in Paris was Marshal Thiers, Prince of Waterloo (he had defeated the English in the very field where they had obtained formerly a success, though the victory was as usual claimed by the Irish brigade); but age had ruined the health and diminished the immense strength of that gigantic leader, and it is said his only reason for remaining in Paris was because a fit of the gout kept him in bed.

The Capital was entirely tranquil. The theatres and cafés were open as usual, and the masked balls attended with great enthusiasm—confiding in their hundred and twenty-four forts, the light-minded people had nothing to fear.

Except in the way of money, the King left nothing undone to conciliate his people. He even went among them with his umbrella, but they were little touched with that mark of confidence. He shook hands with everybody; he distributed crosses of the Legion of Honour in such multitudes, that red ribbon rose two hundred per cent in the market (by which His Majesty, who speculated in the article, cleared a tolerable sum of money). But these blandishments and honours had little effect upon an apathetic people; and the enemy of the Orleans Dynasty, the fashionable young nobles of the Henriquinquiste party, wore gloves perpetually, for fear (they said) that they should be obliged to shake hands with the best of kings; while the Republicans adopted coats without button-holes, lest they should be forced to hang red ribbons in them. The funds did not fluctuate in the least.

The proclamations of the several Pretenders had had their effect. The young men of the schools and the estaminets (celebrated places of public education), allured by the noble words of Prince Napoleon, ‘Liberty, equality, war all over the world!’ flocked to his standard in considerable numbers; while the noblesse naturally hastened to offer their allegiance to the legitimate descendant of Saint Louis.

And truly, never was there seen a more brilliant chivalry than that collected round the gallant Prince Henry! There

was not a man in his army but had lacquered boots and fresh white kid gloves at morning and evening parade. The fantastic and effeminate, but brave and faithful troops were numbered off into different legions—there was the Fleur d'Orange regiment ; the Eau de Rose battalion ; the Violet-pomatum volunteers ; the Eau de Cologne cavalry—according to the different scents which they affected. Most of the warriors wore lace ruffles ; all powder and pig-tails, as in the real days of chivalry. A band of heavy dragoons, under the command of Count Alfred de Horsay, made themselves conspicuous for their discipline, cruelty, and the admirable cut of their coats : and with these celebrated horsemen came from England the illustrious Duke of Jenkins with his superb footmen. They were all six feet high.



They all wore bouquets of the richest flowers. They wore bags, their hair slightly powdered, brilliant shoulder-knots, and cocked hats laced with gold. They wore the tight knee-pantaloon of velveteen, peculiar to this portion of the British infantry ; and their legs were so superb that the Duke of Bordeaux, embracing with tears their admirable leader on parade, said, ' Jenkins, France never saw such calves until now.' The weapon of this tremendous militia was an immense club or cane, reaching from the sole of the foot to the nose, and heavily mounted with gold. Nothing could stand before this terrific weapon, and the breastplates and plumed morions of the French Cuirassiers would have been undoubtedly crushed beneath them, had they ever met in mortal combat. Between this part of the Prince's forces and the Irish auxiliaries there was a deadly animosity. Alas, there always is such in camps ! The sons of Albion had not forgotten the day when the children of Erin had been subject to their devastating sway.

The uniform of the latter was various—the rich stuff

called *corps-du-roy* (worn by Cœur de Lion at Agincourt) formed their lower habiliments for the most part: the national frieze¹ yielded them tail coats. The latter were generally torn in a fantastic manner at the elbows, skirts, and collars, and fastened with every variety of button, tape, and string. Their weapons were the caubeen, the alpeen, and the doodeen of the country—the latter a short but dreadful weapon of offence. At the demise of the venerable Theobald Mathew, the nation had laid aside its habit of temperance, and universal intoxication betokened their grief: it became afterwards their constant habit. Thus do men ever return to the haunts of their childhood, such a power has fond memory over us! The leaders of this host seem to have been, however, an effeminate race; they are represented by contemporary historians as being passionately fond of *flying kites*. Others say they went into battle armed with ‘bills’, no doubt rude weapons; for it is stated that foreigners could never be got to accept them in lieu of their own arms. The Princes of Mayo, Sligo, and Connemara marched by the side of their young and royal chieftain, the Prince of Ballybunion, fourth son of Daniel the First, King of the Emerald Isle.

Two hosts then, one under the Eagles, and surrounded by the republican imperialists, the other under the antique French Lilies, were marching on the French capital. The Duke of Brittany, too, confined in the Lunatic Asylum of Charenton, found means to issue a protest against his captivity, which caused only derision in the capital. Such was the state of the empire, and such the clouds that were gathering round the Sun of Orleans!

CHAPTER IV

THE BATTLE OF RHEIMS

It was not the first time that the King had had to undergo misfortunes; and now, as then, he met them like a man. The Prince of Joinville was not successful in his campaign against the Imperial Pretender; and that bravery which had put the British fleets to flight, was found, as might be expected, insufficient against the irresistible courage of

¹ Were these in any way related to the *chevaux-de-frise*, on which the French cavalry were mounted?

native Frenchmen. The Horse-marines, not being on their own element, could not act with their usual effect. Accustomed to the tumult of the swelling seas, they were easily unsaddled on *terra firma*, and in the Champagne country.

It was literally in the Champagne country that the meeting between the troops under Joinville and Prince Napoleon took place; for both armies had reached Rheims, and a terrific battle was fought underneath the walls. For some time nothing could dislodge the army of Joinville,



entrenched in the champagne cellars of Messrs. Ruinart, Moët, and others; but making too free with the fascinating liquor, the army at length became entirely drunk; on which the Imperialists, rushing into the cellars, had an easy victory over them; and, this done, proceeded to intoxicate themselves likewise.

The Prince of Joinville, seeing the *déroute* of his troops, was compelled with a few faithful followers to fly towards Paris, and Prince Napoleon remained master of the field of battle. It is needless to recapitulate the bulletin which he published the day after the occasion, so soon as he and his secretaries were in a condition to write. Eagles, pyramids, rainbows, the Sun of Austerlitz, &c. figured in the proclamation, in close

imitation of his illustrious uncle. But the great benefit of the action was this : on arousing from their intoxication, the late soldiers of Joinville kissed and embraced their comrades of the Imperial army, and made common cause with them.

‘Soldiers !’ said the Prince, on reviewing them the second day after the action, ‘the Cock is a gallant bird ; but he makes way for the Eagle ! your colours are not changed. Ours floated on the walls of Moscow—yours on the ramparts of Constantine ; both are glorious. Soldiers of Joinville ! we give you welcome, as we would welcome your illustrious leader, who destroyed the fleets of Albion. Let him join us ! We will march together against that perfidious enemy !’

‘But, Soldiers ! intoxication dimmed the laurels of yesterday’s glorious day ! Let us drink no more of the fascinating liquors of our native Champagne. Let us remember Hannibal and Capua ; and, before we plunge into dissipation, that we have Rome still to conquer !’

‘Soldiers ! Seltzer-water is good after too much drink. Wait a while, and your Emperor will lead you into a Seltzer-water country. Frenchmen ! it lies BEYOND THE RHINE !’

Deafening shouts of ‘*Vive l’Empereur !*’ saluted this allusion of the Prince, and the army knew that their natural boundary should be restored to them. The compliments to the gallantry of the Prince of Joinville likewise won all hearts, and immensely advanced the Prince’s cause. The *Journal des Débats* did not know which way to turn. In one paragraph it called the Emperor ‘a sanguinary tyrant, murderer, and pickpocket’ ; in a second it owned he was ‘a magnanimous rebel, and worthy of forgiveness’ ; and, after proclaiming ‘the brilliant victory of the Prince of Joinville,’ presently denominated it a ‘*funeste journée*.’

The next day the Emperor, as we may now call him, was about to march on Paris, when Messrs. Ruinart and Moët were presented, and requested to be paid for 300,000 bottles of wine. ‘Send three hundred thousand more to the Tuileries,’ said the Prince, sternly ; ‘our soldiers will be thirsty when they reach Paris ;’ and taking Moët with him as a hostage, and promising Ruinart that he would have him shot unless he obeyed—with trumpets playing and eagles glancing in the sun, the gallant Imperial army marched on their triumphant way.

CHAPTER V

THE BATTLE OF TOURS

WE have now to record the expedition of the Prince of Nemours against his advancing cousin, Henry V. His Royal Highness could not march against the enemy with such a force as he would have desired to bring against them, for his royal father, wisely remembering the vast amount of property he had stowed away under the Tuileries, refused to allow a single soldier to quit the forts round the Capital, which thus was defended by one hundred and forty-four thousand guns (eighty-four pounders), and four hundred and thirty-two thousand men :—little enough, when one considers that there were but three men to a gun. To provision this immense army, and a population of double the amount within the walls, His Majesty caused the country to be scoured for fifty miles round, and left neither ox, nor ass, nor blade of grass. When appealed to by the inhabitants of the plundered district, the Royal Philip replied, with tears in his eyes, that his heart bled for them—that they were his children—that every cow taken from the meanest peasant was like a limb torn from his own body ; but that duty must be done, that the interests of the country demanded the sacrifice, and that in fact they might go to the deuce—this the unfortunate creatures certainly did.

The theatres went on as usual within the walls. The *Journal des Débats* stated every day that the Pretenders were taken ; the Chambers sat—such as remained, and talked immensely about honour, dignity, and the glorious revolution of July ; and the King, as his power was now pretty nigh absolute over them, thought this a good opportunity to bring in a bill for doubling his children's allowances all round.

Meanwhile the Duke of Nemours proceeded on his march ; and as there was nothing left within fifty miles of Paris wherewith to support his famished troops, it may be imagined that he was forced to ransack the next fifty miles in order to maintain them. He did so. But the troops were not such as they should have been, considering the enemy with whom they had to engage.

The fact is that most of the Duke's army consisted of the National Guard ; who, in a fit of enthusiasm, and at the cry

of 'LA PATRIE EN DANGER', having been induced to volunteer, had been eagerly accepted by His Majesty, anxious to lessen as much as possible the number of food-consumers in his beleaguered capital. It is said even that he selected the most gormandizing battalions of the civic force to send forth against the enemy : viz., the grocers, the rich bankers, the lawyers, &c. Their parting with their families was very affecting. They would have been very willing to recall their offer of marching, but companies of stern veterans closing round them, marched them to the city gates, which were closed upon them ; and thus perforce they were compelled to move on. As long as he had a bottle of brandy and a couple of sausages in his holsters, the general of the National Guard, Odillon Barrot, talked with tremendous courage. Such was the power of his eloquence over the troops that, could he have come up with the enemy while his victuals lasted, the issue of the combat might have been very different. But in the course of the first day's march he finished both the sausages and the brandy ; and became quite uneasy, silent, and crestfallen.

It was on the fair plains of Touraine, by the banks of silver Loire, that the armies sat down before each other, and the battle was to take place which had such an effect upon the fortunes of France. 'Twas a brisk day of March : the practised valour of Nemours showed him at once what use to make of the army under his orders, and having enfiladed his National Guard battalions, and placed his artillery in echelons, he formed his cavalry into hollow squares on the right and left of his line, flinging out a cloud of howitzers to fall back upon the main column. His veteran infantry he formed behind his National Guard—politely hinting to Odillon Barrot, who wished to retire under pretence of being exceedingly unwell, that the regular troops would bayonet the National Guard if they gave way an inch—on which their general, turning very pale, demurely went back to his post. His men were dreadfully discouraged ; they had slept on the ground all night ; they regretted their homes and their comfortable nightcaps in the Rue St. Honoré ; they had luckily fallen in with a flock of sheep and a drove of oxen at Tours, the day before ; but what were these, compared to the delicacies of Chevet's or three courses at Véfour's ? They mournfully cooked their steaks and cutlets on their ramrods, and passed a most wretched night.

The army of Henry was encamped opposite to them, for the most part in better order. The noble cavalry regiments found a village, in which they made themselves pretty comfortable, Jenkins's Foot taking possession of the kitchens and garrets of the buildings. The Irish brigade, accustomed to lie abroad, were quartered in some potato-fields, where they sang Moore's melodies all night. There were, besides the troops regular and irregular, about three thousand priests and abbés with the army; armed with scourging whips, and chanting the most lugubrious canticles: these reverend men were found to be a hindrance than otherwise to the operations of the regular forces.

It was a touching sight, on the morning before the battle, to see the alacrity with which Jenkins's regiment sprang up at the *first réveillé* of the bell, and engaged (the honest fellows!) in offices almost menial for the benefit of their French allies. The duke himself set the example, and blacked to a nicety the boots of Henri. At half-past ten, after coffee, the brilliant warriors of the cavalry were ready; their clarions rung to horse, their banners were given to the wind, their shirt-collars were exquisitely starched, and the whole air was scented with the odours of their pomatums and pocket-handkerchiefs.



Jenkins had the honour of holding the stirrup for Henri. 'My faithful Duke!' said the Prince, pulling him by the shoulder-knot, 'thou art always at *thy Post*.' 'Here, as in Wellington Street, sire,' said the hero, blushing—and the Prince made an appropriate speech to his chivalry, in which allusions to the lilies, Saint Louis, Bayard, and Henri Quatre were, as may be imagined, not spared. 'Ho! standard-bearer!' the Prince concluded, 'fling out my oriflamme! Noble gents of France, your King is among you to-day!'

Then turning to the Prince of Ballybunion, who had been drinking whisky-punch all night with the Princes of Sligo and Connemara, 'Prince,' he said, 'the Irish brigade has won every battle in the French history—we will not deprive you of the honour of winning this. You will please to

commence the attack with your brigade.' Bending his head until the green plumes of his beaver mingled with the mane of the Shetland pony which he rode, the Prince of Ireland trotted off with his aides de camp, who rode the same horse, a powerful grey, with which a dealer at Nantes had supplied them on their and the Prince's joint bill at three months.

The gallant sons of Erin had wisely slept until the last minute in their potato-trenches, but rose at once at the summons of their beloved Prince. Their toilet was the work of a moment—a single shake and it was done. Rapidly forming into a line, they advanced headed by their generals, who, turning their steeds into a grass-field, wisely determined to fight on foot. Behind them came the line of British foot under the illustrious Jenkins, who marched in advance perfectly collected, and smoking a Manila cigar. The cavalry were on the right and left of the infantry, prepared to act in *pontoon*, in *echelon*, or in *ricochet*, as occasion might demand. The Prince rode behind, supported by his staff, who were almost all of them bishops, archdeacons, or abbés, and the body of ecclesiastics followed, singing to the sound, or rather howl, of serpents and trombones, the Latin canticles of the revered Franciscus O'Mahony, lately canonized under the name of Saint Francis of Cork.

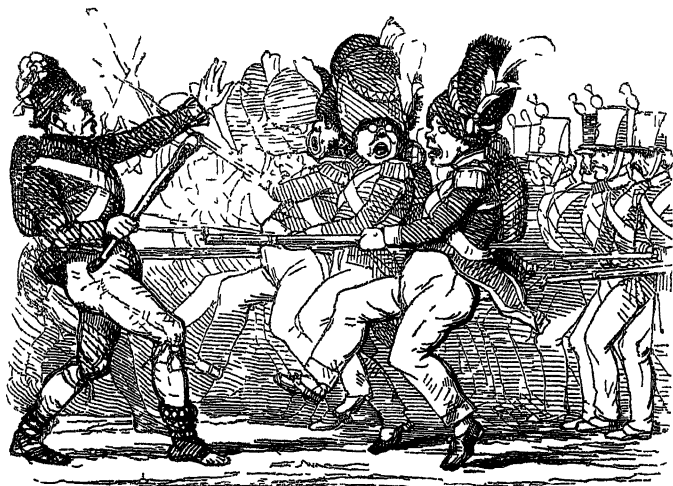
The advanced lines of the two contending armies were now in presence—the National Guard of Orleans, and the Irish brigade. The white belts and fat paunches of the Guard presented a terrific appearance, but it might have been remarked by the close observer that their faces were as white as their belts, and the long line of their bayonets might be seen to quiver. General Odillon Barrot, with a cockade as large as a pancake, endeavoured to make a speech—the words, *honneur, patrie, Français, champ-de-bataille*, might be distinguished, but the general was dreadfully flustered, and was evidently more at home in the Chamber of Deputies than in the field of war.

The Prince of Ballybunion, for a wonder, did not make a speech. 'Boys,' said he, 'we've enough talking at the Corn Exchange; bating's the word now.' The Green-Islanders replied with a tremendous hurroo which sent terror into the fat bosoms of the French.

'Gentlemen of the National Guard,' said the Prince,

taking off his hat and bowing to Odillon Barrot, 'will ye be so igsthramely obleeging as to fire first.' This he said because it had been said at Fontenoy, but chiefly because his own men were only armed with shillelaghs, and therefore could not fire.

But this proposal was very unpalatable to the National Guardsmen; for though they understood the musket-exercise pretty well, firing was the thing of all others they detested, the noise and the kick of the gun and the smell of the powder being very unpleasant to them. 'We won't fire,' said Odillon Barrot, turning round to Colonel Saugrenu and



his regiment of the line—which, it may be remembered, was formed behind the National Guard.

'Then give them bayonet,' said the colonel, with a terrific oath; 'charge, Corbleu!'

At this moment, and with the most dreadful howl that ever was heard, the National Guard was seen to rush forwards wildly, and with immense velocity towards the foe. The fact is that the line-regiment behind them, each selecting his man, gave a poke with his bayonet between the coat tails of the Nationals, and those troops bounded forwards with an irresistible swiftness.

Nothing could withstand the tremendous impetus of that manœuvre. The Irish brigade was scattered before it, as chaff before the wind. The Prince of Ballybunion had barely time to run Odillon Barrot through the body, when he too was borne away in the swift rout. They scattered tumultuously, and fled for twenty miles without stopping. The Princes of Donegal and Connemara were taken prisoners, but though they offered to give bills at three months, and for a hundred thousand pounds, for their ransom, the offer was refused, and they were sent to the rear; when the Duke of Nemours, hearing they were Irish generals, and that they had been robbed of their ready money by his troops, who had taken them prisoners, caused a comfortable breakfast to be supplied to them, and lent them each a sum of money. How generous are men in success! the Prince of Orleans was charmed with the conduct of his National Guards, and thought his victory secure. He dispatched a courier to Paris with the brief words, 'We met the enemy before Tours. The National Guard has done its duty. The troops of the Pretender are routed. *Vive le Roi!*' The note, you may be sure, appeared in the *Journal des Débats*, and the editor, who only that morning had called Henri V 'a great prince, an august exile,' denominated him instantly a murderer, slave, thief, cut-throat, pickpocket, and burglar.

CHAPTER VI

THE ENGLISH UNDER JENKINS

BUT the Prince had not calculated that there was a line of BRITISH INFANTRY behind the routed Irish brigade. Borne on with the hurry of the *mêlée*, flushed with triumph, puffing and blowing with running, and forgetting, in the intoxication of victory, the trifling bayonet-pricks which had impelled them to the charge, the conquering National Guardsmen found themselves suddenly in presence of Jenkins's Foot.

They halted all in a huddle, like a flock of sheep.

'Up, Foot, and at them!' were the memorable words of the Duke Jenkins, as, waving his baton, he pointed towards the enemy, and with a tremendous shout the stalwart sons of England rushed on!—Down went plume and cocked hat, down went corporal and captain, down went grocer and

tailor, under the long staves of the indomitable English Footmen. 'A Jenkins! a Jenkins!' roared the Duke, planting a blow which broke the aquiline nose of Major Arago, the celebrated astronomer. 'St. George for May-fair!' shouted his followers, strewing the plain with carcasses. Not a man of the Guard escaped; they fell like grass before the mower.

'They are gallant troops, those yellow-plushed Anglais,' said the Duke of Nemours, surveying them with his opera-glass; ' 'tis a pity they will all be cut up in half an hour. Concombre! take your dragoons, and do it!' 'Remember Waterloo, boys!' said Colonel Concombre, twirling his



moustache, and a thousand sabres flashed in the sun, and the gallant hussars prepared to attack the Englishmen.

Jenkins, his gigantic form leaning on his staff, and surveying the havoc of the field, was instantly aware of the enemy's manœuvre. His people were employed rifling the pockets of the National Guard, and had made a tolerable booty when the great duke, taking a bell out of his pocket (it was used for signals in his battalion in place of fife or bugle), speedily called his scattered warriors together. 'Take the muskets of the Nationals,' said he. They did so.

‘Form in square, and prepare to receive cavalry!’ By the time Concombre’s regiment arrived, he found a square of bristling bayonets with Britons behind them!

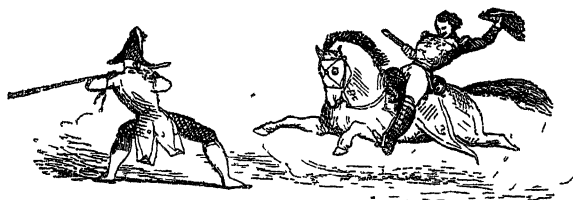
The colonel did not care to attempt to break that tremendous body. ‘Halt!’ said he to his men.

‘FIRE!’ screamed Jenkins, with eagle swiftness; but the guns of the National Guard not being loaded did not in consequence go off. The hussars gave a jeer of derision, but nevertheless did not return to the attack, and seeing some of the Legitimist cavalry athand, prepared to charge upon them.

The fate of those carpet warriors was soon decided. The Millefleur regiment broke before Concombre’s hussars instantaneously; the Eau de Rose dragoons stuck spurs into their blood horses, and galloped far out of reach of the opposing cavalry: the Eau de Cologne lancers fainted to a man, and the regiment of Concombre, pursuing its course, had actually reached the Prince and his aides de camp, when the clergymen coming up, formed gallantly round the Ori-flamme, and the bassoons and serpents braying again, set up such a shout of canticles, and anathemas, and excommunications that the horses of Concombre’s dragoons in turn took fright, and those warriors in their turn broke and fled. As soon as they turned, the Vendéan riflemen fired amongst them, and finished them—the gallant Concombre fell; the intrepid though diminutive Cornichon, his major, was cut down; Cardon was wounded *à la moëlle*, and the wife of the fiery Navet was that day a widow. Peace to the souls of the brave! In defeat or in victory, where can the soldier find a more fitting resting-place than the glorious field of carnage? Only a few disorderly and dispirited riders of Concombre’s regiment reached Tours at night. They had left it but the day before, a thousand disciplined and high-spirited men!

Knowing how irresistible a weapon is the bayonet in British hands, the intrepid Jenkins determined to carry on his advantage, and charged the Saugrenu Light Infantry (now before him) with *cold steel*. The Frenchmen delivered a volley, of which a shot took effect in Jenkins’s cockade, but did not abide the crossing of the weapons. ‘A Frenchman dies, but never surrenders,’ said Saugrenue, yielding up his sword, and his whole regiment were stabbed, trampled down, or made prisoners. The blood of the Englishmen rose in the hot encounter. Their curses were horrible;

their courage tremendous. 'On, on!' hoarsely screamed they, and a second regiment met them and was crushed, pounded, in the hurtling, grinding encounter. 'A Jenkins, a Jenkins!' still roared the heroic duke, 'St. George for Mayfair!' The Footmen of England still yelled their terrific battle-cry, 'Hurrah, hurrah!' On they went, regiment after regiment was annihilated, until, scared at the very trample of the advancing warriors, the dismayed troops of France, screaming, fled. Gathering his last warriors round about him, Nemours determined to make a last desperate effort. 'Twas vain; the ranks met; the next moment the truncheon of the Prince of Orleans was dashed from his hand by the irresistible mace of the Duke Jenkins; his horse's shins were broken by the same weapon. Screaming with agony, the animal fell. Jenkins's hand was at the duke's collar in a moment, and had he not gasped out,



'*Je me rends,*' he would have been throttled in that dreadful grasp!

Three hundred and forty-two standards, seventy-nine regiments, their baggage, ammunition, and treasure-chests fell into the hands of the victorious duke. He had avenged the honour of Old England, and himself presenting the sword of the conquered Nemours to Prince Henri, who now came up, the Prince, bursting into tears, fell on his neck, and said, 'Duke, I owe my crown to my patron saint and you.' It was indeed a glorious victory, but what will not British valour attain?

The Duke of Nemours, having dispatched a brief note to Paris, saying, 'Sire, all is lost except honour!' was sent off in confinement, and in spite of the entreaties of his captor, was hardly treated with decent politeness. The priests and the noble regiments who rode back when the affair was over, were for having the Prince shot at once, and murmured

loudly against '*cet Anglais brutal*,' who interposed in behalf of his prisoner. Henri V granted the Prince his life, but, no doubt misguided by the advice of his noble and ecclesiastical councillors, treated the illustrious English Duke with marked coldness, and did not even ask him to supper that night.

'Well!' said Jenkins, 'I and my merry men can sup alone:' and, indeed, having had the pick of the plunder of about 28,000 men, they had wherewithal to make themselves pretty comfortable. The prisoners (25,403) were all without difficulty induced to assume the white cockade. Most of them had those marks of loyalty ready sewn in their flannel waistcoats, where they swore they had worn them ever since 1830. This we may believe as we will; but the Prince Henri was too politic or too good-humoured in the moment of victory to doubt the sincerity of his new subjects' protestations, and received the colonels and generals affably at his table.

The next morning a proclamation was issued to the united armies. 'Faithful soldiers of France and Navarre,' said the Prince, 'the Saints have won for us a great victory—the enemies of our religion have been overcome—the lilies are restored to their native soil. Yesterday morning at eleven o'clock the army under my command engaged that which was led by his *Serene Highness* the Duke de Nemours. Our forces were but a third in number when compared with those of the enemy. My faithful chivalry and nobles made the strength, however, equal.

'The regiments of Fleur d'Orange, Millefleur, and Eau de Cologne covered themselves with glory—they sabred many thousands of the enemy's troops. Their valour was ably seconded by the gallantry of my ecclesiastical friends; at a moment of danger they rallied round my banner, and, forsaking the crosier for the sword, showed that they were of the church militant indeed.

'My faithful Irish auxiliaries conducted themselves with becoming heroism—but why particularize when all did their duty? How remember individual acts when all were heroes?'

The Marshal of France, Sucre d'Orgeville, Commander of the army of H.M. Christian Majesty, recommended about three thousand persons for promotion; and the indignation of Jenkins and his brave companions may be imagined when it is stated that they were not even mentioned in the dispatch!

As for the Princes of Ballybunion, Donegal, and Conne-mara, they wrote off dispatches to their Government, saying, 'The Duke of Nemours is beaten, and a prisoner! The Irish brigade has done it all!' on which His Majesty the King of the Irish, convoking his Parliament at the Corn Exchange Palace, Dublin, made a speech, in which he called Louis Philippe an 'old miscreant,' and paid the highest compliments to his son and his troops. The King on this occasion knighted Sir Henry Sheehan, Sir Gavan Duffy (whose journals had published the news); and was so delighted with the valour of his son that he dispatched him his Order of the Pig and Whistle (1st class), and a munificent present of five hundred thousand pounds—in a bill at three months. All Dublin was illuminated; and at a ball at the Castle, the Lord Chancellor Smith (Earl of Smithereens), getting extremely intoxicated, called out the Lord Bishop of Galway (the Dove), and they fought in the Phoenix Park. Having shot the Right Reverend Bishop through the body, Smithereens apologized. He was the same practitioner who had rendered himself so celebrated in the memorable trial of the King—before the Act of Independence.

Meanwhile, the army of Prince Henri advanced with rapid strides towards Paris, whither the History likewise must hasten; for extraordinary were the events preparing in that capital.

CHAPTER VII

THE LEAGUER OF PARIS

By a singular coincidence, on the very same day when the armies of Henri V appeared before Paris from the Western Road, those of the Emperor John Thomas Napoleon arrived from the North. Skirmishes took place between the advanced guards of the two parties, and much slaughter ensued.

'Bon!' thought King Louis Philippe, who examined them from his tower; 'they will kill each other; this is by far the most economical way of getting rid of them.' The astute monarch's calculations were admirably exposed by a clever remark of the Prince of Ballybunion. 'Faix, Harry,' says he (with a familiarity which the punctilious son of Saint Louis resented), 'you and him yandther, the Emperor I mane, are like the Kilkenny cats, dear.'

'*Et que font-ils ces chats de Kilkigny, Monsieur le Prince de Ballybunion ?*' asked the Most Christian King haughtily.

Prince Daniel replied by narrating the well-known apologue of the animals 'ating each other all up but their teels, and that's what you and Imparial Pop yondther will do, blazing away as ye are,' added the jocose and royal boy.

'*Je prie votre Altesse Royale de vaguer à ses propres affaires,*' answered Prince Henri sternly, for he was an enemy to anything like a joke ; but there is always wisdom in real wit, and it would have been well for His Most Christian Majesty had he followed the facetious counsels of his Irish ally.

The fact is, the King, Henri, had an understanding with the garrisons of some of the forts, and expected all would declare for him. However, of the twenty-four forts which we have described, eight only, and by the means of Marshal Soult, who had grown extremely devout of late years, declared for Henri, and raised the white flag ; while eight others, seeing Prince John Thomas Napoleon before them in the costume of his revered predecessor, at once flung open their gates to him, and mounted the tricolor with the eagle : the remaining eight, into which the Princes of the blood of Orleans had thrown themselves, remained constant to Louis Philippe. Nothing could induce that Prince to quit the Tuileries. His money was there, and he swore he would remain by it. In vain his sons offered to bring him into one of the forts—he would not stir without his treasure ; they said they would transport it thither ; but no, no ; the patriarchal monarch, putting his finger to his aged nose, and winking archly, said, 'he knew a trick worth two of that,' and resolved to abide by his bags.

The theatres and cafés remained open as usual : the funds rose three centimes. The *Journal des Débats* published three editions of different tones of politics : one, the *Journal de l'Empire*, for the Napoleonites ; the *Journal de la Légimité*, another very complimentary to the legitimate monarch ; and finally, the original edition bound heart and soul to the dynasty of July. The poor editor, who had to write all three, complained not a little that his salary was not raised : but the truth is that, by altering the names, one article did indifferently for either paper. The Duke of Brittany, under the title of Louis XVII, was always issuing manifestoes from Charenton, but of these

the Parisians took little heed—the *Charivari* proclaimed itself his gazette, and was allowed to be very witty at the expense of the three Pretenders.

As the country had been ravaged for a hundred miles round, the respective Princes of course were for throwing themselves into the forts, where there was plenty of provision, and, when once there, they speedily began to turn out such of the garrison as were disagreeable to them, or had an inconvenient appetite, or were of a doubtful fidelity. These poor fellows, turned into the road, had no choice



but starvation ; as to getting into Paris, that was impossible. A mouse could not have got into the place, so admirably were the forts guarded, without having his head taken off by a cannon ball. Thus the three conflicting parties stood, close to each other, hating each other, 'willing to wound and yet afraid to strike'—the victuals in the forts, from the prodigious increase of the garrisons, getting smaller every day. As for Louis Philippe in his palace, in the centre of the twenty-four forts, knowing that a spark from one might set them all blazing away, and that he and his money-bags might be blown into eternity in ten minutes, you may fancy his situation was not very comfortable.

But his safety lay in his treasure. Neither the Imperialists nor the Bourbonites were willing to relinquish the

two hundred and fifty billions in gold ; nor would the Princes of Orleans dare to fire upon that considerable sum of money, and its possessor, their revered father. How was this state of things to end ? The Emperor sent a note to his Most Christian Majesty (for they always styled each other in this manner in their communications), proposing that they should turn out and decide the quarrel sword in hand, to which proposition Henri would have acceded, but that the priests, his ghostly counsellors, threatened to excommunicate him should he do so. Hence this simple way of settling the dispute was impossible.



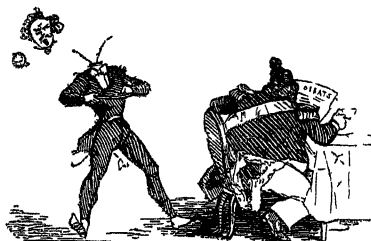
The presence of the holy fathers caused considerable annoyance in the forts. Especially the poor English, as Protestants, were subject to much petty persecution, to the no small anger of Jenkins, their commander. And it must be confessed that these intrepid footmen were not so amenable to discipline as they might have been. Remembering the usages of merry England, they clubbed together, and swore they would have four meals of meat a day, wax candles in the casemates, and their porter. These demands were laughed at. The priests even called upon them to fast on Fridays, on which a general mutiny broke out in the regiment ; and they would have had a *fourth* standard raised before Paris—viz. that of England—but the garrison proving too strong for them, they were compelled to lay down their sticks ; and, in consideration of past services, were permitted to leave the forts. 'Twas well for them ! as you shall hear.

The Prince of Ballybunion and the Irish force were quartered in the fort which, in compliment to them, was called Fort Potato, and where they made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. The Princes had as much brandy as they liked, and passed their time on the ramparts playing at dice or pitch-and-toss (with the halfpenny that one of them somehow had) for vast sums of money, for which they gave their notes of hand. The warriors of their legion would stand round delighted ; and it was, ‘ Musha, Masther Dan, but that’s a good throw ! ’ ‘ Good luck to you, Misther Pat, and throw thirteen this time ! ’ and so forth. But this sort of inaction could not last long. They had heard of the treasures amassed in the Palace of the Tuileries ; they sighed when they thought of the lack of bullion in their green and beautiful country. They panted for war ! They formed their plan.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BATTLE OF THE FORTS

ON the morning of the 26th October, 1884, as His Majesty Louis Philippe was at breakfast, reading the *Débats* newspaper, and wishing that what the journal said about



‘ Cholera Morbus in the Camp of the Pretender Henri,’— ‘ Chicken-pox raging in the Forts of the Traitor Bonaparte,’—might be true, what was his surprise to hear the report of a gun ; and at the same instant—whizz ! came an eighty-four pound ball through the window, and took off the head of the faithful Monsieur de Montalivet, who was coming in with a plate of muffins.

'Three francs for the window,' said the monarch; 'and the muffins of course spoiled!' and he sat down to breakfast very peevishly. Ah, King Louis Philippe, that shot cost thee more than a window-pane—more than a plate of muffins—it cost thee a fair kingdom and fifty millions of tax-payers.

The shot had been fired from Fort Potato. 'Gracious Heavens!' said the commander of the place to the Irish Prince, in a fury, 'what has your Highness done?' 'Faix,' replied the other, 'Donegal and I saw a sparrow on the Tuileries, and we thought we'd have a shot at it, that's all.' 'Hurroo! look out for squalls,' here cried the intrepid Hibernian, for at this moment one of Paixhans's shells fell into the counterscarp of the demilune on which they were standing, and sent a ravelin and a couple of embrasures flying about their ears.

Fort Twenty-three, which held out for Louis Philippe, seeing Fort Twenty-four, or Potato, open a fire on the Tuileries, instantly replied by its guns, with which it blazed away at the Bourbonite fort. On seeing this, Fort Twenty-two, occupied by the Imperialists, began pummelling Twenty-three; Twenty-one began at Twenty-two; and in a quarter of an hour the whole of this vast line of fortification was in a blaze of flame, flashing, roaring, cannonading, rocketing, bombing, in the most tremendous manner. The world has never, perhaps, before or since, heard such an uproar. Fancy twenty-four thousand guns thundering at each other. Fancy the sky red with the fires of hundreds of thousands of blazing, brazen meteors; the air thick with impenetrable smoke—the universe almost in a flame! for the noise of the cannonading was heard on the peaks of the Andes, and broke three windows in the English factory at Canton. Boom, boom, boom! for three days incessantly the gigantic, I may say, Cyclopean battle went on; boom, boom, boom, bong! The air was thick with cannon-balls; they hurled, they jostled each other in the heavens, and fell whizzing, whirling, crashing, back into the very forts from which they came. Boom, boom, boom, bong, brrrrrrrrr!

On the second day, a band might have been seen (had the smoke permitted it) assembling at the sally-port of Fort Potato, and have been heard (if the tremendous clang of the cannonading had allowed it) giving mysterious signs

and countersigns. 'Tom' was the word whispered, 'Steele' was the sibilated response—(it is astonishing how, in the roar of elements, *the human whisper* hisses above all!)—it was the Irish brigade assembling. 'Now or never, boys,' said their leaders, and sticking their doodeens into their mouths, they dropped stealthily into the trenches, heedless of the broken glass and sword-blades; rose from those trenches; formed in silent order; and marched to Paris. They knew they could arrive there unobserved—nobody, indeed, remarked their absence.

The frivolous Parisians were, in the meanwhile, amusing themselves at their theatres and cafés as usual; and a new piece, in which Arnal performed, was the universal talk of the foyers; while a new *feuilleton*, by Monsieur Eugène Sue, kept the attention of the reader so fascinated to the journal that they did not care in the least for the *vacarme* without the walls.

CHAPTER IX

LOUIS XVII

THE tremendous cannonading, however, had a singular effect upon the inhabitants of the great public hospital of Charenton, in which it may be remembered Louis XVII had been, as in mockery, confined. His majesty of demeanour, his calm deportment, the reasonableness of his pretensions, had not failed to strike with awe and respect his four thousand comrades of captivity. The Emperor of China; the Princess of the Moon; Julius Caesar; Saint Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris; the Pope of Rome; the Cacique of Mexico; and several singular and illustrious personages, who happened to be confined there, all held a council with Louis XVII; and all agreed that now or never was the time to support his legitimate pretensions to the crown of France. As the cannons roared around them, they howled with furious delight in response—they took counsel together: Doctor Pinel and the infamous jailers, who, under the name of keepers, held them in horrible captivity, were pounced upon and overcome in a twinkling. The strait-waistcoats were taken off from the wretched captives languishing in the dungeons; the guardians were invested in these shameful garments, and

with triumphant laughter plunged under the *douches*. The gates of the prison were flung open, and they marched forth in the blackness of the storm !

On the third day, the cannonading was observed to decrease ; only a gun went off fitfully now and then.

On the fourth day, the Parisians said to one another,



ag,

'Tiens ! ils sont fatigués, les canonniers des forts !—and why ? Because there was no more powder ?—Aye, truly, there was no more powder.

There was no more powder, no more guns, no more gunners, no more forts, no more nothing. *The forts had blown each other up.* The battle-roar ceased. The battle-clouds rolled off. The silver moon, the twinkling stars, looked blandly down from the serene azure,—and all was peace—stillness—the stillness of death. Holy, holy silence !

Yes ; the battle of Paris was over. And where were the combatants ? All gone—not one left !—And where was Louis Philippe ? The venerable Prince was a captive in the Tuileries. The Irish brigade was encamped around it. They had reached the palace a little too late ; it was already occupied by the partisans of his Majesty Louis XVII.

That respectable monarch and his followers better knew the way to the Tuileries than the ignorant sons of Erin.

They burst through the feeble barriers of the guards ; they rushed triumphant into the kingly halls of the palace ; they seated the seventeenth Louis on the throne of his ancestors ; and the Parisians read in the *Journal des Débats* of the fifth of November an important article which proclaimed that the civil war was concluded :—

‘The troubles which distracted the greatest empire in the world are at an end. Europe, which marked with sorrow the disturbances which agitated the bosom of the Queen of Nations, the great leader of Civilization, may now rest in peace. That monarch whom we have long been sighing for ; whose image has lain hidden, and yet, oh ! how passionately worshipped in every French heart, is with us once more. Blessings be on him ; blessings—a thousand blessings upon the happy country which is at length restored to his beneficent, his legitimate, his reasonable sway !

‘His Most Christian Majesty Louis XVII yesterday arrived at his palace of the Tuileries, accompanied by his august allies. His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans has resigned his post as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, and will return speedily to take up his abode at the Palais Royal. It is a great mercy that the children of His Royal Highness, who happened to be in the late forts round Paris (before the bombardment which has so happily ended in their destruction), had returned to their father before the commencement of the cannonading. They will continue, as heretofore, to be the most loyal supporters of order and the throne.

‘None can read without tears in their eyes our august monarch’s proclamation.

‘“ Louis, by, &c.—

‘“ My children. After nine hundred and ninety-nine years of captivity, I am restored to you. The cycle of events predicted by the ancient Magi, and the planetary convolutions mentioned in the lost Sibylline books, have fulfilled their respective idiosyncrasies, and ended (as always in the depths of my dungeons I confidently expected) in the triumph of the good angel, and the utter discomfiture of the abominable Blue Dragon.

‘“ When the bombarding began, and the powers of darkness commenced their hellish gunpowder-evolutions, I was close by—in my palace of Charenton, three hundred and thirty-three thousand miles off, in the ring of Saturn—

I witnessed your misery. My heart was affected by it, and I said, 'Is the multiplication table a fiction? are the signs of the Zodiac mere astronomers' prattle?'

"I clapped chains, shrieking, and darkness on my physician, Dr. Pinel. The keepers I shall cause to be roasted alive. I summoned my allies round about me. The high contracting powers came to my bidding. Monarchs, from all parts of the earth; sovereigns, from the moon and



other illumined orbits; the white necromancers, and the pale imprisoned genii: I whispered the mystic sign, and the doors flew open. We entered Paris in triumph, by the Charenton bridge. Our luggage was not examined at the Octroi. The bottle-green ones were scared at our shouts, and retreated, howling: they knew us, and trembled.

"My faithful peers and deputies will rally around me. I have a friend in Turkey—the grand vizier of the Mussulmans—he was a Protestant once, Lord Brougham by name. I have sent to him to legislate for us; he is wise in the law, and astrology, and all sciences; he shall aid my Ministers in their councils. I have written to him by the post. There shall be no more infamous mad-houses in France, where poor souls shiver in strait-waistcoats.

"I recognized Louis Philippe, my good cousin. He was in his counting-house, counting out his money, as the old prophecy warned me. He gave me up the keys of his gold; I shall know well how to use it. Taught by adversity, I am not a spendthrift, neither am I a miser. I will endow the land with noble institutions instead of diabolical forts. I will have no more cannon founded. They are a curse, and shall be melted—the iron ones into railroads; the bronze ones into statues of beautiful saints, angels, and wise men; the copper ones into money, to be distributed among my poor. I was poor once, and I love them.

"There shall be no more poverty; no more wars; no

more avarice ; no more passports ; no more custom-houses ; no more lying ; no more physic.

“ My Chambers will put the seal to these reforms. I will it. I am the King.

(Signed)

“ LOUIS.”

‘ Some alarm was created yesterday by the arrival of a body of the English foot-guard under the Duke of Jenkins ; they were at first about to sack the city, but on hearing that the banner of the lilies was once more raised in France, the duke hastened to the Tuileries, and offered his allegiance to His Majesty. It was accepted : and the Plush-Guard has been established in place of the Swiss, who waited on former sovereigns.’

‘ The Irish brigade quartered in the Tuileries are to enter our service. Their commander states that they took every one of the forts round Paris, and having blown them up, were proceeding to release Louis XVII., when they found that august monarch, happily, free. News of their glorious victory has been conveyed to Dublin, to His Majesty the King of the Irish. It will be a new laurel to add to his green crown ! ’

And thus have we brought to a conclusion our history of the great French Revolution of 1884. It records the actions of great and various characters ; the deeds of various valour : it narrates wonderful reverses of fortune ; it affords the moralist scope for his philosophy ; perhaps it gives amusement to the merely idle reader. Nor must the latter imagine, because there is not a precise moral affixed to the story, that its tendency is otherwise than good. He is a poor reader for whom his author is obliged to supply a moral application. It is well in spelling-books and for children ; it is needless for the reflecting spirit. The drama of *Punch* himself is not moral : but that drama has had audiences all over the world. Happy he who in our dark times can cause a smile ! Let us laugh then, and gladden in the sunshine, though it be but as the ray upon the pool, that flickers only over the cold black depths below !

THE DIARY OF C. JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE, ESQ. WITH HIS LETTERS

[August, 1845 to February, 1850]

A LUCKY SPECULATOR

[August 2, 1845; *Miscellanies*, Vol. II, 1856]

‘CONSIDERABLE sensation has been excited in the upper and lower circles in the West End, by a startling piece of good fortune which has befallen James Plush, Esq., lately footman in a respected family in Berkeley Square.

‘One day last week, Mr. James waited upon his master, who is a banker in the City; and after a little blushing and hesitation, said he had saved a little money in service, was anxious to retire, and to invest his savings to advantage.

‘His master (we believe we may mention, without offending delicacy, the well-known name of Sir George Flimsy, of the house of Flimsy, Diddler, and Flash) smilingly asked Mr. James what was the amount of his savings, wondering considerably how, out of an income of thirty guineas—the main part of which he spent on bouquets, silk stockings, and perfumery—Mr. Plush could have managed to lay by anything.

‘Mr. Plush, with some hesitation, said he had been *speculating in railroads*, and stated his winnings to have been thirty thousand pounds. He had commenced his speculations with twenty, borrowed from a fellow-servant. He had dated his letters from the house in Berkeley Square, and humbly begged pardon of his master for not having instructed the Railway Secretaries who answered his applications to apply at the area-bell.

Sir George, who was at breakfast, instantly rose, and shook Mr. P. by the hand; Lady Flimsy begged him to be seated, and partake of the breakfast which he had laid on the table; and has subsequently invited him to her grand *déjeuner* at Richmond, where it was observed that Miss Emily Flimsy, her beautiful and accomplished seventh daughter, paid the lucky gentleman *marked attention*.

‘We hear it stated that Mr. P. is of a very ancient family (Hugo

de la Pluche came over with the Conqueror); and the new brougham which he has started bears the ancient coat of his race.

'He has taken apartments in the Albany, and is a director of thirty-three railroads. He purposes to stand for Parliament at the next general election on decidedly Conservative principles, which have always been the politics of his family.

'Report says that even in his humble capacity Miss Emily Flimsy had remarked his high demeanour. Well, "none but the brave," say we, "deserve the fair." '—*Morning Paper*.



This announcement will explain the following lines, which have been put into our box with a West-End post-mark. If, as we believe, they are written by the young woman from whom the Millionaire borrowed the sum on which he raised his fortune, what heart will not melt with sympathy at her tale, and pity the sorrows which she expresses in such artless language?

If it be not too late; if wealth have not rendered its possessor callous: if poor Maryanne *be still alive*; we trust, we trust, Mr. Plush will do her justice.

JEAMES OF BUCKLEY SQUARE

A HELIGY

Come all ye gents vot cleans the plate,
Come all ye ladies'-maids so fair—
Vile I a story vill relate
Of cruel Jeames of Buckley Square.
A tighter lad, it is confest,
Neer valked vith powder in his air,
Or voro a nosegay in his breast,
Than andsum Jeames of Buckley Square.

O Evns! it vas the best of sights,
Behind his Master's coach and pair,
To see our Joames in red plush tights,
A driving hoff from Buckley Square.
He vell became his hagwilletts,
He cocked his at with *such* a hair;
His calves and viskers *vas* such pets,
That hall loved Jeames of Buckley Square.

He pleased the hupstairs folks as vell,
And oh! I vithered vith despair,
Misses *would* ring the parlor bell,
And call up Jeames in Buckley Square.
Both beer and sperrits he abhord
(Sperrits and beer I can't abear),
You would have thought he vas a lord
Down in our All in Buckley Square.

Last year he visper'd, 'Mary Hann,
Ven I 've an underd pound to spare,
To take a public is my plan,
And leave this hojous Buckley Square.'
Oh, how my gentle heart did bound,
To think that I his name should bear,
'Dear Jeames,' says I, 'I've twenty pound,'
And gev them him in Buckley Square.

Our master vas a City gent,
His name 's in railroads everywhere;
And lord, vot lots of letters vent
Betwigest his brokers and Buckley Square!

My Jeames it was the letters took,
 And read 'em all (I think it's fair),
 And took a leaf from Master's book,
 As *hothers* do in Buckley Square.

Encouraged with my twenty pound,
 Of which poor *I* was unavare,
 He wrote the Companies all round,
 And signed hisself from Buckley Square.
 And how John Porter used to grin,
 As day by day, share after share,
 Came railway letters pouring in,
 'J. PLUSH, ESQUIRE, in Buckley Square.'

Our servants' All was in a rage—
 Scrip, stock, curves, gradients, bull and bear,
 Vith butler, coachman, groom and page,
 Vas all the talk in Buckley Square.
 But oh! imagine vat I felt
 Last Vensday veek as ever were;
 I gits a letter, which I spelt
 'MISS M. A. HOGGINS, Buckley Square.'

He sent me back my money true—
 He sent me back my lock of air,
 And said, 'My dear, I bid ajew
 To Mary Hann and Buckley Square.
 Think not to marry, foolish Hann,
 With people who your betters are;
 James Plush is now a gentleman,
 And you—a cook in Buckley Square.

'I've thirty thousand guineas won,
 In six short months, by genus rare;
 You little thought what Jeames was on,
 Poor Mary Hann, in Buckley Square.
 I've thirty thousand guineas net,
 Powder and plush I scorn to veer;
 And so, Miss Mary Hann, forget
 For hever Jeames, of Buckley Square.'

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The rest of the MS. is illegible, being literally washed away in a flood of tears.

A LETTER FROM 'JEAMES OF BUCKLEY SQUARE'

[August 23, 1845; *Miscellanies*, Vol. II, 1856.]

Albany, Letter X. August 10, 1845.

SIR,

Has a reglar suscriber to your emusing paper, I beg leaf to state that I should never have done so, had I supposed that it was your abbit to igspose the mistaries of privit life, and to hinjer the delligit feelings of umble individyouals like myself, who have *no ideer* of being made the subject of newspaper criticism.

I elude, Sir, to the unjustafiable use which has been made of my name in your Journal, where both my muc-cantile speclations and the *hinmost pashns of my art* have been brot forrards in a ridicklus way for the public emusemint.

What call, Sir, has the public to inquire into the suckmstansies of my engagements with Miss Mary Hann Oggins, or to meddle with their rupsher? Why am I to be maid the hobjick of your *redicule* in a *doggril ballit* impewted to her! I say *impewted*, because in *my* time at least Mary Hann could only sign her + mark (has I've hoften witnist it for her when she paid hin at the Savings Bank), and has for *sacraficing to the Mewses* and making *poatry*, she was as *hincapible* as Mr. Wakley himself.

With respect to the ballit, my baleaf is, that it is wrote by a footman in a low famly, a pore retch who attempted to rivle me in my affections to Mary Hann—a feller not five foot six, and with no more calves to his legs than a donkey—who was always a ritin (having been a doctors boy) and who I nockt down with a pint of porter (as he well recklex) at the 3 Tuns Jerming Street, for daring to try to make a but of me. He has signed Miss H's name to his *nonsince and lies*: and you lay yourself hopen to a haction for libel for insutting them in your paper.

It is false that I have treated Miss H. hill in *hany* way. That I borrowed 20lb of her is *trew*. But she confesses I paid it back. Can hall people say as much of the money

they've lent or borrowed? No. And I not only paid it back : but giv her the andsomet pres'nts *which I never should have eluded to*, but for this attack. Fust, a silver thimble (which I found in Missus's work-box); secknd, a vollom of Byrom's poems : third, I halways brought her a glas of Curasore, when we ad a party, of which she was remarkable fond. I treated her to Hashley's twice (and halways a srimp or a hoyster by the way), and a *thowsnd deligit attentions*, which I sapose count for *nothink*.

Has for marridge. Haltered suckmstancies rendered it himpossable. I was gone into a new spear of life—mingling with my native aristoxty. I breathe no sallible of blame aginst Miss H. but his a hilliterit cookmaid fit to set at a fashnable table? Do young fellers of rank genrally marry out of the Kitching? If we cast our i's upon a low-born gal, I needn say its only a tempory distraction, *pore passy le tong*. So much for *her* claims upon me. Has for *that beest of a Doctor's boy*, he's unwuthy the notas of a Gentleman.

That I've one thirty thousand lb, *and praps more*, I dont deny. Ow much has the Kilossus of Railroads one, I should like to know, and what was his cappitle? I hentered the market with 20lb, specklated Jewdicious, and ham what I ham. So may you be (if you have 20lb, and praps you haven't)—So may you be : if you choose to go in & win.

I for my part am jusly *proud* of my suxess, and could give you a hundred instances of my gratatude. For igsample, the fust pair of hosses I bought (and a better pare of steppers I dafy you to see in hany curracle), I crism'd Hull and Selby, in gratefvl elusion to my transackshns in that railroad. My riding Cob I called very unhaptly my Dublin and Galway. He came down with me the other day, and I've just sold him at $\frac{1}{4}$ discount.

At fust with prudence and modration I only kep two grooms for my stables, one of whom lickwise waited on me at table. I have now a confidenshle servant, a vally de shamber—He curls my air, inspex my accounts, and hansers my hinvitations to dinner. I call this Vally my *Trent Vally*, for it was the prophit I got from that exlent line, which injuiced me to ingage him.

Besides my North British plate and breakfast equipidge—I have two handsom suvvices for dinner—the goold plate for Sundays, and the silver for common use. When I ave

a great party, 'Trent,' I say to my man, 'we will have the London and Bummingham plate to-day (the goold), or else the Manchester and Leeds (the silver).' I bought them after realizing on the abuf lines, and if people suppose that the companys made me a presnt of the plate, how can I help it?

In the sam way I say, 'Trent, bring us a bottle of Bristol and Hexeter!' or, 'Put some Heastern Counties in hice!' He knows what I mean: it's the wines I bought upon the hospicious tummination of my connexshn with those two railroads.

So strong indeed as this abbit become, that being asked to stand Godfather to the youngest Miss Diddle last weak, I had her christened (provisionally) Rosamell—from the French line of which I am Director; and only the other day, finding myself rayther unwell, 'Doctor,' says I to Sir Jeames Clark, 'I've sent to consult you because my Midlands are out of horder; and I want you to send them up to a premium.' The Doctor lafd, and I beleave told the story subseqntly at Buckinum P-ll-s.

But I will trouble you no father. My sole objict in writing has been to *clear my carrater*—to show that I came by my money in a honorable way: that I'm not ashaymd of the manner in which I gayned it, and ham indeed grateful for my good fortune.

To conclude, I have ad my podigree maid out at the Erald Hoffis (I don't mean the *Morning Erald*), and have took for my arms a Stag. You are corriect in stating that I am of hancient Normin famly. This is more than Peal can say, to whomb I applied for a barnetcy; but the primmier being of low igstraction, natrally stickles for his horder. Consurvative though I be, *I may change my opinions* before the next Election, when I intend to hoffer myself as a Candydick for Parlymint.

Meanwild, I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obeajnt Survnt,

FITZ-JAMES DE LA PLUCHE.

SONNICK

SEJESTED BY PRINCE HALBERT GRATIOUSLY KILLING THE
STAGGS AT SACKS-COBUG-GOTHY

[September 20, 1845]

SOME forty Ed of sleak and hantlered dear
In Cobug (where such hanimmles abound)
Were shot, as by the nusepapers I hear,
By Halbert Usband of the Brittish Crownd.
Britannia's Queen let fall the purly tear ;
Seeing them butcherd in their silvn prisns ;
Igspecially, when the keepers, standing round,
Came up and cut their pretty hinnocent whizns.

Suppose, instead of this pore Germing sport,
This Saxn wenison which he shoots and baggs,
Our Prins should take a turn in Capel Court
And make a massyker of English Staggs.
Pore Staggs of Hengland ! were the Untsman at you,
What avoc he *would* make & what a trimenjus battu !

JEAMS.

JEAMES ON TIME BARGINGS

[October 24, 1845]



ERAPS at this present momink of
Railway Hagetation and unsafety
the follying little istory of a young
friend of mine may hact as an
olesome warning to hother week
and hirresolute young gents.

Young Frederick Timmins was
the horphan son of a respectable
cludgyman in the West of Heng-
land. Hadopted by his uncle,
Colonel T—, of the Hoss-
Mareens, and regardless of ex-
pence, this young man was sent to Heaton Collidge, and

subsiquintly to Hoxford, where he was very nearly being Senior Rangler. He came to London to study for the lor. His prospix was bright indead; and He lived in a secknd flore in Jerming Street, having a ginteal inkum of two hunderd lbs per hannum.

With this andsum enuity it may be supposed that Frederick wanted for nothink. Nor did he. He was a moral and well-educated young man, who took care of his close; pollisht his hone tea-party boots; cleaned his kidd-gloves with injer rubber; and, when not invited to dine out, took his meals reglar at the Hoxford and Cambridge Club—where (unless somebody treated him) he was never known to igseed his alf-pint of Marsally Wine.

Merrits and vuttues such as his coodnt long pass unperseavd in the world. Admitted to the most fashnabble parties, it wasn't long befor sevrал of the young ladies viewed him with a favorable i; one, ixpecially, the lovely Miss Hemily Mulligatawney, daughter of the Heast-Injar Derector of that name. As she was the richest gal of all the season, of corse Frederick fell in love with her. His haspirations were on the pint of being crowndid with success; and it was agreed that as soon as he was called to the bar, when he would sutnly be apinted a Judge, or a revising barrister, or Lord Chanslor, he should lead her to the halter.

What life could be more desirable than Frederick's? He gave up his mornings to perfeshnl studdy, under Mr. Bluebag, the heminent pleader; he devoted his hevenings to helegant sosiaty at his Clubb, or with his hadord Hemily. He had no cares; no detts; no egstravigancies; he never was known to ride in a cabb, unless one of his tip-top friends lent it him; to go to a theayter unless he got a horder; or to henter a tavern or smoke a cigar. If prosperraty was hever chocked out, it was for that young man.

But *suckmstances* arose. Fatle suckmstances for pore Frederick Timmins. The Railway Hoperations began.

For some time, immerst in lor and love, in the hardent hoccupations of his cheembers, or the sweet sosiaty of his Hemily, Frederick took no note of railroads. He did not reckonize the jigantic revaluation which, with hiron strides was a walkin over the country. But they began to be talked of even in *his* quiat haunts. Heven in the Hoxford

and Cambridge Clubb, fellers were a speckulatin. Tom Trumper (of Brasen Nose) cleared four thowsnd lb.; Bob Bullock (of Hexeter), who had lost all his proppaty gambling, had set himself up again; and Jack Deuceace, who had won it, had won a small istate besides by lucky specklations in the Share Markit.

Heverybody won. 'Why shoudn't I,' thought pore Fred; and having saved 100lb., he began a writin for shares—using, like an ickonominicle feller as he was, the Club paper to a prodigious igstent. All the Railroad directors, his friends, helped him to shares—the allotments came tumbling in—he took the primmiums by fifties and hundreds a day. His desk was cramd full of bank notes: his brane world with igsitement.

He gave up going to the Temple, and might now be seen hall day about Capel Court. He took no mor hinterest in lor; but his whole talk was of railroad lines. His desk at Mr. Bluebag's was filled full of prospectisises, and that legal gent wrote to Fred's uncle, to say he feared he was neglectin his bisniss.

Alass! he *was* neglectin it, and all his sober and industerous habits. He begann to give dinners, and thought nothin of partys to Greenwich or Richmond. He didn't see his Hemily near so often: although the hawdacious and misguided young man might have done so much more heasily now than before: for now he kep a Broom!

But there's a tumminus to hevery Railway. Fred's was approachin; in an evil hour he began making *time-bargains*. Let this be a warning to all young fellers, and Fred's huntimely hend hoperate on them in a moral pint of vu!

You all know under what favrable suckemstansies the Great Hafrican Line, the Grand Niger Junction, or Gold Coast and Timbuctoo (Provishnal) Hatmospheric Railway came out four weeks ago: deposit ninepence per share of 20*l*. (six elephant's teeth, twelve tons of palm-oil, or four healthy niggers, African currency)—the shares of this helegeble investment rose to 1, 2, 3, in the Markit. A happy man was Fred. when, after paying down 100 ninepences (3*l*. 15*s*.), he sold his shares for 250*l*. He gave a dinner at the Star and Garter that very day. I promise you there was no Marsally *there*.

Nex day they were up at 3½. This put Fred in a

rage : they rose to 5, he was in a fewry. 'What an ass I was to sell,' said he, 'when all this money was to be won !'

'And so you *were* an Ass,' said his particklar friend, Colonel Claw, K.X.R., a director of the line, 'a double-eared Ass. My dear feller, the shares will be at 15 next week. Will you give me your solemn word of honour not to breathe to mortal man what I am going to tell you ?'

'Honour bright,' says Fred.

'HUDSON HAS JOINED THE LINE.' Fred didn't say a word more, but went tumbling down to the City in his Broom. You know the state of the streats. Claw *went by water*.

'Buy me one thousand Hafricans for the 30th,' cries Fred., busting into his broker's ; and they were done for him at 4 $\frac{7}{8}$.

Can't you guess the rest ? Haven't you seen the Share List ? which says :—

'Great Africans, paid 9d. ; price $\frac{1}{4}$ par.'

And that's what came of my pore dear friend Timmins's time-barging.

What'll become of him I can't say ; for nobody has seen him since. His lodgins in Jerming Street is to let. His brokers in vain deplores his absence. His Uncle has declared his marriage with his housekeeper ; and the *Morning Erald* (that emusing print) has a paragraf yesterday in the fash-nabble news headed 'Marriage in High Life.—The rich and beautiful Miss Mulligatawney, of Portland Place, is to be speedily united to Colonel Claw, K.X.R.'

JEAMES.

THE DIARY

[November, 1845 to January, 1846; *Miscellanies*, Vol. II, 1856]



NE day in the panic week, our friend Jeames called at our office, evidently in great perturbation of mind and disorder of dress. He had no flower in his button-hole; his yellow kid gloves were certainly two days old. He had not above three of the ten chains he usually sports, and his great coarse knotty-knuckled old hands were deprived of some dozen of the rubies, emeralds, and other cameos with which, since his elevation to fortune, the poor fellow has thought fit to adorn himself.

'How's scrip, Mr. Jeames?' said we pleasantly, greeting our esteemed contributor.

'Scrip be ——,' replied he, with an expression we cannot repeat, and a look of agony it is impossible to describe in print, and walked about the parlour whistling, humming, rattling his keys and coppers, and showing other signs of agitation. At last, '*Mr. Punch*,' says he, after a moment's hesitation, 'I wish to speak to you on a pint of businiss. I wish to be paid for my contribewtions to your paper. Suckmstances is haltered with me. I—I—in a word, *can* you lend me £—— for the account?'

He named the sum. It was one so great that we don't care to mention it here; but on receiving a cheque for the amount (on Messrs. Pump and Aldgate, our bankers), tears came into the honest fellow's eyes. He squeezed our hand until he nearly wrung it off, and, shouting to a cab, he plunged into it at our office-door, and was off to the City.

Returning to our study, we found he had left on our table an open pocket-book; of the contents of which (for the sake of safety) we took an inventory. It contained—three tavern-bills, paid; a tailor's ditto, unsettled; forty-nine allotments in different companies, twenty-six thousand seven hundred shares in all, of which the market value we take, on an average, to be $\frac{1}{4}$ discount; and in an old bit of paper tied with pink ribbon a lock of chestnut hair, with the initials M. A. H.

In the diary of the pocket-book was a journal, jotted down by the proprietor from time to time. At first the entries are insignificant ; as, for instance :—‘ *3rd January*—Our beer in the Suvnts’ Hall so *precious* small at this Christmas time that I reely *muss* give warning, & wood, but for my dear Mary Hann.’ ‘ *February 7*—That broot Screw, the Butler, wanted to kis her, but my dear Mary Hann boxt his hold hears, & served him right. *I datest* Screw.’—and so forth. Then the diary relates to Stock Exchange operations, until we come to the time when, having achieved his successes, Mr. James quitted Berkeley Square and his livery, and began his life as a speculator and a gentleman upon town. It is from the latter part of his diary that we make the following

EXTRAX :—

Wen I aunounced in the Servnts All my axeshn of forting, and that by the exasize of my own talince and ingianiuty I had reerlized a summ of 20,000 lb. (it was only 5, but what’s the use of a mann depreshiating the qualaty of his own mackyrel ?). Wen I enounced my abrup intention to cut—you should have sean the sensation among hall the people ! Cook wanted to know whether I woodn like a sweatbred, or the slise of the brest of a Cold Tucky. Screw, the butler (womb I always detested as a hinsalant hoverbaring beast), begged me to walk in to the *Hupper* Servnts All, and try a glass of Shuperior Shatto Margo. Heven Visp, the coachmin, eld out his and, & said, ‘ Jeames, I hopes theres no quarraling betwigtst you & me, & I’ll stand a pot of beer with pleasure.’

The sickofnts !—that wery Cook had split on me to the Housekeeper ony last week (catchin me priggin some cold tuttle soop, of which I’m remarkable fond). Has for the Butler, I always *ebomminated* him for his precious snears and imperence to all us Gents who woar livry (he never would sit in our parlour, fasooth, nor drink out of our mugs) ; and in regard of Visp—why, it was ony the day before the vulgar beast hofferred to fite me, and thretned to give me a good iding if I refused. ‘ Gentlemen and ladies,’ says I, as haughty as may be, ‘ there’s nothink that I want for that I can’t go for to buy with my hown money, and take at my lodgins in Halbany, letter Hex ; if I’m ungry I’ve no need to refresh

myself in the *kitching*.' And, so saying, I took a dignafied ajew of these minnial domestics ; and asending to my epartment in the 4 pair back, brushed the powder out of my air, and, taking hoff those hojous livries for hever, put on a new soot, made for me by Cullin, of St. Jeames Street, and which fitted my manly figger as tight as whacks.

There was *one* pusson in the house with womb I was rayther anxious to evoid a persnal leave-taking—Mary Hann Oggins, I mean—for my art is natural tender, and I can't abide seeing a pore gal in pane. I'd given her previous the infamation of my departure—doing the ansom thing by her at the same time—paying her back 20lb., which she'd lent me 6 months before : and paying her back not ony the interest, but I gave her an andsome pair of scissars and a silver thimbil, by way of boanus. 'Mary Hann,' says I, 'suckimstancies has haltered our rellatif positions in life. I quit the Servnts' Hall for hever (for has for your marrying a person in my rank, that, my dear, is hall gammin), and so I wish you a good by, my good gal, and if you want to better yourself, halways refer to me.'

Mary Hann didn't hanser my speech (which I think was remarkable kind), but looked at me in the face quite wild like, and bust into somethink betwist a laugh & a cry, and fell down with her ed on the kitching dresser, where she lay until her young Missis rang the dressing-room bell. Would you bleave it? she left the thimbil & things, & my check for 20lb. 10s. on the tabil, when she went to hanser the bell? And now I heard her sobbing and vimpering in her own room nex but one to mine, vith the dore open, peraps expecting I should come in and say good by. But, as soon as I was dressed, I cut down stairs, hony desiring Frederick my fellow-servnt, to fetch me a cabb, and requesting permission to take leaf of my lady & the famly before my departure.

How Miss Hemly did hogle me to be sure ! Her ladyship told me what a sweet gal she was—hamiable, fond of poetry, plays the gitter. Then she asked me if I liked blond bewties and haubin hair. Haubin, indeed ! I don't like carrits ! as it must be confest Miss Hemly's his—and has for a *blond buty* she as pink I's like a Halbino, and her face looks as if it were dipt in a brann mash. How she squeegeed my & as she went away !

Mary Hann now *has* haubin air, and a cumplexion like roses and hivory, and I's as blew as Evin.

I gev Frederick two and six for fetchin the cabb—been resolved to hact the gentleman in hall things. How he stared !

25th.—I am now director of forty-seven hadvantageous lines, and have past hall day in the City. Although I've hate or nine new soots of close, and Mr. Cullin fitts me heligant, yet I fansy they hall reckonise me. Conshns wispers to me, 'Jeams, you'r hony a footman in disguise hafter all.'

28th.—Been to the Hopra. Music tol lol. That Lablash is a wopper at singing. I coodn make out why some people called out 'Bravo,' some 'Bravar,' and some 'Bravee.' 'Bravee, Lablash,' says I, at which hevery body laft.

I'm in my new stall. I've add new cushings put in, and my harms in goold on the back. I'm dressed hall in black, excep a gold waistcoat and dimind studds in the embriderd busom of my shameese. I wear a Camallia Jiponiky in my button ole, and have a double-barreld opera glas, so big, that I make Timmins, my seend man, bring it in the other cabb.

What an igstronry exabishn that Pawdy Carter is ! If those four gals are faries, Tellioni is sutnly the fairy Queend. She can do all that they can do, and somethink they can't. There's an indiscible grace about her, and Carlotty, my sweet Carlotty, she sets my art in flams.

Ow that Miss Hemly was noddin and winkin at me out of their box on the fourth tear ?

What linx i's she must av. As if I could mount up there !

PS. Talking of *mounting hup* ! the St. Helena's walked up 4 per cent this very day.

2nd July. Rode my bay oss Desperation in the park. There was me, Lord George Ringwood (Lord Cinqbar's son), Lord Ballybunnion, Honorable Capting Trap, & sevrul hother young swells. Sir John's carridge there in coarse. Miss Hemly lets fall her booky as I pass, and I'm obleged to get hoff and pick it hup, & get splashed up to the his. The gettin on hoss back agin is halways the juice & hall. Just as I was hon, Desperation begins a porring the hair with his 4 feet, and sinks down so on his anches, that I'm

blest if I didn't slipp hoff agin over his tail; at which Ballybunnion & the other chaps rord with lafter.

As Bally has istates in Queen's County, I've put him on the Saint Helena direction. We call it the 'Great St. Helena Napoleon Junction, from Jamestown to Longwood.' The French are taking it hup heagerly.

6th July. Dined to-day at the London Tavin with one of the Welsh bords of Direction I'm hon. The Cwrwmwrw & Plmwyddlywm, with tunnils through Snowding & Plinlimming.

Great nashnallity of coarse. Ap Shinkin in the chair. Ap Llwydd in the vice; Welsh mutton for dinner; Welsh iron knives & forks; Welsh rabbit after dinner; and a Welsh harper, be hanged to him: he went strummint on his hojous hinstrument, and played a toon piguliarly disagreeble to me.

It was *Pore Mary Hann*. The clarrit holmost choaked me as I tried it, and I very nearly wep myself as I thought of her bewtifle blue i's. Why *ham* I always thinkin about that gal? Sasiaty is sasiaty. it's lors is irresistabl. Has a man of rank I cant marry a serving-made. What would Cingbar & Ballybunnion say?

P.S.—I don't like the way that Cingbars has of borroing money, & halways making me pay the bill. Seven pound six at the Shipp, Grinnidge, which I don't grudge it, for Derbyshire's brown Ock is the best in Urup; nine pound three at the Trafflygar, and seventeen pound sixteen & nine at the Star & Garter, Richmond, with the Countess St. Emilion & the Baroness Frontignac. Not one word of French could I speak, and in consquince had nothink to do but to make myself halmost sick with heating hices and desert, while the hothers were chattering & parlyvooring.

Ha! I remember going to Grinnidge once with Mary Hann, when we were more happy (after a walk in the park, where we ad one gingy-beer betwigest us), more appy with tea and a simple srimp than with hall this splendor! —

July 24. My first floor apartmince in the Halbiny is now kempletely and chasely funnished—the droring-room with yellow satting and silver for the chairs and sophies—hemrall green tabbinet curtings with pink velvet & goold borders & fringes; a light blue Haxminster Carpit, embroy-

dered with tulips; tables, secrétaires, cunsoles, &c., as handsome as goold can make them, and candlesticks and shandalers of the purest Hormolew.

The Dining-room funniture is all *hoak*, British Hoak; round igspanning table, like a trick in a Pantimime, iccom-madating any number from 8 to 24—to which it is my wish to restrict my parties—Curtings Crimsing damask, Chairs crimsing myrocky. Portricks of my favorite great men decorats the wall—namely, the Duke of Wellington. There's four of his Grace. For Ive remarked that if you wish to pass for a man of weight & considdration you should holways praise and quote him—I have a valluble one lickwise of my Queend, and 2 of Prince Halbert—has a Field Martial and halso as a privat Gent. I despise the vulgar *snears* that are daily hullered aginst that Igsolted Pottentat. Betwigxt the Prins & the Duke hangs me, in the Uniform of the Cinqbar Malitia, of which Cinqbars has made me Captng.

The Libery is not yet done.

But the Bedd-roomb is the Jem of the whole—if you could but see it! such a Bedworr! Ive a Shyval Dressing Glass festooned with Walanseens Lace, and lighted up of evenings with rose coloured tapers. Goold dressing case and twilet of Dresding Cheny—My bed white and gold with curtings of pink and silver brocayd held up a top by a goold Qpid who seems always a smilin angillicly hon me, has I lay with my Ed on my piller hall sarounded with the finist Mechlin. I have a own man, a yuth under him, 2 groombs, and a fimmale for the House—I've 7 osses: in cors if I hunt this winter I must increase my ixtabishment.

N.B. Heverythink looking well in the City. Saint Helenas, 12 pm., Madagascars, 9½, Saffron Hill & Rookery Junction, 24, and the new lines in prospick equily encouraging.

People phansy its hall gaiety and pleasure the life of us fashnabble gents about townd—But I can tell 'em its not hall goold that glitters. They don't know our momints of hagony, hour ours of studdy and reflecshun. They little think when they see Jeames de la Pluche, Exquire, worling round in [a] walce at Halmax with Lady Hann, or lazaly stepping a kidrill with Lady Jane, poring helegant nothinx into the Countess's hear at dinner, or gallopin his hoss Desperation hover the exorcisin ground in the Park,—

they little think that leader of the tong, seaminkly so reckliss, is a careworn mann ! and yet so it is.

Imprymus. I've been ableged to get up all the ecompishments at double quick, & to apply myself with treemenjuous energy.

First,—in horder to give myself a hideer of what a gentleman reely is—I've read the novvle of *Pelham* six times, and am to go through it 4 times mor.

I practis ridin and the acquirement of 'a steady and & a sure seat across Country' assijuously 4 times a week, at the Hippydrum Riding Grounds. Many's the tumbil I've ad, and the aking boans I've suffered from, though I was grinnin in the Park or laffin at the Opra.

Every morning from 6 till 9, the innabitanice of Halbany may have been surprised to hear the sounds of music ishuing from the apartmince of Jeames de la Pluche, Exquire, Letter Hex. It's my dancing-master. From six to nine we have walces and polkies—at nine 'mangtiang & depotment,' as he calls it ; & the manner of hentering a room, complimenting the ost & ostess & compotting yourself at table. At nine I henter from my dressing-room (has to a party), I make my bow—my master (he's a Marquis in France, and ad misfortins, being connected with young Lewy Nepoleum) reseaves me—I hadwance—speak abowt the weather & the toppix of the day in an elegant & cussory manner. Brekfst is enounced by Fitzwarren, my mann—we precede to the festive bord—complimence is igsschanged with the manner of drinking wind, adresssing your neighbour, employing your napking & finger-glas, &c. And then we fall to brekfst, when I prommiss you the Marquis don't eat like a commoner. He says I'm getten on very well—soon I shall be able to inwite people to brekfst, like Mr. Mills, my rivle in Halbany ; Mr. Macauly (who wrote that sweet book of ballets, *The Lays of Hancient Rum*) ; & the great Mr. Rodgers himself.

The above was wrote some weeks back. I have given brekfst sins then, reglar *Deshunys*. I have ad Earls and Ycounts—Barnits as many as I chose : and the pick of the Railway world, of which I form a member. Last Sunday was a grand *Fate*. I had the *Eleet* of my friends : the display was sumptious ; the company *reshersh*y. Everything that Dellixy could suggest was by Gunter provided. I had

a Countiss on my right & (the Countess of Wigglesbury, that loveliest and most dashing of Staggs, who may be called the Railway Queend, as my friend George H—— is the Railway King)—on my left the Lady Blanche Bluenose—Prince Towrowski—the great Sir Huddlestone Fuddlestone, from the North, and a skoar of the fust of the fashn. I was in my *gloary*. The dear Countess and Lady Blanche was dying with laffing at my joax and fun. I was keeping the whole table in a roar—when there came a ring at my door—



bell, and sudnly Fitzwarren, my man, henters with an air of constanation. 'Theres somebody at the door,' says he, in a visper.

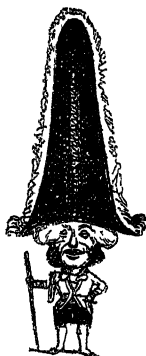
'O, it's that dear Lady Hemily,' says I, 'and that lazy raskle of a husband of her's. Trot them in, Fitzwarren' (for you see, by this time I had adopted quite the manners and hease of the arristoxty).—And so, going out, with a look of wonder he returned presently, enouncing Mr. & Mrs. Blodder.

I turned gashly pail. The table—the guests—the Countiss—Towrowski, and the rest, weald round & round before my hagitated I's. *It was my Grandmother and Huncle Bill.* She is a washerwoman at Healing Common, and he—he keeps a vegetable donkey-cart.

Y, Y hadn't John, the tiger, igsluded them? He had

tried. But the unconscious, though worthy creeters, advanced in spite of him, Huncle Bill bringing in the old lady grinning on his harm.

Phansy my feelinx.



MMAGIN when these unfortnat members of my famly hentered the room : you may phansy the ixtonnishment of the nobil company presnt. Old Grann looked round the room quite estounded by its horientle splendor, and huncle Bill (pulling hoff his phantail, & seluting the company as respeckfly as his vulgar natur would alow) says—‘Crikey, Jeames, you’ve got a better birth here than you ad where you were in the plush and powder line.’ ‘Try a few of them plovers hegs, sir,’ I says, whishing, I’m asheamed to say, that somethink would choke huncle B—— ; ‘and I hope,

mam, now you ’ve ad the kindness to wisit me, a little refreshmint wont be out of your way.’

This I said, detummind to put a good fase on the matter ; and because, in herly times, I’d reseaved a great deal of kindniss from the hold lady, which I should be a roag to forgit. She paid for my schooling ; she got up my fine linning gratis ; shes given me many & many a lb ; and manys the time in appy appy days when me and Maryhann has taken tea. But never mind *that*. ‘Mam,’ says I, ‘you must be tired hafter your walk.’

‘Walk ? Nonsince, Jeames,’ says she ; ‘its Sunday, & I came in, in *the cart*.’ ‘Black or green tea, maam ? ’ says Fitzwarren, intarupting her. And I will say the feller showed his nouce & good breeding in this difficklt momink ; for he ’d halready silenced huncle Bill, whose mouth was now full of muffinx, am, Blowny sausag, Perrigole pie, and other dellixies.

‘Wouldn’t you like a little *somethink* in your tea, Mam,’ says that sly wagg Cinqbars. ‘*He* knows what I likes,’ replies the hawfle hold Lady, pinting to me (which I knew it very well, having often seen her take a glas of hojous gin along with her Bohee), and so I was ableeged to horder Fitzwarren to bring round the licures, and to help my unfortint rellatif to a bumper of Ollands. She tost it hoff to the

elth of the company, giving a smack with her lipps after she 'd emtied the glas, which very nearly caused me to phaint with hagny. But, luckaly for me, She didn't igspose herself much farther : for when Cinqbars was pressing her to take another glas, I cried out, ' Don't, my lord,' on which old Grann hearing him edressed by his title, cried out, ' A Lord ! o, law ! ' and got up and made him a cutsy, and coodnt be peswaded to speak another word. The presents of the noble gent. heavidently made her uneezy.

The Countiss on my right and had shownt symtms of ix-tream disgust at the beayviour of my relations, and, having called for her carridge, got up to leave the room, with the most dignified hair. I, of coarse, rose to conduct her to her weakle. Ah, what a contrast it was ! There it stood, with stars and garters hall hover the pannels ; the footmin in peach-coloured tites ; the hosses worth 3 hundred a-peace ; —and there stood the horrid *linnen-cart*, with ' Mary Blodder, Laundress, Ealing, Middlesex,' wrote on the bord, and waiting ; until my abandind old parint should come out.

Cinqbars insisted upon helping her in. Sir Huddlestone Fuddlestone, the great barnet from the North, who, great as he is, is as stewpid as a howl, looked on, hardly trusting his goggle I's as they witnessed the Sean. But little lively good naterd Lady Kitty Quickset, who was going away with the Countiss, held her little & out of the carridge to me and said, ' Mr. De la Pluche, you are a much better man than I took you to be. Though her Ladyship *is* horrified, & though your Grandmother *did* take gin for breakfast, don't give her up. No one ever came to harm yet for honoring their father & mother.'

And this was a sort of consolation to me, and I observed that all the good fellers thought none the wuss of me. Cinqbars said I was a trump for sticking up for the old washerwoman ; Lord George Gills said she should have his linning ; and so they cut their joax, and I let them. But it was a great releaf to my mind when the cart drove hoff.

There was one pint which my Grandmother observed, and which, I muss say, I thought lickwise ; ' Ho, Jeames,' says she, ' hall those fine ladies in sattns and velvets is very well, but there's not one of em can hold a candle to Mary Hann.'

Railway Spec is going on phamusly. You should see how polite they har at my bankers now ! Sir Paul Pump

Aldgate, & Company. They bow me out of the back parlor as if I was a Nybobb. Every body says I 'm worth half a millium. The number of lines they're putting me upon, is inkumseavable. I've put Fitzwarren, my man, upon several. Reginald Fitzwarren, Esquire, looks splended in a perspec-tus ; and the raskle owns that he has made two thowsnd.

How the ladies & men too, foller & flatter me ! If I go into Lady Binsis hopra box, she makes room for me, who ever is there, and cries out, ' O do make room for that dear creature ! ' And she complymnts me on my taste in musick, or my new Broom-oss, or the phansy of my weskit, and always ends by asking me for some shares. Old Lord Bareacres, as stiff as a poaker, as prowld as Loosyfer, as poor as Joab—even he condysends to be sivvle to the great De la Pluche, and begged me at Harthur's, lately, in his sollom, pompus way, ' to faver him with five minutes conver-sation.' I knew what was coming—application for shares—put him down on my private list. Wouldn't mind the Scrag End Junction passing through Bareacres—hoped I'd come down and shoot there.

I gave the old humbugg a few shares out of my own pocket. ' There, old Pride,' says I, ' I like to see you down on your knees to a footman. There, old Pompossaty ! Take fifty pound ; I like to see you come cringing and begging for it.' Whenever I see him in a *very* public place, I take my change for my money. I digg him in the ribbs, or slap his padded old shoulders. I call him, ' Bareacres, my old buck ! ' and I see him wince. It does my art good.

I'm in low sperits. A disagreeable insadent has just occurred. Lady Pump, the banker's wife, asked me to dinner. I sat on her right, of coarse, with an uncommon gal ner me, with whom I was getting on in my fassanating way—full of lacy ally (as the Marquis says) and easy plesntry. Old Pump, from the end of the table, asked me to drink Champagne ; and on turning to tak the glas I saw Charles Wackles (with womb I'd been imployed at Colonel Spurrier's house) grinning over his shoulder at the Butler.

The beest reckonized me. Has I was putting on my palto in the hall, he came up again : ' *How dy doo*, Jeames,' says he, in a findish visper. ' Just come out here, Chawles,' says I, ' I've a word for you, my old boy.' So I beckoned him into Portland Place, with my pus in my hand, as if I was going to give him a sovaring.

'I think you said "Jeames," Chawles,' says I, 'and grind at me at dinner?'

'Why, sir,' says he, 'we're old friends, you know.'



'Take that for old friendship then,' says I, and I gave him just one on the noas, which sent him down on the pavement as if he'd been shot. And mounting myjesticly into my cabb, I left the rest of the grinning scoundrills to pick him up, & droav to the Clubb.



AVE this day kimpleated a little efair with my friend George, Earl Bareacres, which I trust will be to the advantidge both of self & that noble gent. Adjining the Bareacre proppaty is a small piece of land of about 100 acres, called Squallop Hill, igseeding advantageous for the cultivation of sheep, which have been found to have a pickewlear fine flaviour from the natur of the grass, tyme, heather, and other hodarefarus plants which grows on that mounting in the places where the rox and stones dont prevent them.

the side of his new friend, Lord Bareacres, whose 'pompossaty,' as described in the last Number, seems to have almost entirely subsided.]

We then come to the following :—

With a proud and thankful Art, I copy off this morning's *Gyzzett* the following news :—

'Commission signed by the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Diddlesex :

'James Augustus de la Pluche, Esquire, to be Deputy Lieutenant.'

'North Diddlesex Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry.

'James Augustus de la Pluche, Esquire, to be Captain, *vice* Blowhard, promoted.'

And his it so ? Ham I indeed a landed proprietor—a Deppaty Leftnant—a Capting ? May I hatend the Cort of my Sovring ? and dror a sayber in my country's defens ? I wish the French *wood* land, and me at the head of my squadrang on my hoss Desparation. How Id extonish 'em ! How the gals will stare when they see me in younifom ! How Mary Hann would—but nonsince ! I'm halways thinking of that pore gal. She's left Sir John's. She couldn't abear to stay after I went, I've heerd say. I hope she's got a good place. Any summ of money that would sett her up in bisniss, or make her comfarable, I'd come down with like a mann. I told my granmother so, who sees her, and rode down to Healing on porpose on Desparation to leave a five lb noat in anvylope. But she's sent it back, sealed with a thimbill.

Tuesday. Reseavd the folloing letter from Lord B——, rellatif to my presntation at Cort and the Youniform I shall wear on that hospicious seramony :—

'MY DEAR DE LA PLUCHE,

'I think you had better be presented as a Deputy Lieutenant. As for the Diddlesex Yeomanry, I hardly know what the uniform is now. The last time we were out was in 1803, when the Prince of Wales reviewed us, and when we wore French grey jackets, leathers, red morocco boots, crimson pelisses, brass helmets with leopard-skin and a white plume, and the regulation pig-tail of eighteen inches. That dress will hardly answer at present, and

must be modified, of course. We were called the White Feathers in those days. For my part, I decidedly recommend the Deputy Lieutenant.

'I shall be happy to present you at the Levee and at the Drawing-room. Lady Bareacres will be in town for the 13th, with Angelina, who will be presented on that day. My wife has heard much of you, and is anxious to make your acquaintance.

'All my people are backward with their rents: for Heaven's sake, my dear fellow, lend me five hundred and oblige

'Yours, very gratefully,

'BAREACRES.'

Note. Bareacres may press me about the Deputy Lieutenant—but *I'm* for the cavvetry.



EWLY will always be a sacrid anniwussary with me. It was in that month that I became persnally ecquaintid with my Prins and my gracious Sovarink.

Long before the hospitious event acurd, you may emadgin that my busm was in no triffling flutter. Sleaplis of nights, I past them thinking of the great ewent—or if igssosted natur *did* clothes my highlids—the eyedear of my waking thoughts pevaded my slummers.

Corts, Erls, presntations, Goldstix, gracious Sovarinx mengling in my dreembs unceasnly. I blush to say it (for humin prisumpshn never surely igseeded that of my wickid wickid vishn). One night I actially dremt that Her R. H. the Princess Hallis was grown up, and that there was a Cabinit Counsel to detummin whether her & was to be bestoad on me or the Prins of Sax-Muffinhausen-Pumpenstein, a young Prooshn or Germing zion of nobillaty. I ask umly parding for this hordacious ideer.

I said, in my fommer remarx, that I had detummined to be presented to the notus of my reveared Sovaring in a melintary coschewm. The Court-shoots in which Sivilians attend a Levy are so uncomming like the—the—

livries (ojous wud ! I 8 to put it down) I used to wear befor entering sosiaty, that I couldn't abide the notium of wearing one. My detummination was fumly fixt to apeer as a Yominry Cavilry Hoffiser, in the galleant younifom of the North Diddlesex Huzzas.

Has that redgmint had not been out sins 1803, I thought myself quite hotherized to make such halterations in the youniform as shuited the presnt time and my metured and elygint taste. Pigtales was out of the question. Tites I was detummind to mintain. My legg is praps the finist pint about me, and I was risolved not to hide it under a booshle.

I phixt on scarlit tites, then, imbridered with goold as I have seen Widdicomb wear them at Hashley's when me and Mary Hann used to go there. Ninety-six guineas worth of rich goold lace and cord did I have myhandering hall hover those shoperb inagspressables.

Yellow marocky Heshn boots, red eels, goold spurs & goold tassles as bigg as belpulls.

Jackit—French gray and silver oringe fasings & cuphs, according to the old patn ; belt, green and goold, tight round my pusn, & settin hoff the cemetry of my figgar *not disadventajusly*.

A huzza paleese of pupple velvit & sable fir. A sayber of Damaskus steal, and a sabertash (in which I kep my Odiclone and imbridered pocket ankercher), kimpleat my acooterments, which without vannaty, was, I flatter myself, *uneak*.

But the crownding triumph was my hat. I couldnt wear a cock At. The huzzahs dont use 'em. I wouldnt wear the hojous old brass Elmet & Leppardskin. I choas a hat which is dear to the memry of hevery Brittn ; an at which was inwented by my Feeld Marshle and adord Prins ; an At which *vulgar prejidis & Joaking* has in vane etempted to run down. I chose the Halbert At. I didn't tell Bare-acres of this egsabishn of loilty, intending to *surprize* him. The white ploom of the West Diddlesex Yomingry I fixt on the topp of this Shacko, where it spread hout like a shaving-brush.

You may be sure that befor the fatle day arrived, I didnt niglect to practus my part well ; and had sevrsl *rehustles*, as they say.

This was the way. I used to dress myself in my full

togs. I made Fitzwarren, my boddy servnt, stand at the dor, and figger as the Lord in Waiting. I put Mrs. Bloker, my laundress, in my grand harm chair to repräsent the horgust pusn of my Sovring—Frederick, my seeknd man, standing on her left, in the hattatude of an illustus Prins Consort. Hall the Candles were lighted. ‘*Captain de la Pluche, presented by Herl Bareacres,*’ Fitzwarren, my man, igsclaimed, as adwancing I made obasins to the Thrown. Nealin on one nee, I cast a glans of unhuttarable loilty towards The Brittish Crownd, then stepping gracefully hup, (my Dimascus Simiter *would* git betwigst my ligs, in so doink, which at fust was very disagreeble)—rising hup graseffy, I say, I flung a look of manly but respeckfl hom-mitch tords my Prins, and then ellygntly ritreated backards out of the Roil Presents. I kep my 4 suvnts hup for 4 hours at this gaym the night befor my presntation, and yet I was the fust to be hup with the sunrice. I *coodnt* sleep that night. By abowt six o’clock in the morning I was drest in my full uniform—and I didnt know how to pass the interveaning hours.

‘My Granmother hasnt seen me in full phigg,’ says I. ‘It will rejoice that pore old sole to behold one of her race so suxesfle in life.’ Has I ave read in the novvle of *Kennleworth*, that the Herl goes down in Cort dress and extoneshes Hamy Robsart, I will go down in hall mysplender and astownd my old washywoman of a Granmother. To make this detummination; to horder my Broom; to knock down Frederick the groomb for delaying to bring it; was with me the wuck of a momint. The nex sor as galliant a cavyleer as hever rode in a cabb, skowering the road to Healing.

I arrived at the well-known cottitch. My huncle was habsent with the cart; but the dor of the humble eboard stood hopen, and I passed through the little garding where the close was hanging out to dry. My snowy ploom was ableeged to bend under the lowly porch, as I hentered the apartmint.

There was a smell of tea there—there’s always a smell of tea there—the old lady was at her Bohee as usual. I advanced tords her; but ha! phansy my extonnishment when I sor Mary Hann!

I halmost faintid with himotion. ‘Ho, Jeames!’ (she has said to me subsquintly) ‘mortal mann never looked so

bewtifle as you did when you arived on the day of the Levy. You were no longer mortial, you were diwine !’

R ! what little Justas the Hartist has done to my manly etractions in the groce carriketure he’s made of me.

Nothing, perhaps, ever created so great a sensashun as



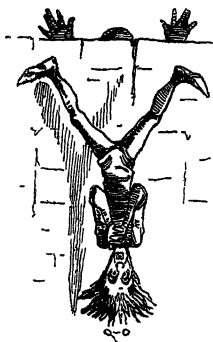
my hentrance to St. Jeames’s, on the day of the Levy. The Tuckish Hambasdor himself was not so much remarked as my shuperb turn out.

As a Millentary man, and a North Diddlesex Huzza,

I was resolved to come to the ground on *hossback*. I had Desparation phigd out as a charger, and got 4 Melentery dresses from Ollywell Street, in which I drest my 2 men (Fitzwarren, hout of livry, woodnt stand it), and 2 fellers from Rimles, where my hosses stand at livry. I rode up St. Jeames's Street, with my 4 Hadycongs—the people huzzaying—the gals waving their hankerchers, as if I were a Foring Prins—hall the winders crowdid to see me pass.

The guard must have taken me for a Hempror at least, when I came, for the drums beat, and the guard turned out and seluted me with presented harms.

What a momink of triumth it was ! I sprung myjestickly from Desperation. I gav the rains to one of my horderlies, and, salewting the crowd, I past into the presnts of my Most Gracious Mrs.



OU, peraps, may igspect that I should narrait at lenth the suckmstanzas of my hawjince with the British Crownd. But I am not one who would gratify *imputtnint curaïosaty*. Rispect for our reckonized instatewtions is my fust quallaty. I, for one, will dye rallying round my Thrown.

Suffise it to say, when I stood in the Horgust Presnts,—when I sor on the right & of my Himperial Sovring that Most Gracious Prins, to admire womb has been the chief Objick of my life, my busum was seased with an imotium which my Penn rifewses to dixcribe—my trembling knees

halmost rifused their hoffis—I reckleck nothing mor until I was found phainting in the harms of the Lord Chamberling. Sir Robert Peal apnd to be standing by (I knew our wuthy Primmier by *Punch's* picturs of him, igspecially his ligs), and he was conwussing with a man of womb I shall say nothink, but that he is a Hero of 100 fites, *and hevery fite he fit he one*. Nead I say that I elude to Harthur of Wellingting ? I introjuiced myself to these Jents, and intend to improve the equaintance, and peraps ast Guvmint for a Barnetcy.

But there was *another* pusch womb on this droring-room I fust had the inagspressable dalite to beold. This was that Star of fashing, that Sinecure of neighbouring i's, as Milting observes, the ecomplisht Lady Hangelina Thistlewood, daughter of my exlent frend, John George Godfrey de Bullion Thistlewood, Earl of Bareacres, Baron Southdown, in the Peeridge of the United Kingdom, Baron Haggismore, in Scotland, K.T., Lord Leftnant of the County of Diddlesex, &c. &c. This young lady was with her Noble Ma, when I was kinducted tords her. And surely never lighted on this hearth a more delightfle vishn. In that gallixy of Bewty the Lady Hangelina was the fairest Star—in that reath of Loveliness the sweetest Rosebudd! Pore Mary Hann, my Art's young affeckshns had been senterd on thee; but like water through a sivv, her immidge disapeared in a momink, and left me intransd in the presnts of Hangelina!

Lady Bareacres made me a myjestick bow—a grand and hawfle puschage her Ladyship is, with a Roming Nose, and an enawmus ploom of Hostridge phethers; the fare Hangelina smiled with a sweetness perfickly bewhildring, and said, 'O, Mr. de la Pluche, I'm so delighted to make your acquaintance, I have often heard of you.'

'Who,' says I, 'has mentioned my insiggnifficknt igsistance to the fair Lady Hangelina, *kel bonure igstrame poor mwaw*' (for you see I've not studdied *Pelham* for nothink, and have lunt a few French phrases, without which no Gent of fashn speaks now).

'O,' replies my lady, 'it was Papa first; and then a very, *very* old friend of yours.'

'Whose name is,' says I, pusht on by my stoopid curawsaty—

'Hoggins—Mary Ann Hoggins'—ansurred my lady (laffing phit to splitt her little sides). 'She is my maid, Mr. de la Pluche, and I'm afraid you are a very sad, sad person.'

'A mere baggytell,' says I. 'In fommer days I *was* equainted with that young woman; but haltered suckmstances have separated us for hever, and *mong cure* is irratreevably *perdew* elsewhere.'

'Do tell me all about it. Who is it? When was it? We are all dying to know.'

'Since about two minnits, and the Ladys name begins

with a *Ha*,' says I, looking her tenderly in the face, and conjring up hall the fassanations of my smile.

'Mr. de la Pluche,' here said a gentleman in whiskers and mistashes standing by, 'hadn't you better take your spurs out of the Countess of Bareacres' train?'—'Never mind Mamma's train' (said Lady Hangelina); 'this is the great Mr. de la Pluche, who is to make all our fortunes—yours too. Mr. de la Pluche, let me present you to Captain George Silvertop.'—The Capting bent just one jint of his back very slutely; I retund his stare with equill hottiness.



'Go and see for Lady Bareacres' carriage, Charles,' says his Lordship; and vispers to me, 'a cousin of ours—a poor relation.' So I took no notis of the feller when he came back, nor in my subsquint visits to Hill Street, where it seems a knife and fork was laid reglar for this shabby Capting.

Thursday Night.—O Hangelina, Hangelina, my pashn for you hogments daily! I've bean with her two the Hopra. I sent her a bewtifle Camellia Jyponiky from Covn Garding, with a request she would wear it in her raving Air. I wear another in my butn-ole. Evns, what was my sattusfackshn

as I leant hover her chair, and igsammind the house with my glas !

She was as sulky and silent as pawsble, however—would scarcely speak ; although I kijoled her with a thowsnd little plesntries. I spose it was because that vulgar raskle Silvertop, *wood* stay in the box. As if he didn' know (Lady B's as deaf as a poast and counts for nothink) that people *sometimes* like a *tatyaty*.

Friday.—I was sleeples all night. I gave went to my feelings in the folloring lines—there's a hair out of Balfe's Hopera that she's fond of. I edapted them to that mellady.

She was in the droring-room alone with Lady B. She was wobbling at the pyanna as I hentered. I flung the convasation upon mewsick ; said I sung myself (I've ad lesns lately of Signor Twankydidlo) ; and, on her rekwesting me to faver her with somethink, I bust out with my poim :

' WHEN MOONLIKE ORE THE HAZURE SEAS '

' When moonlike ore the hazure seas
In soft effulgence swells,
When silver jews and balmy breaze
Bend down the Lily's bells ;
When calm and deap, the rosy sleap
Has lapt your soal in dreems,
R Hangeline ! R lady mine !
Dost thou remember Jeames ?

' I mark thee in the Marble All,
Where Englands loveliest shine—
I say the fairest of them hall
Is Lady Hangeline.
My soul, in desolate eclipse,
With recollection teems—
And then I hask, with weeping lips,
Dost thou remember Jeames ?

' Away ! I may not tell thee hall
This soughring heart endures—
There is a lonely sperrit-call
That Sorrow never cures ;

There is a little, little Star,
That still above me beams ;
It is the Star of Hope—but ar !
Dost thou remember Jeames ? ’

When I came to the last words, ‘Dost thou remember Je-e-e-ams,’ I threw such an igspresshn of unutttrabble tenderniss into the shake at the hend, that Hangelina could bare it no more. A bust of uncumtrollable emotium seized her. She put her ankercher to her face and left the room. I heard her laffing and sobbing histerickly in the bedwor.

‘O Hangelina—My adord one, My Arts joy ! . . .



AREACRES, me, the ladies of the famly, with their sweet, Southdown, B'seldest son, and George Silvertop, the shabby Capting (who seames to git leaf from his ridgmint whenever he likes), have beene down into Diddlesex for a few days, enjying the spawts of thefeald there.

Never having done much in the gunning line (since when a hinnasent boy, me

and Jim Cox used to go out at Healing, and shoot sparrers in the Edges with a pistle)—I was reyther dowtflie as to my suxes as a shot, and practusd for some days at a stoughd bird in a shooting gallery, which a chap histed up and down with a string. I sugseaded in itting the hannimle pretty well. I bought Awker's *Shooting-Guide*, two double-guns at Mantings, and salected from the French prints of fashn the most gawjus and ellygant sporting ebillyment. A lite blue velvet and

goold cap, woar very much on one hear, a cravatt of yaller & green imbroidered satting, a weskit of the McGrigger plaid, & a jacket of the McWhirter tartn (with large motherapurl butns, engraved with coaches & osses, and spawting subjix), high leather gayters, and marocky shooting shoes, was the simple hellymence of my costewm, and I flatter myself set hoff my figger in rayther a fayverable way. I took down none of my own pusnal istablishmint excep Fitzwarren, my hone mann, and my grooms, with Desparation and my curricke osses, and the Fourgong containing my dressing-case and close.

I was heverywhere introjuiced in the county as the great Railroad Cappitlist, who was to make Diddlesex the most prawsperous districk of the hempire. The squires prest forrards to welcome the new comer amongst 'em; and we had a Hagricultral Meating of the Bareacres tenantry, where I made a speech droring tears from hevery i. It was in compliment to a layborer who had brought up sixteen children, and lived sixty years on the istate on seven bobb a week. I am not prowld, though I know my station. I shook hands with that mann in lavender kidd gloves. I told him that the purshuit of hagriculture was the noblist hockupations of humannaty: I spoke of the yoming of Hengland, who (under the command of my hancisters) had conquerd at Hadjincourt & Cressy; and I gave him a pair of new velveteen inagspressables, with two and six in each pocket, as a reward for three score years of labor. Fitzwarren, my man, brought them forrards on a satting cushion. Has I sat down, defning chears selewted the horator; the band struck up *The Good Old English Gentleman*. I looked to the ladies galry; my Hangelina waived her ankasher and kissed her &; and I sor in the distans that pore Mary Hann efected evidently to tears by my ellaquints.

What an advance that gal as made since she's been in Lady Hangelina's company! Sins she wears her young lady's igsploded gownds and retired caps and ribbings, there's an ellygance abowt her which is puffickly admarable; and which, haddid to her own natral bewty & sweetniss, creates in my boozum serting sensatiums . . . Shor! I *mustn't* give way to fealinx unwuthy of a member of the

aristoxoy. What can she be to me but a mear recklection—a vishn of former ears ?

I'm blest if I didn mistake her for Hangelina herself yesterday. I met her in the grand Collydore of Bareacres Castle. I sor a lady in a melumcolly hattatude gacing outawinder at the setting sun, which was eluminating the fair parx and gardings of the hancient demean.

'Bewchus Lady Hangelina,' says I—'A penny for your Ladyship's thoughts,' says I.

'Ho Jeames ! Ho, Mr. de la Pluche !' hansered a well-known vice, with a haxnt of sadnis which went to my art. 'You know what my thoughts are, well enough. I was thinking of happy, happy old times, when both of us were poo—poo—oor,' says Mary Hann, busting out in a phit of crying, a thing I can't ebide. I took her & and tried to cumft her : I pinted out the diffrents of our sitawashns ; igsplained to her that proppaty has its jewties as well as its previlleches, and that *my* juty clearly was to marry into a noble famly. I kep on talking to her (she sobbing and going hon hall the time) till Lady Hangelina herself came up—'The real Siming Pever,' as they say in the play.

There they stood together—them two young women. I don't know which is the ansamest. I coodn help comparing them ; and I coodnt help comparing myself to a certing Hannimle I've read of, that found it difficklt to make a choice betwist 2 Bundles of A.

That ungrateful beest Fitzwarren—my oan man—a feller I've maid a fortune for—a feller I give 100 lb. per hannum to !—a low bred Wallydyshamber ! *He* must be thinking of falling in love too ! and treating me to his imperence.

He's a great big athlatic feller—six foot i, with a pair of black whiskers like air-brushes—with a look of a Colonel in the Army—a dangerous pawmpus-spoken raskle I warrunt you. I was coming ome from shuiting this hafternoon—and passing through Lady Hangelinas flour-garding, who should I see in the summerouse, but Mary Hann pretending to em an ankyshr and Mr. Fitzwarren paying his cort to her.

'You may as well have me, Mary Hann,' says he. 'I've saved money. We'll take a public-house and I'll make a lady of you. I'm not a purse-proud ungrateful fellow like Jeames—who's such a snob' ('such a SNOBB' was his

very words !) ‘that I’m ashamed to wait on him—who’s the laughing stock of all the gentry and the housekeeper’s room too—try a *man*,’ says he—‘don’t be taking on about such a humbug as Jeames.’

Here young Joe the keeper’s sun, who was carrying my bagg, bust out a laffing—thereby causing Mr. Fitzwarren to turn round and intarupt this polite convasation.



I was in such a rayge. ‘Quit the building, Mary Hann,’ says I to the young woman—‘and you, Mr. Fitzwarren, have the goodness to remain.’

‘I give you warning,’ roars he, looking black, blue, yaller—all the colours of the ranebo.

‘Take hoff your coat, you imperent, hungrateful scoundrl,’ says I.

‘It’s not your livery,’ says he.

‘Peraps you’ll understand me, when I take off my own,’ says I, unbuttoning the motherapurls of the MacWhirter

tartn. 'Take my jackit, Joe,' says I to the boy,—and put myself in a hattitude about which there was *no mistayk*.

He's 2 stone heavier than me—and knows the use of his ands as well as most men; but in a fite, *blood's every-think*; the Snobb can't stand before the gentleman; and I should have killed him, I've little doubt, but they came and stopt the fite betwixt us before we'd had more than 2 rounds.

I punisht the raskle tremenjussy in that time, though; and I'm writing this in my own sittn-room, not being able to come down to dinner on account of a black-eye I've got, which is sweld up and disfiggrs me dredfl.



N account of the hoffle black i which I reseaved in my rangcounter with the hinfinus Fitzwarren, I kep my roomb for sevrsl days, with the rose-coloured curtings of the apartmint closed, so as to form an agreeeble twilike; and a light-bloo satting shayd over the injard pheacher. My woons was thus made to become me as much as pawstable; and (has the Poick well observs 'Nun but the Brayv desuvs the Fare') I cumsoled myself in the sasiaty of the ladies for my tempory disfiggarment.

It was Mary Hann who summind the House and put an end to my phistycoughs with Fitzwarren. I licked him and bare him no mallis: but of corse I dismist the imperent scoundrill from my suvvis, apinting Adolphus, my page, to his post of confidenshle Valley.

Mary Hann and her young and lovely Mrs. kep paying me continyoul visits during my retiremint. Lady Hangelina was halways sending me messidges by her: while my exlent friend, Lady Bareacres (on the contry) was always sending me toakns of affeckshn by Hangelina. Now it was a cooling hi-lotium, inwented by herself, that her Ladyship would perscribe—then, agin, it would be a booky of flowers (my favrit polly hanthuses, pellagoniums, and jyponikys), which none but the fair &s of Hangelina could dispose

about the chamber of the hinvyleed. Ho ! those dear mothers ! when they wish to find a chans for a galliant young feller, or to ixtablish their dear gals in life, what awpertunities they *will* give a man ! You'd have phansied I was so hill (on account of my black hi), that I couldnt live exsep upon chicking and spoon-meat, and jellies, and blemonges, and that I couldnt eat the latter dellixies (which I ebomminate onternoo, prefurring a cut of beaf or muttn to hall the kickpshaws of France), unless Hangelina brought them. I et 'em, and sacrafised myself for her dear sayk.

I may stayt here that in privit convasations with old Lord B. and his son, I had mayd my propoasls for Hangelina, and was axepted, and hoped soon to be made the appiest gent in Hengland.

'You must break the matter gently to her,' said her hexlent father. 'You have my warmest wishes, my dear Mr. De la Pluche, and those of my Lady Bareacres ; but I am not—not quite certain about Lady Angelina's feelings. Girls are wild and romantic. They do not see the necessity of prudent establishments, and I have never yet been able to make Angelina understand the embarrassments of her family. These silly creatures prate about love and a cottage, and despise advantages which wiser heads than theirs know how to estimate.'

'Do you mean that she aint fassanated by me ?' says I, busting out at this outrayjus ideer.

'She *will* be, my dear sir. You have already pleased her,—your admirable manners must succeed in captivating her, and a fond father's wishes will be crowned on the day in which you enter our family.'

'Recklect, gents,' says I to the 2 lords,—'a barging's a barging—I'll pay hoff Southdown's Jews, when I'm his brother—as a *straynger*—(this I said in a sarcastickle toan)—I wouldnt take such a *libbaty*. When I'm your suninlor I'll treble the valyou of your estayt. I'll make your incumbrinces as right as a trivit, and restor the noble ouse of Bareacres to its herly splendor. But a pig in a poak is not the way of transacting bisniss imployed by Jeames De la Pluche, Esquire.'

And I had a right to speak in this way. I was one of the greatest scrip-holders in Hengland ; and calclated on a kilossle fortune. All my shares was rising immence. Every poast brot me noose that I was sevrsl thowsnds

richer than the day befor. I was detummind not to reerlize till the proper time, and then to buy istates ; to found a new famly of Delapluches, and to alie myself with the aristoxoy of my country.

These pints I represented to pore Mary Hann hover and hover agin. 'If you'd been Lady Hangelina, my dear gal,' says I, 'I would have married you : and why don't I ? Because my dooty prewents me. I'm a marter to dooty ; and you, my pore gal, must cumsole yorself with that ideer.'

There seamd to be a consperracy, too, between that Silvertop and Lady Hangelina to drive me to the same pint. 'What a plucky fellow you were, Pluche,' says he (he was rayther more familliar than I liked), 'in your fight with Fitzwarren !—to engage a man of twice your strength and science, though you were sure to be beaten (this is an etroashous folsood : I should have finnisht Fitz in 10 minnits), for the sake of poor Mary Hann ! That's a generous fellow. I like to see a man risen to eminence like you, having his heart in the right place. When is to be the marriage, my boy ?'

'Capting S.,' says I, 'my marridge consunns your most umble servnt a precious sight more than you ;'—and I gev him to understand I didn't want him to put in *his* ore—I wasn't afrayd of his whiskers, I prommis you, Capting as he was. I'm a British Lion, I am : as brayv as Bony-pert, Hannible, or Holiver Crummle,



and would face bagnits as well as any Evy dragoon of 'em all.

Lady Hangelina, too, igspawstulated in her hartfl way.

'Mr. de la Pluche' (seshee) 'why, why press this point? You can't suppose that you will be happy with a person like me?'

'I adoar you, charming gal!' says I. 'Never, never go to say any such thing.'

'You adored Mary Ann first,' answers her Ladyship; 'you can't keep your eyes off her now. If any man courts her you grow so jealous that you begin beating him. You will break the girl's heart if you don't marry her, and perhaps some one else's—but you don't mind *that*.'

'Break yours, you adoarible creature! I'd die first! And as for Mary Hann, she will git over it; people's arts aint broakn so easy. Once for all, suckmstances is changed betwist me and er. It's a pang to part with her' (says I, my fine hi's filling with tears), 'but part from her I must.'

It was curius to remark abowt that singlar gal, Lady Hangelina, that melumcolly as she was when she was talking to me, and ever so disml—yet she kep on laffing every minute like the juice and all.

'What a sacrifice!' says she, 'it's like Napoleon giving up Josephine. What anguish it must cause to your susceptible heart!'

'It does,' says I—'Hagnies!' (Another laff.)

'And if—if I don't accept you—you will invade the States of the Emperor, my Papa, and I am to be made the sacrifice and the occasion of peace between you!'

'I don't know what you're eluding to about Joseyfeen and Hemperors your Pas; but I know that your Pa's estate is over hedaneers morgidged; that if some one don't elp him, he's no better than an old pawper; that he owes me a lot of money; and that I'm the man that can sell him up hoss & foot; or set him up agen—*that's* what I know, Lady Hangelina,' says I, with a hair as much as to say, 'Put *that* in your ladyship's pipe, and smoke it.'

And so I left her, and nex day a serting fashnable paper enounced—

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—We hear that a matrimonial union is on the *tapis* between a gentleman who has made a colossal fortune in the Railway World, and the only daughter of a noble earl, whose estates are situated in D-ddles-x. An early day is fixed for this interesting event.

Contry to my expigtations (but when or ow can we reckn upon the fealinx of wimming?) Mary Hann didn't seem to be much efected by the hideer of my marridge with Hangelinar. I was rayther disapinted peraps that the fickle young gal reckumsiled herself so easy to giving me hup, for we Gents are creechers of vannaty after all, as well as those of the hopsit secks: & betwigest you & me there *was* mominx, when I almost whisht that I'd been borne a Myommidn or Turk, when the Lor would have permitted me to marry both these sweet beinx, wherehas I was now condemd to be appy with ony one.

Meanwild everythink went on very agreeble betwigest me and my defianced bride. When we came back to town I kemishnd Mr. Showery the great Hoctionear to look out for a town manshing sootable for a gent of my quallaty. I got from the Erald Hoffis (not the *Mawning Erald*—no no, I'm not such a Mough as to go *there* for ackrit infamation) an account of my famly, my harms & pedigry.

I horderd in Long Hacre three splendid equipidges, on which my arms and my adord wife's was drawn & quartered; and I got portricks of me and her paynted by the sellabrated Mr. Shalloon, being resolved to be the gentleman in all things, and knowing that my character as a man of fashn wasn't compleat unless I sat to that dixtinguished Hartist. My likenis I presented to Hangelina. Its not considered flattring—here it is—and though *she* parted with it, as you will hear, mighty willingly, there's *one* young lady (a thousnd times handsomer) that values it as the happle of her hi.

Would any man beleave that this picture was soald at my sale for about a twenty-fifth part of what it cost me? It was bought in by Maryhann, though:—‘O dear Jeames,’ she says often (kissing of it & pressing it to her art), ‘it isn't $\frac{1}{4}$ ansum enough for you, and hasn't got your angellick smile and the igspreshn of your dear dear i's.’



Hangelina's pictur was kindly presented to me by Countess B., her mamma, though of coarse I paid for it. It was engraved for the *Book of Bewty* this year : and here is a proof of the etching :—



With such a perfusion of ringlits I should scarcely have known her—but the ands, feat, and i's, is very like. She was painted in a gitar supposed to be singing one of my little melladies ; and her brother Southdown, who is one of the New England poits, wrote the follering stanzys about her :

LINES UPON MY SISTER'S PORTRAIT

BY THE LORD SOUTHDOWN

The castle towers of Bareacres are fair upon the lea,
 Where the cliffs of bonny Diddlesex rise up from out the sea :
 I stood upon the donjon keep and view'd the country o'er,
 I saw the lands of Bareacres for fifty miles or more.
 I stood upon the donjon keep—it is a sacred place,—
 Where floated for eight hundred years the banner of my race ;
 Argent, a dexter sinople, and gules an azure field,
 There ne'er was nobler cognizance on knightly warrior's
 shield.

The first time England saw the shield 'twas round a Norman neck,

On board a ship from Valery, King William was on deck.
A Norman lance the colours wore, in Hastings' fatal fray—
St. Willibald for Bareacres ! 'twas double gules that day !
O Heaven and sweet St. Willibald ! in many a battle since
A loyal-hearted Bareacres has ridden by his Prince !
At Acre with Plantagenet, with Edward at Poitiers,
The pennon of the Bareacres was foremost on the spears !

'Twas pleasant in the battle-shotk to hear our war-cry
ringing :

Oh, grant me, sweet Saint Willibald, to listen to such
singing !

Three hundred steel-clad gentlemen, we drove the foe before
us,

And thirty score of British bows kept twanging to the
chorus !

O knights, my noble ancestors ! and shall I never hear
'St. Willibald for Bareacres !' through battle ringing clear ?
I'd cut me off this strong right hand a single hour to ride,
And strike a blow for Bareacres, my fathers, at your side !

Dash down, dash down yon mandolin, beloved sister mine !
Those blushing lips may never sing the glories of our line :
Our ancient castles echo to the clumsy feet of churls,
The spinning-jenny houses in the mansion of our Earls.
Sing not, sing not, my Angeline ! in days so base and vile
'Twere sinful to be happy, 'twere sacrilege to smile.
I'll hie me to my lonely hall, and by its cheerless hob
I'll muse on other days, and wish—and wish I were—A SNOB.

All young Hengland, I'm told, considers the poim bewtifle.
They're always writing about battleaxis and shivvlery,
these young chaps ; but the ideer of Southdown in a shoot
of armer, and his cuttin hoff his 'strong right hand,' is
rayther too good ; the feller is about 5 fit hi,—as ricketty as
a babby, with a vaist like a gal,—and, though he may have
the art and curridge of a Bengal tyger, I'd back my smallest
cab-boy to lick him,—that is, if I *ad* a cab-boy. But io !
my cab-days is over.



E still my hagnizing Art! I now am about to hunfoald the dark payges of the Istry of my life!

My frends! you've seen me ither² in the full kerear of Fortn, prawsprus but not hover proud of my prawsperraty; not dizzy though mounted on the haypix of Good Luck—feasting hall the great (like the Good Old Henglish

Gent in the song, which he has been my moddle and igsample through life) but not forgitting the small—No, my beayviour to my granmother at Healing shows that. I bot her a new donkey cart (what the French call a cart-blansh) and a handsome set of peggs for anging up her linning, and treated Huncle Jim to a new shoot of close, which he ordered in St. Jeames's Street, much to the estonishment of my Snyder there, namely an ollif-green velvyteen jackit and smalclose, and a crimson plush weskoat with glas-buttns. These pints of genarawsaty in my disposishn I never should have eluded to, but to show that I am naturally of a noble sort; and have that kind of galliant carridge which is equal to either good or bad forting.

What was the substns of my last chapter? In that everythink was prepayred for my marridge—the consent of the parents of my Hangelina was gaynd, the lovely gal herself was ready (as I thought) to be led to Himing's halter—the trooso was hordered—the wedding dressis were being phitted hon—a weddinkake weighing half a tunn was a gettn reddy by Mesurs Gunter, of Buckley-square; there was such an account for Shantilly and Honiton laces as would have staggerd hennyboddy (I know they did the Commissioner when I came hup for my Stiffikit) and has for Injar-shawls I bawt a dozen sich fine ones as never was given away—not by His Inness the Injan Prins Juggernaut Tygore. The juils (a pearl and dimind shoot) were from the extablishmint of Mysurs Storr and Mortimer. The honey-moon I intended to pass in a continentle excussion, and was in treaty for the ouse at Halberd-gate (hopsit Mr. Hudson's) as my town-house. I waitid to cumclude the putchis untile the Share-Markit which was rayther deprest (oing I think not so much

to the atax of the misrabbble *Times*, as to the prodidjus flams of the *Morning Erald*) was restored to its elthy toan. I wasn't goin to part with scrip which was 20 primmium at 2 or 3; and bein confidnt that the Markit would rally, had bought very largely for the two or three new accounts.

This will explane to those unfortnight traydsmen to womb I gayv orders for a large igstent ow it was that I couldn't pay their accounts. I am the soal of onour—but no gent can pay when he has no money:—it 's not *my* fault if that old screw Lady Bareacres cabbidged three hundred yards of lace, and kep back 4 of the biggest diminds and seven of the largist Injar Shawls—it 's not *my* fault if the tradespeople didn git their goods back, and that Lady B. declared they were *lost*. I began the world afresh with the close on my back, and thirteen and six in money, concealing nothink, giving up heverythink, Onist and undismayed, and though beat, with pluck in me still, and ready to begin agin.

Well—it was the day before that apinted for my Unium. The *Ringdove* steamer was lying at Dover ready to carry us hoff. The Bridle apartmince had been hordered at Salt Hill, and subsquintly at Balong sur Mare—the very table cloth was laid for the weddn brexfst in Ill Street, and the Bride's Right Reverend Huncle, the Lord Bishop of Bullock-smithy, had arrived to sellabrayt our unium. All the papers were full of it. Crowds of the fashnable world went to see the trooso: and admire the Carridges in Long Hacre. Our travleng charrat (light bloo lined with pink satting, and vermillium and goold weals) was the hadmaration of all for quiet ellygns. We were to travel only 4, viz., me, my lady, my vally, and Mary Hann as famdyshamber to my Hangelina. Far from oposing our match, this worthy gal had quite givn into it of late, and laught and joakt, and enjoyd our plans for the fewter igseedinkly.

I'd left my lovely Bride very gay the night before—aving a multachewd of business on, and Stockbrokers & bankers' accounts to settle: atsettrey atsettrey. It was layt befor I got these in horder: my sleap was feavrish, as most mens is when they are going to be marrid or to be hanged. I took my chocklit in bed about one: tride on my wedding close, and found as ushle that they became me exeedingly.

One thing distubbed my mind—two weskts had been sent home. A blush-white satting and gold, and a kinary coloured tabbinet imbridered in silver;—which should

I wear on the hospicious day? This hadgitated and perplext me a good deal. I detummined to go down to Hill Street and cumsult the Lady whose wishis were henceforth to be my *hallinall*; and wear whichever *she* phixt on.

There was a great bussel and distubbans in the Hall in Ill Street: which I etribyouted to the eproaching event. The old porter stared most uncommon when I kem in—the footman who was to enounce me laft I thought—I was going up stairs—



‘Her ladyship’s not—not at *home*,’ says the man; ‘and my lady’s hill in bed.’

‘Git lunch,’ says I, ‘I’ll wait till Lady Hangelina returns.’

At this the feller loox at me for a momint with his cheex blown out like a bladder, and then busts out in a reglar guffau! the porter jined in it, the impident old raskle: and Thomas says, slapping his and on his thy, without the least respect—‘*I say, Huffy, old boy! ISN’T this a good un?*’

'Wadyermean, you infunnle scoundrel,' says I, 'hollaring and laffing at me?'

'O here's Miss Mary Hann coming up,' says Thomas, 'ask *her*'—and indeed there came my little Mary Hann tripping down the stairs—her &s in her pockits; and when she saw me *she* began to blush & look hod & then to grin too.

'In the name of Imperence,' says I, rushing on Thomas, and collaring him fit to throttle him—'no raskle of a flunky shall insult *me*,' and I sent him staggerin up against the porter, and both of 'em into the hall-chair with a flopp—when Mary Hann, jumping down, says, 'O James! O Mr. Plush! read this'—and she pulled out a billy doo.

I reckanized the and-writing of Hangelina.



ESEATFUL Hangelina's billy ran as follows.—

'I had all along hoped that you would have relinquished pretensions which you must have seen were so disagreeable to me; and have spared me the painful necessity of the step which I am compelled to take. For a long time I could not believe my parents were serious in wishing to sacrifice me, but have in vain entreated them to spare me. I cannot

undergo the shame and misery of a union with you. To the very last hour I remonstrated in vain, and only now anticipate, by a few hours, my departure from the home from which they themselves were about to expel me.

'When you receive this, I shall be united to the person to whom, as you are aware, my heart was given long ago. My parents are already informed of the step I have taken. And I have my own honour to consult, even before their benefit: they will forgive me, I hope and feel, before long.

'As for yourself, may I not hope that time will calm your exquisite feelings too? I leave Mary Ann behind to

console you. She admires you as you deserve to be admired, and with a constancy which I entreat you to try and imitate. Do, my dear Mr. Plush, try—for the sake of your sincere friend and admirer,

‘A.’

‘PS.—I leave the wedding-dresses behind for her: the diamonds are beautiful, and will become Mrs. Plush admirably.’

This was hall!—Confewshn! And there stood the footmen sniggerin, and that hojous Mary Hann half a cryin, half a laffing at me! ‘Who has she gone hoff with?’ rors I; and Mary Hann (smiling with one hi) just touched the top of one of the Johns’ canes who was going out with the noats to put hoff the brekfst. It was Silvertop then!

I bust out of the house in a stayt of diamoniactal igsitement!

The storry of that iloapmint *I* have no art to tell. Here it is from the *Morning Tailer* newspaper.

‘ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE

‘THE ONLY AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT

‘The neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, and the whole fashionable world, has been thrown into a state of the most painful excitement by an event which has just placed a noble family in great perplexity and affliction.

‘It has long been known among the select nobility and gentry that a marriage was on the tapis between the only daughter of a Noble Earl, and a Gentleman whose rapid fortunes in the railway world have been the theme of general remark. Yesterday’s paper, it was supposed, in all human probability would have contained an account of the marriage of James De la Pl-che, Esq. and the Lady Angelina —, daughter of the Right Honourable the Earl of B-re-cres. The preparations for this ceremony were complete: we had the pleasure of inspecting the rich *trousseau* (prepared by Miss Twiddler, of Pall Mall); the magnificent jewels from the establishment of Messrs. Storr and Mortimer; the elegant marriage cake, which, already cut up and portioned,

is, alas ! not destined to be eaten by the friends of Mr. De la Pluche ; the superb carriages, and magnificent liveries, which had been provided in a style of the most lavish yet tasteful sumptuosity. The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy had arrived in town to celebrate the nuptials, and is staying at Mivart's. What must have been the feelings of that venerable prelate, what those of the agonized and noble parents of the Lady Angelina—when it was discovered, on the day previous to the wedding, that her Ladyship had fled the paternal mansion ! To the venerable Bishop the news of his noble niece's departure might have been fatal : we have it from the waiters of Mivart's that his Lordship was about to indulge in the refreshment of turtle soup when the news was brought to him ; immediate apoplexy was apprehended ; but Mr. Macann, the celebrated surgeon, of Westminster, was luckily passing through Bond Street at the time, and being promptly called in, bled and relieved the exemplary patient. His Lordship will return to the Palace, Bullocksmithy, to-morrow.

' The frantic agonies of the Right Honourable the Earl of Bareacres can be imagined by every paternal heart. Far be it from us to disturb—impossible is it for us to describe their noble sorrow. Our reporters have made inquiries every ten minutes at the Earl's mansion in Hill Street, regarding the health of the Noble Peer and his incomparable Countess. They have been received with a rudeness which we deplore but pardon.—One was threatened with a cane ; another, in the pursuit of his official inquiries, was saluted with a pail of water ; a third gentleman was menaced in a pugilistic manner by his Lordship's porter : but being of the Irish nation, a man of spirit and sinew, and Master of Arts of Trinity College, Dublin, the gentleman of our establishment confronted the menial, and having severely beaten him, retired to a neighbouring hotel much frequented by the domestics of the surrounding nobility, and there obtained what we believe to be THE MOST ACCURATE PARTICULARS of this extraordinary occurrence.

' George Frederick Jennings, third footman in the establishment of Lord Bareacres, stated to our *employé* as follows : —Lady Angelina has been promised to Mr. De la Pluche for near six weeks. She never could abide that gentleman. He was the laughter of all the servants' hall. Previous to

his elevation he had himself been engaged in a domestic capacity. At that period he had offered marriage to Mary Ann Hoggins, who was living in the quality of ladies' maid in the family where Mr. De la P. was employed. Miss Hoggins became subsequently ladies' maid to Lady Angelina—the elopement was arranged between those two.—It was Miss Hoggins who delivered the note which informed the bereaved Mr. Plush of his loss.

'Samuel Buttons, page to the Right Honourable the Earl of Bareacres, was ordered on Friday forenoon at eleven o'clock to fetch a cabriolet from the stand in Davies Street. He selected the cab, No. 19,796, driven by George Gregory Macarty, a one-eyed man from Clonakilty, in the neighbourhood of Cork, Ireland (*of whom more anon*), and waited, according to his instructions, at the corner of Berkeley Square with the vehicle. His young lady, accompanied by her maid Miss Mary Anne Hoggins, carrying a band-box, presently arrived, and entered the cab with the box: what were the contents of that box we have never been able to ascertain. On asking her ladyship whether he should order the cab to drive in any particular direction, he was told to drive to Madame Crinoline's, the eminent milliner, in Cavendish Square. On requesting to know whether he should accompany her ladyship, Buttons was peremptorily ordered by Miss Hoggins to go about his business.

'Having now his clue, our reporter instantly went in search of cab 19,796, or rather of the driver of that vehicle, who was discovered with no small difficulty at his residence, Whetstone Park, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he lives with his family of nine children. Having received two sovereigns, instead doubtless of two shillings (his regular fare, by the way, would have been only one and eightpence), Macarty had not gone out with the cab for the two last days, passing them in a state of almost ceaseless intoxication. His replies were very incoherent in answer to the queries of our reporter; and, had not that gentleman been himself a compatriot, it is probable he would have refused altogether to satisfy the curiosity of the public.

'At Madame Crinoline's, Miss Hoggins quitted the carriage, and a gentleman entered it. Macarty describes him as a very *clever* gentleman (meaning tall) with black moustaches, Oxford-grey trousers, and black hat and a pea-coat. He drove the couple to the *Euston Square Station*, and

there left them. How he employed his time subsequently we have stated.

‘At the Euston Square Station, the gentleman of our establishment learned from Frederic Corduroy, a porter there, that a gentleman answering the above description had taken places to Derby. We have dispatched a confidential gentleman thither, by a special train, and shall give his report in a second edition.

‘SECOND EDITION

‘(*From our Reporter*)

‘NEWCASTLE, Monday.

‘I am just arrived at this ancient town, at the Elephant and Cucumber Hotel. A party travelling under the name of *Mr. and Mrs. Jones*, the gentleman wearing moustaches, and having with them a blue band-box, arrived by the train two hours before me, and have posted onwards to *Scotland*. I have ordered four horses, and write this on the hind boot, as they are putting to.

‘THIRD EDITION

‘GRETNA GREEN, Monday Evening.

‘The mystery is at length solved. This afternoon, at four o’clock, the Hymeneal Blacksmith, of Gretna Green, celebrated the marriage between George Granby Silvertop, Esq., a Lieutenant in the 150th Hussars, third son of General John Silvertop, of Silvertop Hall, Yorkshire, and Lady Emily Silvertop, daughter of the late sister of the present Earl of Bareacres, and the Lady Angelina Amelia Arethusa Anaconda Alexandrina Alicompania Annemaria Antoinetta, daughter of the last-named Earl Bareacres.’

(*Here follows a long extract from the Marriage Service in the Book of Common Prayer, which was not read on the occasion, and need not be repeated here.*)

‘After the ceremony, the young couple partook of a slight refreshment of sherry and water—the former, the Captain pronounced to be execrable; and, having myself tasted some glasses from the *very same bottle* with which the young and noble pair were served, I must say I think the

Captain was rather hard upon mine host of the Bagpipes Hotel and Posting House, whence they instantly proceeded. I follow them as soon as the horses have fed.

‘FOURTH EDITION

‘SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF OUR REPORTER

‘Whistlebinkie, N.B. Monday, midnight.

‘I arrived at this romantic little villa about two hours after the newly-married couple, whose progress I have had the honour to trace, reached Whistlebinkie. They have taken up their residence at the Cairngorm Arms—mine is at the other hostelry, the Clachan of Whistlebinkie.

‘On driving up to the Cairngorm Arms, I found a gentleman of military appearance standing at the door, and occupied seemingly in smoking a cigar. It was very dark as I descended from my carriage, and the gentleman in question exclaimed, “Is it you, Southdown, my boy? You have come too late: unless you are come to have some supper;” or words to that effect. I explained that I was not the Lord Viscount Southdown, and politely apprised Captain Silvertop (for I justly concluded the individual before me could be no other) of his mistake.

“Who the deuce” (the Captain used a stronger term) “are you, then?” said Mr. Silvertop. “Are you Baggs & Tapewell, my uncle’s attorneys? If you are, you have come too late for the fair.”

‘I briefly explained that I was not Baggs & Tapewell, but that my name was J—ns, and that I was a gentleman connected with the establishment of the *Morning Tatler* newspaper.

“And what has brought you here, Mr. Morning Tatler?” asked my interlocutor, rather roughly. My answer was frank,—that the disappearance of a noble lady from the house of her friends had caused the greatest excitement in the metropolis, and that my employers were anxious to give the public every particular regarding an event so singular.

“And do you mean to say, sir, that you have dogged me all the way from London, and that my family affairs are to be published for the readers of the *Morning Tatler* newspaper? The *Morning Tatler* be ——” (the Captain here gave utter-

ance to an oath which I shall not repeat) "and you too, sir; you impudent meddling scoundrel."

"Scoundrel, sir!" said I. "Yes," replied the irate gentleman, seizing me rudely by the collar—and he would have choked me, but that my blue satin stock and false collar gave way, and were left in the hands of this *gentleman*. "Help, landlord!" I loudly exclaimed, adding, I believe, "murder," and other exclamations of alarm. In vain I appealed to the crowd, which by this time was pretty considerable; they and the unfeeling post-boys only burst into laughter, and called out, "Give it him, Captain." A struggle ensued, in which, I have no doubt, I should have had the better, but that the Captain, joining suddenly in the general and indecent hilarity, which was doubled when I fell down, stopped, and said, "Well, Jims, I won't fight on my marriage-day. Go into the tap, Jims, and order a glass of brandy-and-water at my expense—and mind I don't see your face to-morrow morning, or I'll make it more ugly than it is."

'With these gross expressions and a cheer from the crowd, Mr. Silvertop entered the inn. I need not say that I did not partake of his hospitality, and that personally I despise his insults. I make them known that they may call down the indignation of the body of which I am a member, and throw myself on the sympathy of the public, as a gentleman shamefully assaulted and insulted in the discharge of a public duty.'

Thus you've sean how the flower of my affeckshns was tawn out of my busm, and my art was left bleading. Hangelina! I forgive thee. Mace thou be appy! If ever artfelt prayer for others wheel awailed on i, the beink on womb you trampled addresses those subblygations to Evn in your be $\frac{1}{2}$!

I went home like a maniack, after hearing the enouncement of Hangelina's departer. She'd been gone twenty hours when I heard the fatle noose. Purshoot was vain. Suppose I *did* kitch her up, they were married, and what could we do? This sensible remark I made to Earl Bareacres, when that distragted nobleman igspawstulated with me. Er who was to have been my mother-in-lor, the Countiss, I never from that momink sor agin. My presnts, troosoos, juels, &c., were sent back—with the igsepshn of the diminds & Cashmear shawl, which her Ladyship coodn't find.

Ony it was wisperd that at the nex buthday she was seen with a shawl *igsackly of the same pattn.* Let er keep it.

Southdown was phurius. He came to me hafter the ewent, and wanted me to advance 50 lb, so that he might purshew his fewgitif sister—but I wasn't to be ad with that sort of chaugh—there was no more money for *that* famly. So he went away, and gave huttrance to his feelinx in a poem, which appeared (price 2 guineas) in the *Bel Asomby*.

All the juilers, manchumakers, lacemen, coch bilders, apolstrers, hors dealers, and weddencake makers came pawring in with their bills, haggravating feelings already woondid beyond enjurants. That madniss didn't seaze me that night was a mussy. Fever, fewry, and rayge rack'd my hagnized braind, and drove sleap from my throbbink ilids. Hall night I follered Hangelinar in imadganation along the North Road. I wented cusses & mallydickshuns on the hinfamus Silvertop. I kickd and rord in my unhuttarable whoe ! I seazd my pillar : I pitcht into it : pummld it, strangled it, ha har ! I thought it was Silvertop writhing in my Jint grasp ; and taw the hordayshis Villing lim from lim in the terrable strenth of my despare ! . . . Let me drop a cutting over the memries of that night. When my boddy-suvnt came with my Ot water in the mawning, the livid Copse in the charnill was not payler than the gashly De la Pluche !

'Give me the Share-list, Mandeville,' I micanickly igsclaimeid. I had not perused it for the 3 past days, my etention being engayged elseware. Hevns & huth !—what was it I red there ? What was it that made me spring out-abad as if sumbady had given me cold pig ?—I red REWIN in that Share-list—the PANNICK was in full hoparation !

Shall I discribe that Kitastrafy with which hall Hengland is fimilliar ? My & rifewses to cronickle the misfortns which lassarated my bleeding art in Hoctober last. On the fust of Hawgust where was I ? Director of twenty-three Companies ; older of scrip hall at a primum, and worth at least a quarter of a millium. On Lord Mare's day, my Saint Helena's quotid at 14 pm, were down at $\frac{1}{2}$ discount ; my Central Ichaboes at $\frac{3}{8}$ discount ; my Table Mounting & Hottentot Grand Trunk, no where ; my Bathershins and Derrynane Beg, of which I'd bought 2000 for the account at 17 primum down to nix ; my Juan Fernandez, & my

Great Central Oregons prostrit. There was a moimint when I thought I shouldn't be alive to write my own tail !

(Here follow in Mr. Plush's MS. about twenty-four pages of railroad calculations, which we pretermit.)

Those beests, Pump & Aldgate, once so cringing and umble, wrote me a threatnen letter because I overdrew my account three-and-sixpence : woodn't advance me five thousnd on 250000 worth of scrip ; kep me waiting 2 hours when I asked to see the house ; and then sent out Spout, the jewnior partner, saying they woodn't discount my paper, and implawed me to clothes my account. I did : I paid the three-and-six ballince, and never sor 'em mor.

The market fell daily. The Rewin grew wusser and wusser. Hagnies, Hagnies ! It wasn't in the city aloan my misfortns came upon me. They beerded me in my own Ome. The Biddle who kips watch at the Halbany wodn keep Misfortn out of my chambers ; and Mrs. Twiddler, of Pall Mall, and Mr. Hunx, of Long Acre, put egsicution into my apartmince, and swep off every stick of my furniture. 'Wardrobe & furniture of a man of fashion.' What an adwertisement George Robins *did* make of it ; and what a crowd was collected to laff at the prospick of my ruing ! My chice plait ; my seller of wine ; my picturs—that of myself included (it was Maryhann, bless her ! that bought it, unbeknown to me) ; all—all went to the ammer. That brootle Fitzwarren, my ex-vally, womb I met, fimilliarly slapt me on the sholder, and said, 'Jeames, my boy, you'd best go into suvvis aginn.'

I *did* go into suvvis—the wust of all suvlices—I went into the Queen's Bench Prison, and lay there a misrabble captif for 6 mortial weeks. Misrabble shall I say ? no, not misrabble altogether ; there was sunlike in the dunjing of the pore prisner. I had visitors. A cart used to drive hup to the prizn gates of Saturdays ; a washywoman's cart, with a fat old lady in it, and a young one. Who was that young one ? Every one who has an art can gess, it was my blue-eyed blushing Hangel of a Mary Hann ! 'Shall we take him out in the linnen-basket, grandmamma ?' Mary Hann said. Bless her, she'd already learned to say grandmamma quite natral ; but I didn't go out that way ; I went out by the door a white-washed man. Ho, what a feast there was at Healing the day I came out ! I'd thirteen shillings left when I'd bought the gold ring. I wasn't prowd. I

'Has for the rest,' the worthy fellow said, 'I'm appy—praps betwixt you and me I'm in my proper spear. I enjy my glass of beer or port (with your elth & my suvvice to you, Sir), quite as much as my clarrit in my prawsprus days. I've a good busniss, which is likely to be better. If a man can't be appy with such a wife as my Mary Hann, he's a beest : and when a christening takes place in our famly, will you give my compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and ask him to be godfather.'

JEAMES ON THE GAUGE QUESTION

[May 16 and June 13, 1846]

I

MR. PUNCH has received from that eminent railroad authority, Mr. Jeames Plush, the following letter, which bears most pathetically upon the present Gauge dispute :—



YOU will scarcely praps reckonize in this little skitch the haltered linimints of I, with woos face the reorders of your valluble mislony were once fimiliar,—the unfortnt Jeames de la Pluche, fomly so selabrated in the fashnabble suckles, now the pore Jeames Plush, landlord of the Wheel of Fortune public house. Yes, that is me ; that is my haypun which I wear as becomes a publican—those is the checkers which hornyment the pillows of my dor. I am like the Romin Genral, St. Cenatus, equal to any emudgency of Fortun. I, who have drunk Shampang in my time, aint now abov droring a $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of Small Bier. As for my wife—that Angel—I've not ventured to depigt *her*. Fansy *her* a sittn in the Bar, smilin like a sunflower—and, ho, dear *Punch* ! happy in nussing a deer little darlint totsywotsy of a Jeames, with my air to a curl, and my i's to a T !

'I never thought I should have been injuiced to write anything but a Bill agin, much less to edress you on Railway

Subjix—which with all my sole I *abaw*. Railway letters, obligations to payhup, ginteal inquirys as to my Salissator's name, &c. &c., I dispize and scorn artily. But as a man, an usbnd, a father, and a freebon Brittn, my jewty compels me to come forwoods, and igspress my opinion upon that *nashnal newsance*—THE BREAK OF GAGE.

' An interesting ewent in a noble family with which I once very nearly had the honer of being kinected, acurd a few weex sins, when the Lady Angelina S——, daughter of the Earl of B——cres, presented the gallant Captng, her usband, with a Son & hair. Nothink would satsafy her Ladyship but that her old and atacht fam-dy-shamber, my wife Mary Hann Plush, should be presnt upon this hospicious occasion. Captng S—— was not jellus of me on account of my former attachment to his Lady. I cunsented that my Mary Hann should attend her, and me, my wife, and our dear babby acawdingly set out for our noable frend's residence, Honeymoon Lodge, near Cheltenham.

' Sick of all Railroads myself, I wisht to poast it in a Chay and 4, but Mary Hann, with the hobstenacy of her Sex, was bent upon Railroad travelling, and I yealded, like all husbinds. We set out by the Great Westn, in an eavle Hour.

' We didnt take much luggitch—my wife's things in the ushal band-boxes—mine in a potmancho. Our dear little James Angelo's (called so in complament to his noble God-mamma) craddle, and a small supply of a few 100 weight of Topsanbawtems, Farinashious food, and Lady's fingers, for that dear child who is now 6 months old, with a *perdidgus appatite*. Likewise we were charged with a bran new Medsan chest for my lady, from Skivary & Moris, containing enough rewbub, Daffy's Alixir, Godfrey's, with a few score of parsles for Lady Hangelina's family and owsehold. About 2000 spessymins of Babby linning from Mrs. Flummary's, in Regent Street, a Chayny Cresning bowl from old Lady Bareacres (big enough to immus a Halderman), & a case marked 'Glass,' from her ladyship's meddicle man, which were stowed away together; had to this an ormylew Cradle, with rose-coloured Satting & Pink lace hangings, held up by a gold tuttle-dove, &c. We had, ingluding James Hangelo's rattle & my umbrellow, 73 packidges in all.

' We got on very well as far as Swindon, where, in the Splendid Refreshment room, there was a galaxy of lovely gals in cottn velvet spencers, who serves out the soop, and

1 of whom maid an impresshn upon this Art which I shoodn't like Mary Hann to know—and here, to our infanit disgust, we changed carridges. I forgot to say that we were in the secknd class, having with us James Hangelo, and 23 other light harticles.

'Fust inconvenience ; and almost as bad as break of gage. I cast my hi upon the gal in cottn velvet, and wanted some soop, of coarse ; but seasing up James Hangelo (who was layin his dear little pors on an Am Sangwidg) and seeing my igspresshn of hi—"James," says Mary Hann, "instead of looking at that young lady—and not so *very* young, neither—be pleased to look to our packidges, & place them in the other carridge." I did so with an evy Art. I eranged them 23 articles in the opsit carridg, only missing my umbrella & baby's rattle ; and jest as I came back for my baysn of soop, the beast of a bell rings, the whizzling injians proclayms the time of our departure, —& farewell soop and cottn velvet. Mary Hann was sulky. She said it was my losing the umbrella. If it had been a *cotton velvet umberella* I could have understood. James Hangelo sittn on my knee was evidently unwell ; without his coral : & for 20 miles that blessid babby kep up a rawring, which caused all the passingers to simpithize with him igseedingly.

'We arrive at Gloster, and there fansy my disgust at bein ableeged to undergo another change of carriages ! Fanny me holding up moughs, tippits, cloaks, and baskits, and James Hangelo rawring still like mad, and pretending to shuperintend the carrying over of our luggage from the broad gage to the narrow gage. "Mary Hann," says I, rot to desperation, "I shall throttle this darling if he goes on." "Do," says she—"and *go into the refreshment room*," says she—a snatchin the babby out of my arms. "Do go," says she, "youre not fit to look after luggage," and she began lulling James Hangelo to sleep with one hi, while she looked after the packets with the other. "Now, Sir ! if you please, mind that packet !—pretty darling—easy with that box, Sir, its glass—pooooty poppet—where's the deal case, marked arrowroot, No. 24 ?" she cried, reading out of a list she had. And poor little James went to sleep. The porters were bundling and carting the various harticles with no more ceremony than if each package had been of cannon-ball.

'At last—bang goes a package marked "Glass," and containing the Chayny bowl and Lady Bareacres' mixture, into

a large white band-box, with a crash and a smash. "It's My Lady's box from Crinoline's!" cries Mary Hann; and she puts down the child on the bench, and rushes forward to inspect the dammdge. You could hear the Chayny bowls clinking inside; and Lady B.'s mixture (which had the igsack smell of cherry brandy) was dribbling out over the smashed bandbox containing a white child's cloak, trimmed with Blown lace and lined with white satting.

'As James was asleep, and I was by this time uncommon hungry, I thought I *would* go into the Refreshment Room and just take a little soup; so I wrapped him up in his cloak and laid him by his mamma, and went off. There's not near such good attendance as at Swindon.

'We took our places in the carriage in the dark, both of us covered with a pile of packages, and Mary Hann so sulky that she would not speak for some minutes. At last she spoke out—

"Have you all the small parcels?"

"Twenty-three in all," says I.

"Then give me baby."

"GIVE YOU WHAT?" says I.

"Give me baby."

"What, haven't y-y-yooooo got him?" says I.

'O Mussy. You should have heard her sreak! *We'd left him on the ledge at Gloster.*

'It all came of the break of gage.'

II

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

As newmarus inquiries have been maid both at my privit resddence, The Wheel of Fortune Otel, and at your Hoffis, regarding the fate of that dear babby, James Hangelo, whose primmiture dissappearnts caused such hagnies to his distracted parents, I must begg, dear Sir, the permission to ockupy a part of your valuble collams once more, and hease the public mind about my blessid boy.

Wictims of that nashnal cuss, the Broken Gage, me and Mrs. Plush was left in the train to Cheltenham, sougtring from that most disagreeble of complaints, a halmost *broken*

Art. The skreems of Mrs. Jeames might be said almost to out-Y the squeel of the dying, as we rusht into that fashnable Spaw, and my pore Mary Hann found it was not Baby, but Bundles I had in my lapp.

When the old Dowidger, Lady Bareacres, who was waiting heagerly at the train, heard that owing to that abawminable brake of Gage, the luggitch, her Ladyship's Cherrybrandy box, the cradle for Lady Hangelina's baby, the lace, crockary and chany, was rejucied to one immortal smash; the old cat howld at me and pore dear Mary Hann, as if it was huss, and not the infunnle Brake of Gage, was to blame; and as if we ad no misfortns of our hown to deplaw. She bust out about my stupid imparence; called Mary Hann a good for nothink creecher, and wep and abewsd and took on about her broken Chayny Bowl, a great deal mor than she did about a dear little Christian child. 'Don't talk to me abowt your bratt of a babby' (seshe); 'where's my bowl?—where's my medsan?—where's my bewtiffle Pint lace?—All in rewins through your stupiddaty, you brute, you!'

'Bring your haction against the Great Western, Maam,' says I, quite riled by this crewel and unfealing hold wixen. 'Ask the pawters at Gloster, why your goods is spiled—it's not the fust time they've been asked the question. Git the gage haltered against the nex time you send for *medsan*—and meanwild buy some at the Plow—they keep it very good and strong there, I'll be bound. Has for us, *we're* a going back to the cussid station at Gloster, in such of our blessid child.'

'You don't mean to say, young woman,' seshee, 'that you're not going to Lady Hangelina: what's her dear boy to do? who's to nuss it?'

'*You* nuss it, Maam,' says I. 'Me and Mary Hann return this momint by the Fly.' And so (whishing her a suckastic ajew) Mrs. Jeames and I lep into a one oss weakle, and told the driver to go like mad back to Gloster.

I can't describe my pore gals hagny juring our ride. She sat in the carridge as silent as a milestone, and as madd as a march Air. When we got to Gloster she sprang hout of it as wild as a Tigris, and rusht to the station, up to the fatle Bench.

'My child, my child,' shreex she, in a hoss, hot voice. 'Where's my infant? a little bewtiffle child, with blue eyes,—dear Mr. Policeman, give it me—a thousand guineas for it.'

'Faix, Mam,' says the man, a Hirishman, 'and the divvle a babby have I seen this day except thirteen of my own—and you're welcome to any one of *them*, and kindly.'

As if *his* babby was equal to ours, as my darling Mary Hann said, afterwards. All the station was scrouging round us by this time—pawters & clarx and refreshment people and all. 'What's this year row about that there babby?' at last says the Inspector, stepping hup. I thought my wife was going to jump into his harms. 'Have you got him?' says she.

'Was it a child in a blue cloak?' says he.

'And blue eyes!' says my wife.

'I put a label on him and sent him on to Bristol; he's there by this time. The Guard of the Mail took him and put him in a letter-box,' says he: 'he went 20 minutes ago. We found him on the broad gauge line, and sent him on by it, in course,' says he. 'And it'll be a caution to you, young woman, for the future, to label your children along with the rest of your luggage.'

If my piguniary means had been such as *once* they was, you may emadgine I'd have ad a speshle train and been hoff like smoak. As it was, we was obliged to wait 4 mortial hours for the next train (4 ears they seemed to us), and then away we went.

'My boy! my little boy!' says poor, choking Mary Hann, when we got there. 'A parcel in a blue cloak,' says the man? 'No body claimed him here, and so we sent him back by the mail. An Irish nurse here gave him some supper, and he's at Paddington by this time. Yes,' says he, looking at the clock, 'he's been there these ten minutes.'

But seeing my poor wife's distracted histarricle state, this good-naturd man says, 'I think, my dear, there's a way to ease your mind. We'll know in five minutes how he is.'

'Sir,' says she, 'don't make sport of me.'

'No, my dear, we'll *telegraph* him.'

And he began hopparating on that singlar and ingenus electrickle invention, which aniliates time, and carries intellagence in the twinkling of a peg-post.

'I'll ask,' says he, 'for child marked G. W. 273.'

Back comes the telegraph with the sign 'All right.'

'Ask what he's doing, sir,' says my wife, quite amazed. Back comes the answer in a Jiffy—

‘C. R. Y. I. N. G.’

This caused all the bystanders to laugh excep my pore Mary Hann, who pull’d a very sad face.

The good-naterd feller presently said, ‘he’d have another trile’; and what d’ye think was the answer? I’m blest if it wasn’t—

‘P. A. P.’

He was eating pap! There’s for you—there’s a rogue



for you—there’s a March of Intaleck! Mary Hann smiled now for the fust time. ‘He’ll sleep now,’ says she. And she sat down with a full hart.

If hever that good-naterd Shoooperintendent comes to London, *he* need never ask for his skore at the Wheel of Fortune Hotel, I promise you—where me and my wife and James Hangelo now is; and where only yesterday, a gent came in and drew this pictur of us in our bar.

And if they go on breaking gages; and if the child, the

most precious luggidge of the Henglishman, is to be bundled about in this year way, why it won't be for want of warning, both from Professor Harris, the Commission, and from

My dear *Mr. Punch's* obeajent servant,
JEAMES PLUSH.

MR. JEAMES'S SENTIMENTS ON THE CAMBRIDGE ELECTION

[March 6, 1847]

TO MR. PUNCH

DEAR MR. P.,

Some vulgar & raddicle igspreshns in the last number of your mislany injuice me to edress you—I mean those in which you indulch in *mean snears* at the conduct of the Donns of Cambritch Unavussaty.

Being only an individgl, and not a Unavussaty mann, it ill becomes me, I know, to put in *my* or in the dispute about the Cambridg Chanslor. My vote (did I pesess that facklty) would be—where, I needn say. Art and sole with my Prins and Roil Concert of my Crownd.

My sentimence is those of Doctor Whyouwewyouwhewell. I've stood behind his chair in fommer days, where I instantly reckonised his elygnt urbannaty, his retiring modesty, his unfained umillaty, and his genuin cuttisy,—jest as 'Anti-Junius' in the *Times*, igspresses 'em—and I've no doubt his pupils *was* 'his absobbing care.' I've heerd say, by gents who were at Cambridg College, that his love for the young fellers was ackshly affecting to see; that one of 'em was never ill, but he sor him take his medsan and put his feet in hot water; that he wrote to the Mars of every l of them every mawning; that he used to weap when they went ome for the oladays; that he ruined himself in making 'em presents, and giving 'em parties; in a wud, there was no end to his kindness and femilliar regard for 'em.

If he doesn't allow young gentlemen to sit down in his presents now: you must remember, Mr. Punch, that the purshoots of these Schudents is already sednterry: and it's unwholesome for 'em to be too long in a sittn postar.

This however is not the pint which I wish at present to udj. What I like is the bust of loilty which has placed my Prints at the head of the pole ; and that manly exabition of indipendns which has caused Masters of Arts & Brittns to rally round him. Manly a Brittn *always is*—there's no truckling about *us*—we never kiss a great man's shoo-strings ; and if the Unavussaty chooses a Young Jumman Prince of sixntwenty for its Chanslor depend on it it ad its reasns. Depend on it he'll be an honor to his Halmymater. He was chose not on account of his exalted rank but on account of his 'admirable virtues'—it was *them* that made him Chanslor, and no mistake.

Y—you've only to read his Roil Highness own roil note in reply to the Cambridg requisishn to convints you he's not a common man—I think it beats everythink in pint of style, in neatness of erangemint, and felissaty of igspreshn.

'The expression of the wish upon the part of so numerous and influential a portion of the Senate of the U. of C., including so many eminent names, that I should allow myself to be proposed for election into the vacant office of C. of the U. cannot be otherwise than highly gratifying to my feelings. Did it not appear from proceedings entered into by others in the University that there does not exist that unanimity which alone would leave me at liberty to consent to be put in nomination, I should have felt both the greatest pleasure and pride in acceding to the desire expressed in this address, and so personally connecting myself with your ancient and renowned seat of learning.'

There's a stile for you, dear Mr. P. 'The expression of the wish upon the part of a portion of the Senate including so many eminent names,'—there's writing, sec how the preposishns back up that sentns ! 'The wish upon the part of a portion of the Senate,'—isn't that neat ?—and, 'including so many eminent names,'—how plesntly that phrase comes in ! It may be—

1. The Senate includes eminent names,
2. The wish includes eminent names,
3. The expression includes eminent names,

or quite the revuss, or any way you chews—it's elygant however you take it.

And 'did it not appear that there does not exist that unanimity of feeling, I should have felt both the greatest

pleasure and pride '—there's a happy modesty about that igspreshn which amounts to perfect Poitry. Unless the Universaty's unanimous—unless every man—every poor curick in Northumberland—every pious Bishop in Westminster—is brought to see that the Prince must be Chanslor, that it's impawsable to think of any other—to ignolledge that His R.H. is the man, as you ignolledge a Star or a Comick in Heaven—he can't come forrards. There never was such an instants of amiable diffidents. But the Eds of Ouses woodn let H.H. off. Our reveared Bishops sor his tricks—they knew what was for the good of Hengland and the advancement of learning ; they took his Roil Highness *notus bolus* (to use a Lating igspreshun), and carried him blushing to the head of the pole.

In that ellyvated poast I am proud to see him ; and what's mor, I hope when little Mary Hann and Jeams are arrived at the proper age, I shall be able to take them to be confummed by that exlent prelick (and at present most Independent minister) Bishop Whyewyouwhooill.

I look forrard, I say, to see him on the Bench—an ideer which I am sure has never entered into the head of that 'honored and beloved' man. I say he deserves it, and Y ? because he's worked for it. And I present my respeckfle complymence to Anti-Junius and the sperrited proprietors of the *Times*.

Your obeajnt Suvnt,

JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE.

THE PERSECUTION OF BRITISH FOOTMEN

BY MR. JEAMES

[April 1 and 8, 1848]

I



IVIN remoke from the whirld: hockupied with the umble dooties of my perfeshun, which moacely consists of droring hale & beer for the gence who freguent my otel, politticle efairs hinterest but suldum, and I confess that when Loy Philip habdigaded (the other day, as I read in my noble & favorite *Dispatch* newspaper, where Publicoaler is the boy for me), I

cared no mor than I did when the chap hover the way went hoff without paying his rent. No maw does my little Mary Hann. I prommis you she has enough to do in minding the bar and the babbies, to eed the convulsions of hempires or the hagonies of prostrick kings.

I ham what one of those littery chaps who uses our back parlor calls a *poker curanty* on plitticle subjix. I don't permit 'em to whox, worrit, or distubb me. My objick is to leaf a good beer bisnis to little Jeames, to skewer somethink comftable for my two gals, Mary Hann and Hangelina (wherehof the latter, who has jest my blew his and yaller air, is a perfick little Sherrybing to behold), and in case Grimb Deth, which may appen to the best on us, shoud come & scru me down, to leaf beHind a somethink for the best wife any gentleman hever ad—tied down of coarse if hever she should marry agin.

I shoodnt have wrote at all, then, at this present juncter, but for sugmstances which affect a noble and galliant body of menn, of which I once was a hornmint; I mean of the noble purfesshn of Henglish footmen & livry suvvants, which has been crooly pussicuted by the firoashus Paris

mob. I love my hold companions in harms, and none is more welcome, when they ave money, than they at the Wheel of Fortune Otel. I have a clubb of twenty for gentlemen outalivery, which has a *riunion* in my front parlor ; and Mr. Buck, my lord Dukes hown man, is to stand Godfather to the next little Plush as ever was.

I call the atenshn of Europ, in the most solomon and unpressive manner, to the hinjaries inflicted upon my brutherin. Many of them have been obleeged to boalt without receiving their wagis ; many of them is egsiles on our shaws : an infewriate Parishn mob has tawn off their shoaldernots, laft at their venerable liveries and buttons, as they laff at heverythink sacred ; and I look upon those pore men as nayther mor nor less than marters, and pitty and admire em with hall my art.

I hoffer to those sacrid repuhuGs (to such in coarse as can pay their shott) an esylum under the awspitable roof of Jeames Plush of the Wheel of Fortune. Some has already come here ; two of em occupize our front garrits ; in the back Hattix there is room for 6 mor. Come, brave and dontless Hemmigrants ! Come childring of Kilammaty for eight-and-six a week ; an old member of the Cor hoffers you bed and bord !

The narratif of the ixcares and dangers which they have gon through, has kep me and Mrs. P. hup in the bar to many a midnike our, a listening to them stories. My pore wife cries her hi's out at their nerations.

One of our borders, and a near relatif by the Grandmother's side, of my wife's famly (though I despise buth, and don't bragg like some foax of my ginteal kinexions) is a man wenerated in the whole profeshn, and lookt up as one of the fust Vips in Europe. In this country (and from his likeness when in his Vig to our rewered prelicks of the bentch of bishops) he was called Cantyberry—his reel name being Thomas. You never sor a finer sight than Cantyberry on a levy day, a seated on his goold-fringed Ammer-cloth ; a nozegy in his busm ; his little crisp vig curling quite noble over his jolly red phase ; his At laced hallover like a Hadmiral ; the white ribbings in his ands, the pransing bay osses befor him ; and behind, his state carridge ; with Marquiz and Marchyness of Jonquil inside, and the galliant footmen in yalla livery clinging on at the back ! ' Hooray ! ' the boys used to cry hout, only to see Cantyberry arrive.

Every person of the establimment called him 'Sir,' his Master & Missis inklewdid. He never went into the stayble, ixep to smoke a segar; and when the state-carridge was hordered (me and the Jonquils live close together, the W of F being sitiuated in a ginteal Court leading hout of the street), he sat in my front parlor, in full phig, reading the newspaper like a Lord, until such time as his body-suvn't called him, and said Lord and Lady Jonquil was ready to sit behind him. Then he went. Not a minnit sooner: not a minnit latter; and being elped hup to the box by 3 men, he took the ribbings, and drove his employers, to the ressa-dencies of the nobillaty, or the pallis of the Sovring.

Times is now, R how much changed with Cantyberry! Last yer, being bribed by Sir Thomas and Lady Kicklebury, but chiefly, I fear, because this old gent, being intimat with Butlers, had equired a tayste for Bergamy, and Clarick, and other French winds, he quitted Lord and Lady Jonquil's box for that of the Kicklebury famly, residing *Rue Rivuly*, at Parris. He was respected there—that Cantyberry is wherehever he goes; the King, the Hex-Kings coachmen, were mear moughs compared to him; and when he eard the Kings osses were sold the other day at 50 frongs apease, he says they was deer at the money.

Well, on the 24th of Febbywerry, being so ableegin as to drive Sir T. and Lady Kicklebury to dinner with the Markee d'Epinaud, in the *Fobug Sang Jermang*, Cantyberry, who had been sittn all day reading *Gallynanny*, and playing at cribbidge at a *Marshong de Vang*, and kawnsquinly was quite hignorant of the ewents in progrice, found hisself all of a sudding serowndid by a set of rewd fellers with pikes and guns, hollerun and bellerin 'Veevly liberty,' 'Amore Lewy-Philip,' &c.—'Git out of the way there,' says Cantyberry, from his box, a-vipping his osses.

The puple, as the French people call theirselves, came round the carridge, rawring out 'Ah Bah l' Aristograt!'

Lady Kicklebury looked hout. Her Par was in the Cheese Mongering (olesale) way: and she never was called an aristograt afor. 'Your mistaken, my good people,' says she; '*Je swee Onglase. Wee, boco*, Lady Kicklebury, *je vay diner avec* Munseer d'Eppynar; ' and so she went a jabbring on; but I'm blest if the Puple would let her pass that way. They said there was a barrygade in the street, and turning round the Eds of Cantyberry's osses, told him to drive down

the next street. He didn't understand, but was redly to drop hoff his perch at the Hindignaty hofferred the British Vip.

Now they had scarce drove down the next street at a tarin gallop (for when aggrywated, Cantyberry drives like madd, to be sure), when lowinbyold, they come on some more puple, more pikes, more guns, the pavement hup, and a Buss spilt on the ground, so that it was impawsable to pass.

'Git out of the carridge,' rors the puple, and a feller in a cock at (of the Pollypicnic School, Cantyberry says, though what that is he doant No), comes up to the door, while hothers old the osses, and says, '*Miladi, il faut des cendres*;' which means, you must git out.

'*Mway ne vu pas, Moi* Lady Kicklebury,' cries out my Lady, wagglng her phethers and diminds, and screamin like a Macaw.

'*Il le fo pourtong*,' says the Pollypicnic scholard: very polite, though he was ready to bust with laffin hisself. 'We must make a barrygade of the carridge. The cavilry is at one hend of the street, the hartillary at the other; there'll be a fight presently, and out you must git.'

Lady Kicklebury set up a screaming louder than hever, and I warrant she hopped out pretty quick this time, and the hofferred, giving her his harm, led her into a kimmis shop, and giv her a glas of sallyvalattaly.

Meanwild Cantyberry sat puffin like a grampus on his box, his face as red as Cielingwhacks. His osses had been led out before his hi's, his footmen—French minials, unwuthy of a livry—had fratynized with the Mobb, and Thomas Cantyberry sat aloan.

'*Descends mong gros!*' cries the mob (which intupprited is 'Come down, old fat un'); 'come off your box, we're goin to upset the carridge.'

'Never,' says Thomas, for which he knew the French; and dubbling his phist, he igslaimed, '*Jammy, Dammy!*' He cut the fust man who sprang hon the box hover the fase and i's; he delivered on the nex fellers nob. But what was Thomas Cantyberry against a people in harms? They pulled that brave old man off his perch. They upset his carridge—his carridge beside a buss. When he comes to this pint of his narratif, Thomas always busts into tears and calls for a fresh glas.

He is to be herd of at my bar : and being disingaged hoffers hisself to the Nobillaty for the ensuwing seasn. His tums is ninety lbs per hannum, the purchasing of the hannimals and the corn, an elper for each two osses : ony to drive the lord and lady of the famly, no drivin at night excep to Ofishl parties, and two vigs drest a day during the seasn. He objex to the country, and won't go abroad no more. In a country (sezee) where I was ableeged to whonder abowt disguised out of livery, amongst a puple who pulled my vig off before my face, Thomas will never mount box agin.

And I eplaud him. And as long as he has enough to pay his skaw, my house is a home for this galliant Heggilo.

II



INS last weak the Deaming of Revaluation has been waiving his flamming sord over France, has drove many more of our unfortnit feller suvnts to hemigrat to the land of their Buth.

The aggrywatation of the Boddy of Gentlemen at Livvry agenst the Forriner I am sorry to say is intence. Meatings of my bruthring have look place at many of their Houses of Call in this town. Some gence who use our back parlor had an Eccembly there the other night called the Haggrygit British Plush Protection Society, which, in my capasty of Lanlord and Xmember of the Boddy, I was called upon to attend. Everythink was conducted on ordly redymoney prin-saples, and the liquor paid for as soon as called for, and drunk as soon as paid.

But the feelings of irratation against Foring Sevvants as igsibbited by our Domestic projuice was, I grieve to say, very bitter. Sevrall of our Marters came amongst us, pore Egsiles wrankling under the smarts of their ill treatment. The stories of their Rongs caused a furmentation amongst the bruthring. It was all I could do to check the harder

of some Howtragus Sperrits, and awhirt peraps a Massykry of French curriers and lackys employed by our nobillaty and gentry. I am thankful to think that peraps I prewented a dellidge of foring blood.

The tails told by our Marters igsited no small and unnatral simpthy : when Chawls Garters, late Etendant in the famly of the Duke of Calymanco in the Fobug St. Honory, came amongst us and igsplained how—if he had been aloud to remane a few weeks longer in Parris—Madamasell de Calymanco, the Dukes only daughter and hairis, would probbly have owned the soft pashn which she felt for our por Chawls, and have procured the consent of her Par to her marridge with the galliant and andsum Henglishman, the meeting thrild with Amotion, and tears of pitty for our comrid bedimd each hi. His hart's afections have been crusht. Madymasell was sent to a Convent ; and Chawls dismist with a poltry 3 months wages in advance, and returns to Halbion's shores & to servitude once more.

Frederic Legs also moved us deaply ; we call him leggs, from the bewty of those limbs of his, which from being his pride and hornymint, had nearly projuisd his *rewing*. When the town was in kemotion, and the furious French People pursewing every Henglish livary, Fredrick (in suvvce with a noble famly who shall be nameliss) put on a palto and trowseys, of which his master made him a presnt, and indeavoured to fly.

He mounted a large tricolore cockade in his At, from which he tor the lace, and tried as much as possable to look like a siwillian. But it wouldn't do. The clo's given him by his X-master, who was a little mann, were too small for Frederick—the bewty of his legs epeared through his trowsies. The Reublikins jeered and laft at him in the streats ; and it is a mussy that he ever reached Balone alive.

I tried to cumsole Chawls by pinting out that the Art which has truly loved never forgits, but as trewly loves on to the clothes ; and that if Madamasell reely did love him as he said, he had a better chans of winning her And now than under a monarchickle and arastacrattic Guvment ; and as for Frederic, I pinted out to him that a man of his appearans was safe of implymint and promoashn in *any* country.

I did everythink, in a word, to sooth my frends. In a noble speach I showed, that if others do wrong, that is no

reason why we shouldn't do right. 'On the contrary now is the time,' I said, 'for Hengland to show she is really the Home of the World; and that all men, from a Black to a Frenchman, ought to be safe under the Banner of Britannier.'

'The pholly of these consperracies and jellowsies, I think may be pintoed out to my feller-suvants, and igsemplafied in the instants of the famlies of the Prince of Bovo, at Parris, and of Lord Y Count Guttlebury, in this country.'

'At Parris, As is well ascertained, the nobill Prins, who kep a large studd of osses, with English groombs to take care



of em (as by natur Britns are formed to do that, and everythink better than everybody)—the noble Prins, I say, was called upon by the Puple to dishmiss his Hinglish osskeepers. "*Serviture*," says the Prince, "*Veeve la liberty*; let the Hosskeepers beturned out, as the Sovring Puple is inimichael to their stoppin in France." The Puple left the Sitzen Prins with a chear for fratunnity, & the por groombs packed up, and have come back to their native hilind.

'But what inshood? The nex day, the Prins sent away the hosses after the hosskeepers; sold up the studd; locked up the carridges, broombs, cabs, bogeys (as those

hignorant French call buggiz), landores & all, and goes about now with an umbereller. And how I should lick to know, is the puple any better for meddling ?

‘ Lord Ycount Guttlebury’s is a case, dear friends, which still mor comes hoam to our busms and our bisniss, and has made no small sensatiun in the Plush and in the fashionable wuld. The splendor of his Lodships entytainments is well-known. That good and uprike nobleman only lived for wittles. And be ard on him ? why should we ?—Nayter has implanted in our busum tastis of a thousand deferent kinds. Some men have a pashn for fox-untin, some like listening to dybatts in Parlymink and settn on railrode committies ; some like Politticle Aconomy. I’ve waited behind a chair and heard foax talk about Jollagy, Straty, and red sanstone, until I’ve nearly dropt asleap myself while standing a Santynel on jewty. What then ? Give every mann his taste, I say, and my Lord Guttlebury’s was his dinner.

‘ He had a French Hartist at the head of his Quizeen of coarse—that sellabrated mann Munseer Suprême. Munseer Sooflay persided hover the cumfeckshnary ; and under Supraym were three young aidycongs : a Frenchman, a Bulgian, and a young feller from the city, who manidged the tertle and wenson department.

‘ He was a clever young mann. He has hofn been to take a glas at the W of F : and whenever he came with a cassy-rowl of clear turtle, or an ash wenison dish for my Mary Hann, he was I’m sure always welcome. But John Baster was henvious and hambishes. He jined the owtery which has been rose against foring suvnts by some of our bruthring, and he thought to get ridd of Supraym and the other contynentials, and espired to be Chief Guvnor of my lords kitching.

‘ Forgetting every sentament but haytred of the forryner, this envius raskle ingaged the kitching-boys and female elpers (who, bein a hansum young mann, looked on him with a kindly i) in a fowl conspirracy against the Frenchmen. He introjuiced kyang pepper into the pattys, garlick into the Blemongys, and sent up the souffly flavored with ingyans. He pysoned my lord’s chocolate with shalott, he put Tarrygin vinegar into the Hices. There never was such a convulsion, or so horrid an igspreshn of hagny in a man’s, has (I’m told by my exlent friend, the Majordomy)

my lord's faze ashumed, when he tasted black pepper in the clear soup.

'The axdence occurred day after day. It was one day when a R——l P—ss—n—dge was dining with his Loddship: another when 6 eggsiled sovrings took their mutton (when he didn't so much mind); a 3d when he wished to dine more igspecially better than on any other, because the doctor had told him to be careful, and he was dining by himself: this last day drove him madd. He sent for Suprame, addresst that gentilman in languidge which he couldn't brook (for he was a Major of the Nashnal Guard of his Betallian, and Commander of the Legend of Honour), and Suprame rasined on the spott—which the French and the Bulgian did it too.

'Soufflay and the cumfectioners hemigrated the nex day. And the house steward, who has a heasy master, for Lord G. is old, fibble, and 70 years of hage, and whose lady has an uncommon good apinnion of Master Baster, recommended him to the place, or at least to have the Purvisional Guvment of my lord's Quizeen.

'It wasn't badd. Baster has tallints of no mien horder. You couldn't eggsactly find folt with his souperintendiance. But a mere good dinner is fur from enough to your true amature. A dellixy, a something, a *jennysquaw*, constatutes the diffnants between talint and Genus—and my lord soughered under it. He grew melumcolly and silent; he dined, its trew, taysting all the outrays as usual, but he never made any remarx about 'em, for good or for bad. Young Baster at the Igth of his Hambishn, tor his Air with rage as his dinners came down 1 by 1, and nothing was said about 'em—nothing.

'Lord Guttlebury was *breaking his Art*. He didn' know howfond he was of Supraym, till he lost him—hownessasurry that mann was to his igsistence. He sett his confidenshle Valick to find out where Supraym had retreated; and finding he was gone to Gascony of which he is a naytif, last weak without saying a word to his frends with only Sangsew his valet, and the flying ketching fourgong, without which he never travels—my lord went to France and put himself again under Supraym. The sean between 'em, I'm told, was very affecting. My lord has taken a Shatto near Supraym's house, who comes to dress the dinner of which the noble Ycount partakes aloan.

‘The town-house is shet up, and everybody has ad orders to quit—all the footmen—all the quizeen, in coarse including Baster—and this is all he has gained by his insidgus haytrid of forraners, and by his foolish hambishn.

‘No, my friends,’ I concluded ; ‘if gentlemen choose to have foreign suvnts, its not for *us* to intafear, and there must be a free trayd in flunkies as in every other kimodaty of the world.’

I trust that my little remarks pazyfied some of the discontented sperrits presnt—and can at least wouch for the fact that every man shook Ands ; every man paid his Skoar.

THOUGHTS ON A NEW COMEDY

(BEING A LETTER FROM MR. J—S PLUSH TO A FRIEND)

[February 2, 1850]

‘*Whell of Fortune, Barr,*
‘*Jenyoury twenty-fith.*

‘MY DEAR RINCER,

‘Me and Mary Hann was very much pleased with the box of feznts and woodcox, which you sent us, both for the attention which was dellygit, and because the burds was uncommon good and full of flaviouir. Some we gev away : some we hett : and I leave you to emadgin that the Mann as sent em will holways find a glass of somethink comforable in our Barr ; and I hope youll soon come back to London, Rincer, my boy. Your account of the Servants’ All festivvaties at Fitzbattleaxe Castle, and your dancing Sir Rodjydycovyly (I dont know how to spell it) with Lady Hawguster, emused Mary Hann very much. That sottathing is very well—onst a year or so : but in my time I thought the fun didnt begin until the great folks had gone away. Give my kind suvvices to Mrs. Lupin, and tell Munseer Beshymell with my and Mary Hann’s best wishes, that our little Fanny can play several tunes on his pianner. Comps to old Coachy.

‘Till parlymint nothink is stirring, and theres no noose to give you or fill my sheat—igsept (and I dessay this will surprize you)—igsept I talk about the new Play.

' Although Im not genly a patternizer of the Drammer, which it interfears very much with my abbitts and ixpeshly is not plesnt dareckly after dinner to set hoff to a cold theayter for a middle-Hage Mann, who likes to take things heazy; yet, my dear feller, I do from time to time step in (with a horder) to the walls of the little Aymarket or Old Dewry, sometimes to give a treat to Mrs. Jeames and the younguns, sometimes to wild away a hidle hour when shes outatown or outatemper (which sometimes will ocur in the best reglated famlies you know), or when some private mellumcolly or sorrer of my own is a hagitating hof me.

' Yesdy evening it was none of these motifs which injuiced me to go to the theayter—I had heard there was a commady jest brought out, inwolving the carrickter of our profes-sion—that profeshn which you and me, Mr. Rincer, did onst belong to—I'm not above that profeshn. I ave its hintarests and Honor at art: and of hevery man that wears the Plush, I say that Mann is my Brother—(not that I need be phonder of him for that, on the contry, I recklect at our school where I lunt the fust rules of atho-graphy and grammer, the Brothers were holwis a pitchin into heach other)—but in fine, I love the Plush of hold days, and hah! I regret that hold Father Time is doing somethink to my Air, which wightns it more pumminantly than the Powder which once I war!

' A commady, Sir, has been brought out (which Im surprized it aint been mentioned at my Barr, though to be sure mose gents is keeping Grismass Olydays in the Country), in which I was creddably informmed—one of hus—one of the old Plushes—why should I ezitate to say, a *Footman*, forms the prinsple drammitis-pursony. How is my horder represented on the British stage I hast myself? Are we spoke of respeckful or otherwise? Does anybody snear at our youniform or purfeshn? I was determingd to see; and in case of hanythink inslant being said of us, I took a key with me in horder to iss propplly; and bought sevrall horringers jest to make uce of em if I sor any *nesessaty*.

' My dear Rincer, I greave to say, that though there was nothink against our purfeshn said in the pease—and though the most delligit and sensatif footman (and Ive known no men of more dellixy of feelin and sensabillaty than a well reglated footman is whether hin or hout of

livry) could find folt with the *languidge* of the New Commady of *Leap Year*, yet its prinsples is dangerous to publick maralaty, as likewise to our beloved pur-feshn.

‘The plot of the Pease is founderd upon a hancient Lor, which the Hauther, Mr. Buckstone, discovvred in an uncommon hold book, and by which it epears that in Lip-Year (or whats called Bissixdile in Istronnamy) it is the women who have the libbaty of choosing their usbands, and not as in hornary times, the men who choose their wives (I reckmend you old feller who are a reglar hold Batchylor, to look out in the Ormnack for Lip Year, and kip *hout of the way* that year) and this pragtice must be common anough in Hengland, for a commady is a representation of natur, and in this one, every one of the women asts every one of the men to marry : igsept one, and she asts two of em.

‘Onst upon a time there was an old genlmn by the name of Flowerdew as married a young woman, who became in consquince Mrs. Flora Flowerdew. She made this hold buck so Appy during the breaif coarse of his meddrimonial career, that he left a will, hordering her to marry agin before three years was over, failing vich, hevary shillin of his proppaty should go to his nex Hair.AVING maid these destimentry erangements hold Flowerdew died. Peace be to his Hashes !

‘His widder didnt cry much (for betwigst you and me F. must have been rayther a silly old feller), but lived on in a genteal manner in a house somewhere in the drecshon of Amstid I should think, entertaining her frends like a lady : and like a lady she kep her coachman and groom : had her own maid, a cook & housemaid of coarse, a page and a MANN.

‘If I had been a widder I would have choas a Man of a better Ithe, than Mrs. Flowerjew did. Nothink becomes a footman so much as Ithe. Its that which dixtinguidges us from the vulgar, and I greave to say in this pedicklar the gentleman as hacted Villiam Valker, Mrs. F’s man, was sadly defishnt. He was respeckble, quiet, horderly, hactive—but his figger I must say was no go. You and me Rincer ave seen footmen and know whats the proper sort—seen em ? Hah, what men there was in hour time ! Do you recklect Bill the Maypole as was with us at Lord Ammer-

smiths ? What a chap that was ! what a leg he ad ! The young men are not like us, Tom Rincer,—but I am diwerging from my tail, which I reshume.

‘ I diddnarive at the commensment of the drammer (for their was a Purty a settling his skower in my Barr which kep me a cumsederable time), but when I hentered the theaytre I fown myself in presnts of Mr. & Mrs. C. Kean in a droring-roomb, Mrs. K. at a tabble pertending to right letters, or to so ankyshuffs, or somethink, Mr. K. a clapsing his &s, a rowling his his, and a quoating poatry & Byrom and that sort of thing like anythink.

‘ Mrs. Kean, she was the widdo, and Mr. K. he was Villiam the man. He wasnt a Buttler dear Rincer like U. He wasnt groom of the Chimbers like Mr. Mewt at my Lords (to whomb my best complymince), he wasnt a mear footman, he wasnt a page : but he was a mixter of all 4. He had trowzies like a page with a red strip ; he had a coat like a Hunndress John ; he had the helegant mistary of Mr. Mewt, and there was a graceful abanding and a daggijay hair about him which I whish it was more adopted in our purfeshn.

‘ Haltho in hour time, dear Rincer, we didn quoaat Byrom and Shikspyer in the droring-room to the ladies of the famly, praps things is haltered sins the *marge of hintalect*, and the young Jeamess do talk potry.—Well, for sevrul years, during which he had been in Mrs. F.’s service, Walker had been goin on in this manner, and it was heasy at once to see at the very hopening of the pease, from the manner of missis and man, that there was more than the common sewillaties of a lady and a genlman in livery goin on between em, and in one word that they were pashintly in love with each other. This wont surprize *you* Rincer, my boy ; and in the coarse of *my* expearance I might tell a story or two—O Lady Harabellar ! but Honor forbids, and Im mumm.

‘ Several shutors come to whoo the widow ; but none, and no great wonder, have made an impreshn on her heart. One she takes *as a husband on trial*—and he went out to dinner on the very fust day of his apprenticeship, and came home intogsicated. Another whomb she would not have, a Captain in the Harmy, pulls out a bill when she refuses him, and requestes her to pay for his loss of time, and the clothes he has hordered in horder to captiwate her. Finely

the piece hends by the widdo proposing to William Walker, her servant, and marrying that pusson.

‘ I don’t hask whether widdos take usbands on trial. I do not pores to inquier whether Captings send in bills of costs for courtship, or igsamming other absuddaties in this Commady. I look at it purfeshnly, and I look at it gravely, Rincer. Hand I cant help seeing that it is dangerous to our horder, and subwussive of domestic maralaty.

‘ I say theres a Prinsple in a honist footman which should make him purtest and revolt aginst such doctorings as these. A fatle pashn may hapn hany day to hany Mann ; as a chimbly-pott may drop on his head, or a homnibus drive hover him. We cant help falling in love with a fine woman—we are men : we are fine men praps ; and praps she returns our harder. But whats the use of it ? There *can* be no marridges between footmen and families in which they live. There’s a Lor of Natur against it, and it should be wrote in the prayer-books for the use of Johns that a man may not marry his Missus—If this kind of thing was to go on hoften, there would be an end to domestic life. John would be holways up in the droring room courting : or Miss would be for hever down in the pantry : you’d get no whirk done. How could he clean his plate proply with Miss holding one of his ands sittin on the knife bord ? It’s impawsable. We may marry in other famlies but not in our hown. We have each our spears as we have each our Bells. Theirs is the fust flor ; hours is the basemint. A man who marris his Missis hingers his purfeshnal bruthering. I would cut that Man dedd who married his Missis. I would blackbawl him at the clubb. Let it onst git abroad that we do so, and famlies will leave off iring footmen haltogether and be weighted upon by maids, which the young ladies cant marry them, and I leave you to say whether the purfeshn isnt a good one, and whether it woodnt be a pity to spoil it.

‘ Yours hever my dear Rincer,

‘ J. P.

‘ To MR. RINCER,

‘ at the Duke of Fitzbattleaxes,

‘ Fitzbattleaxe Castle, Flintshire.’

A LITTLE DINNER AT TIMMINS'S

[May to July, 1848; *Miscellanies*, Vol. III, 1856]

CHAPTER I

MR. AND MRS. FITZROY TIMMINS live in Lilliput Street, that neat little street which runs at right angles with the Park and Brobdingnag Gardens. It is a very genteel neighbourhood, and I need not say they are of a good family.

Especially Mrs. Timmins, as her mamma is always telling Mr. T. They are Suffolk people, and distantly related to the Right Honourable the Earl of Bungay.

Besides his house in Lilliput Street, Mr. Timmins has Chambers in Figtree Court, Temple, and goes the Northern Circuit.

The other day, when there was a slight difference about the payment of fees between the great Parliamentary Counsel and the Solicitors, Stoke and Pogers, of Great George Street, sent the papers of the Lough Foyle and Lough Corrib Junction Railway to Mr. Fitzroy Timmins, who was so elated that he instantly purchased a couple of looking-glasses for his drawing-rooms (the front room is 16 by 12, and the back a tight but elegant apartment, 10 ft. 6 by 8 ft. 4), a coral for the baby, two new dresses for Mrs. Timmins, and a little rosewood desk, at the Pantechnicon, for which Rosa had long been sighing, with crumpled legs, emerald-green and gold morocco top, and drawers all over.

Mrs. Timmins is a very pretty poetess (her 'Lines to a Faded Tulip,' and her 'Plaint of Plinlimmon,' appeared in one of last year's *Keepsakes*), and Fitzroy, as he impressed a kiss on the snowy forehead of his bride, pointed out to her, in one of the innumerable pockets of the desk, an elegant ruby-tipped pen, and six charming little gilt blank books marked 'My Books,' which Mrs. Fitzroy might fill, he said (he is an Oxford man, and very polite), 'with the delightful productions of her Muse.' Besides these books, there was

pink paper, paper with crimson edges, lace paper, all stamped with R.F.T. (Rosa Fitzroy Timmins), and the hand and battle-axe, the crest of the Timminses (and borne at Ascalon by Roaldus de Timmins, a Crusader, who is now buried in the Temple Church, next to Serjeant Snooks), and yellow, pink, light-blue, and other scented sealing-waxes, at the service of Rosa when she chose to correspond with her friends.

Rosa, you may be sure, jumped with joy at the sight of this sweet present ; called her Charles (his first name is Samuel, but they have sunk that) the best of men ! embraced him a great number of times, to the edification of her buttony little page, who stood at the landing ; and as soon as he was gone to Chambers, took the new pen and a sweet sheet of paper, and began to compose a poem.

‘ What shall it be about ? ’ was naturally her first thought. ‘ What should be a young mother’s first inspiration ? ’ Her child lay on the sofa asleep, before her ; and she began in her neatest hand—

LINES

ON MY SON, BUNGAY DE BRACY GASHLEIGH TYMMYNS,
AGED TEN MONTHS

Tuesday.

‘ How beautiful ! how beautiful thou seemest,
My boy, my precious one, my rosy babe !
Kind angels hover round thee, as thou dreamest :
Soft lashes hide thy beauteous azure eye which
gleamest.’

‘ Gleamest ? thine eye which gleamest ? Is that grammar ? ’ thought Rosa, who had puzzled her little brains for some time with this absurd question, when baby woke ; then the cook came up to ask about dinner ; then Mrs. Fundy slipped over from No. 27 (they are opposite neighbours, and made an acquaintance through Mrs. Fundy’s macaw) : and a thousand things happened. Finally, there was no rhyme to babe except Tippoo Saib (against whom Major Gashleigh, Rosa’s grandfather, had distinguished himself), and so she gave up the little poem about her De Bracy.

Nevertheless, when Fitzroy returned from Chambers to take a walk with his wife in the Park, as he peeped through

the rich tapestry hanging which divided the two drawing-rooms, he found his dear girl still seated at the desk, and writing, writing away with her ruby pen as fast as it could scribble.

'What a genius that child has !' he said ; ' why, she is a second Mrs. Norton !' and advanced smiling to peep over her shoulder and see what pretty thing Rosa was composing.



It was not poetry, though, that she was writing, and Fitz read as follows :—

' LILLIPUT STREET, Tuesday, 22nd May.

' Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy Tymmys request the pleasure of Sir Thomas and Lady Kicklebury's company at dinner on Wednesday, at 7½ o'clock.'

' My dear !' exclaimed the barrister, pulling a long face.

' Law, Fitzroy !' cried the beloved of his bosom, ' how you do startle one !'

' Give a dinner party with our means !' said he.

' Ain't you making a fortune, you miser ?' Rosa said.

' Fifteen guineas a day is four thousand five hundred a year ; I've calculated it.' And, so saying, she rose, and, taking

hold of his whiskers (which are as fine as those of any man of his circuit), she put her mouth close up against his



and did something to his long face, which quite changed the expression of it : and which the little page heard outside the door.

‘ Our dining-room won’t hold ten,’ he said.

‘ We’ll only ask twenty, my love ; ten are sure to refuse in this season, when everybody is giving parties. Look, here is the list.’

‘ Earl and Countess of Bungay, and Lady Barbara St. Mary’s.’

‘ You are dying to get a Lord into the house,’ Timmins said (*he has not altered his name in Figtree Court yet, and therefore I am not so affected as to call him *Tymmyns**).

‘ Law, my dear, they are our cousins, and must be asked,’ Rosa said.

‘ Let us put down my sister and Tom Crowder, then.’

‘ Blanche Crowder is really so *very* fat, Fitzroy,’ his wife said, ‘ and our rooms are so *very* small.’

Fitz laughed. ‘ You little rogue,’ he said, ‘ Lady Bungay weighs two of Blanche, even when she’s not in the f——’

‘ Fiddlestick !’ Rose cried out. ‘ Doctor Crowder really cannot be admitted ; he makes such a noise eating his soup, that it is really quite disagreeable ;’ and she imitated the gurgling noise performed by the Doctor while inhaling his soup, in such a funny way that Fitz saw inviting him was out of the question.

‘ Besides, we mustn’t have too many relations,’ Rosa went on. ‘ Mamma, of course, is coming. She doesn’t like to be asked in the evening ; and she’ll bring her silver bread-

basket and her candlesticks, which are very rich and handsome."

'And you complain of Blanche for being too stout!' groaned out Timmins.

'Well, well, don't be in a pet,' said little Rosa. 'The girls won't come to dinner; but will bring their music afterwards.' And she went on with the list.



'Sir Thomas and Lady Kicklebury, 2. No saying no: we *must* ask them, Charles. They are rich people, and any room in their house in Brobdingnag Gardens would swallow up *our* humble cot. But to people in *our* position in *society*, they will be glad enough to come. The City people are glad to mix with the old families.'

'Very good,' said Fitz, with a sad face of assent—and Mrs. Timmins went on reading her list.

'Mr. and Mrs. Thopham Sawyer, Belgrave Place.'

‘Mrs. Sawyer hasn’t asked you all the season. She gives herself the airs of an empress ; and when——’

‘One’s Member, you know, my dear, one must have,’ Rosa replied, with much dignity ; as if the presence of the representative of her native place would be a protection to her dinner ; and a note was written and transported by the page early next morning to the mansion of the Sawyers, in Belgrave Place.

The Topham Sawyers had just come down to breakfast. Mrs. T. in her large dust-coloured morning dress and Madonna front (she looks rather scraggy of a morning, but I promise you her ringlets and figure will stun you of an evening) ; and having read the note, the following dialogue passed :—

Mrs. Topham Sawyer. ‘Well, upon my word, I don’t know where things will end. Mr. Sawyer, the Timminses have asked us to dinner.’

Mr. Topham Sawyer. ‘Ask us to dinner ! What d—impudence !’

Mrs. Topham Sawyer. ‘The most dangerous and insolent revolutionary principles are abroad, Mr. Sawyer ; and I shall write and hint as much to these persons.’

Mr. Topham Sawyer. ‘No, d— it, Joanna, they are my constituents, and we must go. Write a civil note, and say we will come to their party.’ (*He resumes the perusal of the ‘Times,’ and Mrs. Topham Sawyer writes*)—

MY DEAR ROSA,

We shall have *great pleasure* in joining your little party. I do not reply in the third person, as *we are old friends*, you know, and *country neighbours*. I hope your mamma is well : present my *kindest remembrances* to her, and I hope we shall see much MORE of each other in the summer, when we go down to the Sawpits (for going abroad is out of the question in these *dreadful times*). With a hundred kisses to your dear little *pet*,

Believe me your attached

J. T. S.

She said *Pet*, because she did not know whether Rosa’s child was a girl or boy : and Mrs. Timmins was very much pleased with the kind and gracious nature of the reply to her invitation.

CHAPTER II

THE next persons whom little Mrs. Timmins was bent upon asking were Mr. and Mrs. John Rowdy, of the firm of Stumpy, Rowdy, and Co., of Brobdingnag Gardens, of The Prairie, Putney, and of Lombard Street, City.

Mrs. Timmins and Mrs. Rowdy had been brought up at the same school together, and there was always a little rivalry between them, from the day when they contended for the French prize at school, to last week, when each had a stall at the Fancy Fair for the benefit of the Daughters of Decayed Muffin-men; and when Mrs. Timmins danced against Mrs. Rowdy in the Scythe Mazurka at the Polish Ball, headed by Mrs. Hugh Slasher. Rowdy took twenty-three pounds more than Timmins in the Muffin transaction (for she had possession of a kettle-holder worked by the hands of R-y-lty, which brought crowds to her stall); but in the Mazurka Rosa conquered; she has the prettiest little foot possible (which in a red boot and silver heel looked so lovely that even the Chinese Ambassador remarked it), whereas Mrs. Rowdy's foot is no trifle, as Lord Cornbury acknowledged when it came down on his Lordship's boot tip as they danced together amongst the Scythes.

'Those people are ruining themselves,' said Mrs. John Rowdy to her husband, on receiving the pink note. It was carried round by that rogue of a buttony page in the evening, and he walked to Brobdingnag Gardens and in the Park afterwards, with a young lady who is kitchen-maid at 27, and who is not more than fourteen years older than little Buttons.

'Those people are ruining themselves,' said Mrs. John to her husband. 'Rosa says she has asked the Bungays.'

'Bungays, indeed! Timmins was always a tuft-hunter,' said Rowdy, who had been at College with the barrister, and who, for his own part, has no more objection to a lord than you or I have; and adding, 'Hang him, what business has he to be giving parties?' allowed Mrs. Rowdy, nevertheless, to accept Rosa's invitation.

'When I go to business to-morrow, I will just have a look at Mr. Fitz's account,' Mr. Rowdy thought, 'and if it is overdrawn, as it usually is, why——' The announcement of

Mrs. Rowdy's brougham here put an end to this agreeable train of thought, and the banker and his lady stepped into it to join a snug little family party of two-and-twenty, given by Mr. and Mrs. Secondchop, at their great house on the other side of the Park.

'Rowdys 2, Bungays 3, ourselves and mamma 3, 2 Sawyers,' calculated little Rosa.

'General Gulpin,' Rosa continued, 'eats a great deal, and is very stupid, but he looks well at a table, with his star and ribbon; let us put *him* down!' and she noted down 'Sir Thomas and Lady Gulpin, 2. Lord Castlenoodle, 1.'



'You will make your party abominably genteel and stupid,' groaned Timmins. 'Why don't you ask some of our old friends? Old Mrs. Portman has asked us twenty times, I am sure, within the last two years.'

'And the last time we went there, there was pea-soup for dinner!' Mrs. Timmins said, with a look of ineffable scorn.

'Nobody can have been kinder than the Hodges have always been to us; and some sort of return we might make, I think.'

'Return, indeed! A pretty sound it is on the staircase to hear Mr. and Mrs. Odge and the Miss Odges, pronounced by Billiter, who always leaves his h's out. No, no; see attorneys at your Chambers, my dear—but what could the poor creatures do in *our* society?' And so, one by one,

Timmins's old friends were tried and eliminated by Mrs. Timmins, just as if she had been an Irish Attorney-General, and they so many Catholics on Mr. Mitchel's jury.

Mrs. Fitzroy insisted that the party should be of her very best company. Funnyman, the Great Wit, was asked, because of his jokes ; and Mrs. Butt, on whom he practises ; and Potter, who is asked because everybody else asks him ; and Mr. Ranville Ranville of the Foreign Office, who might give some news of the Spanish squabble ; and Botherby, who has suddenly sprung up into note because he is intimate with the French Revolution, and visits Ledru-Rollin and Lamartine. And these, with a couple more who are *amis de la maison*, made up the twenty, whom Mrs. Timmins thought she might safely invite to her little dinner.

But the deuce of it was, that when the answers to the invitations came back, everybody accepted ! Here was a pretty quandary. How they were to get twenty into their dining-room was a calculation which poor Timmins could not solve at all ; and he paced up and down the little room in dismay.

'Pooh !' said Rosa, with a laugh ; 'your sister Blanche looked very well in one of my dresses, last year ; and you know how stout she is. We will find some means to accommodate them all, depend upon it.'

Mrs. John Rowdy's note to dear Rosa, accepting the latter's invitation, was a very gracious and kind one : and Mrs. Fitz showed it to her husband when he came back from Chambers. But there was another note which had arrived for him by this time from Mr. Rowdy—or rather from the firm : and to the effect that Mr. F. Timmins had overdrawn his account £28 18s. 6d., and was requested to pay that sum to his obedient servants, Stumpy, Rowdy, and Co.

And Timmins did not like to tell his wife that the contending parties in the Lough Neagh and Lough Corrib Railroad had come to a settlement, and that the fifteen guineas a day had consequently determined. 'I have had seven days of it, though,' he thought ; 'and that will be enough to pay for the desk, the dinner, and the glasses, and make all right with Stumpy and Rowdy.'

CHAPTER III

THE cards for dinner having been issued, it became the duty of Mrs. Timmins to make further arrangements respecting the invitations to the tea-party which was to follow the more substantial meal.

These arrangements are difficult, as any lady knows who is in the habit of entertaining her friends. There are—

People who are offended if you ask them to tea whilst others have been asked to dinner—

People who are offended if you ask them to tea at all ; and cry out furiously, ‘ Good Heavens ! Jane, my love, why do these Timminses suppose that I am to leave my dinner-table to attend their —— *soirée* ? ’ (the dear reader may fill up the —— to any strength, according to his liking)—or, ‘ Upon my word, William, my dear, it is too much to ask us to pay twelve shillings for a brougham, and to spend I don’t know how much in gloves, just to make our curtsies in Mrs. Timmins’s little drawing-room.’ Mrs. Moser made the latter remark about the Timmins affair, while the former was uttered by Mr. Grumpley, barrister-at-law, to his lady, in Gloucester Place.

That there are people who are offended if you don’t ask them at all, is a point which I suppose nobody will question. Timmins’s earliest friend in life was Simmins, whose wife and family have taken a cottage at Mortlake for the season.

‘ We can’t ask them to come out of the country,’ Rosa said to her Fitzroy (between ourselves, she was delighted that Mrs. Simmins was out of the way, and was as jealous of her as every well-regulated woman should be of her husband’s female friends) ; ‘ we can’t ask them to come so far for the evening.’

‘ Why, no, certainly,’ said Fitzroy, who has himself no very great opinion of a tea-party : and so the Simminses were cut out of the list.

And what was the consequence ? The consequence was that Simmins and Timmins cut when they meet at Westminster ; that Mrs. Simmins sent back all the books which she had borrowed from Rosa, with a withering note of thanks ; that Rosa goes about saying that Mrs. Simmins squints ; that Mrs. S., on her side, declares that Rosa is

crooked, and behaved shamefully to Captain Hicks, in marrying Fitzroy over him, though she was forced to do it by her mother, and prefers the Captain to her husband to this day. If, in a word, these two men could be made to fight, I believe their wives would not be displeased ; and the reason of all this misery, rage, and dissension lies in a poor, little twopenny dinner-party in Lilliput Street.

Well, the guests, both for before and after meat, having been asked—old Mrs. Gashleigh, Rosa's mother—(and, by consequence, Fitzroy's *dear* mother-in-law, though I promise you that 'dear' is particularly sarcastic)—Mrs. Gashleigh of course was sent for, and came with Miss Eliza Gashleigh, who plays on the guitar, and Emily, who limps a little, but plays sweetly on the concertina. They live close by—trust them for that. Your mother-in-law is always within hearing, thank our stars for the attentions of the dear woman. The Gashleighs, I say, live close by, and came early on the morning after Rosa's notes had been issued for the dinner.

When Fitzroy, who was in his little study, which opens into the little dining-room—one of those absurd little rooms that ought to be called a Gentleman's Pantry, and is scarcely bigger than a shower-bath, or a state cabin in a ship—when Fitzroy heard his mother-in-law's knock, and her well-known scuffling and chattering in the passage, in which she squeezed up young Buttons, the page, while she put questions to him regarding baby, and the cook's health, and whether she had taken what Mrs. Gashleigh had sent over night, and the housemaid's health, and whether Mr. Timmins had gone to Chambers or not ? and when, after this preliminary chatter, Buttons flung open the door, announcing—'Mrs. Gashleigh and the young ladies,' Fitzroy laid down his *Times* newspaper with an expression that had best not be printed in a journal which young people read, and took his hat and walked away.

Mrs. Gashleigh has never liked him since he left off calling her Mamma, and kissing her. But he said he could not stand it any longer—he was hanged if he would. So he went away to Chambers, leaving the field clear to Rosa, Mamma, and the two dear girls.

—Or to one of them, rather ; for before leaving the house, he thought he would have a look at little Fitzroy upstairs in the nursery, and he found the child in the hands of his

maternal aunt Eliza, who was holding him and pinching him as if he had been her guitar, I suppose; so that the little fellow bawled pitifully—and his father finally quitted the premises.

No sooner was he gone, and although the party was still a fortnight off, yet the women pounced upon his little study, and began to put it in order. Some of his papers they pushed up over the bookcase, some they put behind the Encyclopaedia, some they crammed into the drawers, where Mrs. Gashleigh found three cigars, which she pocketed, and some letters, over which she cast her eye; and by Fitz's return they had the room as neat as possible, and the best glass and dessert-service mustered on the study-table.

It was a very neat and handsome service, as you may be sure Mrs. Gashleigh thought, whose rich uncle had purchased it for the young couple, at Spode and Copeland's: but it was only for twelve persons.

It was agreed that it would be, in all respects, cheaper and better to purchase a dozen more dessert plates; and with 'my silver basket in the centre,' Mrs. G. said (she is always bragging about that confounded bread-basket), 'we need not have any extra china dishes, and the table will look very pretty.'

On making a roll-call of the glass, it was calculated that at least a dozen or so tumblers, four or five dozen wines, eight water-bottles, and a proper quantity of ice-plates, were requisite; and that, as they would always be useful, it would be best to purchase the articles immediately. Fitz tumbled over the basket containing them, which stood in the hall, as he came in from Chambers, and over the boy who had brought them—and the little bill.

The women had had a long debate, and something like a quarrel, it must be owned, over the bill of fare. Mrs. Gashleigh, who had lived a great part of her life in Devonshire, and kept house in great state there, was famous for making some dishes, without which, she thought, no dinner could be perfect. When she proposed her mock-turtle, and stewed pigeons, and gooseberry-cream, Rosa turned up her nose—a pretty little nose it was, by the way, and with a natural turn in that direction.

'Mock-turtle in June, mamma!' she said.

'It was good enough for your grandfather, Rosa,' the mamma replied; 'it was good enough for the Lord High

Admiral, when he was at Plymouth ; it was good enough for the first men in the county, and relished by Lord Fortyskewer and Lord Rolls ; Sir Lawrence Porker ate twice of it after Exeter Races ; and I think it might be good enough for——’

‘ I will *not* have it, mamma ! ’ said Rosa, with a stamp of her foot—and Mrs. Gashleigh knew what resolution there was in that ; once, when she had tried to physic the baby, there had been a similar fight between them.

So Mrs. Gashleigh made out a *carte*, in which the soup was left with a dash—a melancholy vacuum ; and in which the pigeons were certainly thrust in amongst the *entrées* ; but Rosa determined they never should make an *entrée* at all into *her* dinner-party, but that she would have the dinner her own way.

When Fitz returned, then, and after he had paid the little bill of £6 14s. 6d. for the glass, Rosa flew to him with her sweetest smiles, and the baby in her arms. And after she had made him remark how the child grew every day more and more like him, and after she had treated him to a number of compliments and caresses, which it were positively fulsome to exhibit in public, and after she had soothed him into good humour by her artless tenderness, she began to speak to him about some little points which she had at heart.

She pointed out with a sigh how shabby the old curtains looked since the dear new glasses which her darling Fitz had given her had been put up in the drawing-room. Muslin curtains cost nothing, and she must and would have them.

The muslin curtains were accorded. She and Fitz went and bought them at Shoolbred’s, when you may be sure she treated herself likewise to a neat, sweet, pretty half-mourning (for the Court, you know, is in mourning)—a neat, sweet *barège*, or calamanco, or bombasine, or tiffany, or some such thing ; but Madam Camille of Regent Street made it up, and Rosa looked like an angel in it on the night of her little dinner.

‘ And, my sweet,’ she continued, after the curtains had been given in, ‘ mamma and I have been talking about the dinner. She wants to make it very expensive, which I cannot allow. I have been thinking of a delightful and economical plan, and you, my sweetest Fitz, must put it into execution.’

‘ I have cooked a mutton-chop when I was in Chambers,’

Fitz said, with a laugh. 'Am I to put on a cap and an apron?'

'No; but you are to go to the Megatherium Club (where, you wretch, you are always going without my leave), and you are to beg Monsieur Mirobolant, your famous cook, to send you one of his best aides de camp, as I know he will, and with his aid we can dress the dinner and the confectionery at home for *almost nothing*, and we can show those purse-proud Topham Sawyers and Rowdys that the *humble cottage* can furnish forth an elegant entertainment as well as the gilded halls of wealth.'

Fitz agreed to speak to Monsieur Mirobolant. If Rosa had had a fancy for the cook of the Prime Minister, I believe the deluded creature of a husband would have asked Lord John for the loan of him.

CHAPTER IV



ITZROY TIMMINS, whose taste for wine is remarkable for so young a man, is a member of the committee of the Megatherium Club, and the great Mirobolant, good-natured as all great men are, was only too happy to oblige him. A young friend and *protégé* of his, of considerable merit, M. Cavalcadour, happened to be disengaged, through the lamented death of Lord Hauncher, with whom young Cavalcadour had made his *début* as an artist. He had nothing to refuse to his master, Mirobolant, and would impress himself to be

useful to a *gourmet* so distinguished as Monsieur Timmins. Fitz went away as pleased as Punch with this encomium of the great Mirobolant, and was one of those who voted against the decreasing of Mirobolant's salary, when that measure was proposed by Mr. Parings, Colonel Close, and the Screw party in the committee of the Club.

Faithful to the promise of his great master, the youthful Cavalcadour called in Lilliput Street the next day. A rich

crimson velvet waistcoat, with buttons of blue glass and gold, a variegated blue satin stock, over which a graceful mosaic chain hung in glittering folds, a white hat worn on one side of his long curling ringlets, redolent with the most delightful hair oil—one of those white hats which looks as if it had been just skinned—and a pair of gloves not exactly of the colour of *beurre frais*, but of *beurre* that has been up the chimney, with a natty cane with a gilt knob, completed the upper part, at any rate, of the costume of the young fellow whom the page introduced to Mrs. Timmins.

Her mamma and she had been just having a dispute about the gooseberry cream when Cavalcadour arrived. His presence silenced Mrs. Gashleigh ; and Rosa, in carrying on a conversation with him in the French language, which she had acquired perfectly in an elegant finishing establishment in Kensington Square, had a great advantage over her mother, who could only pursue the dialogue with very much difficulty, eyeing one or other interlocutor with an alarmed and suspicious look, and gasping out ' We ' whenever she thought a proper opportunity arose for the use of that affirmative.

' I have two leetl menus weez me,' said Cavalcadour to Mrs. Gashleigh.

' Minews—yes—oh, indeed,' answered the lady.

' Two little cartes.'

' Oh, two carts ! Oh, we,' she said—' coming, I suppose ; ' and she looked out of the window to see if they were there.

Cavalcadour smiled ; he produced from a pocket-book a pink paper and a blue paper, on which he had written two bills of fare, the last two which he had composed for the lamented Hauncher, and he handed these over to Mrs. Fitzroy.

The poor little woman was dreadfully puzzled with these documents (she has them in her possession still), and began to read from the pink one as follows :—

DÎNER POUR 16 PERSONNES.

Potage (clair) à la Rigodon.

Do. à la Prince de Tombuctou.

DEUX POISSONS.

Saumon de Severne,
à la Boadicéc.

Rougets gratinés
à la Cléopâtre.

DEUX RELEVÉS.

Le Chapeau-à-trois-cornes farci à la Robespierre.

Le Tire-botte à l'Odalisque.

SIX ENTRÉES.

Sauté de Hanneçons à l'Épinglière.

Côtelettes à la Mégathérium.

Bourrasque de Veau à la Palsamblou.

Laitances de Carpe en goguette à la Reine Pomaré.

Turban de Volaille à l'Archevêque de Cantorbéry.

And so on with the *entremets*, and *hors-d'œuvre*, and the *rôtis*, and *relevés*.

'Madam will see that the dinners are quite simple,' said M. Cavalcadour.

'Oh, quite !' said Rosa, dreadfully puzzled.

'Which would Madam like ?'

'Which would we like, Mamma ?' Rosa asked ; adding, as if after a little thought, 'I think, Sir, we should prefer the blue one.' At which Mrs. Gashleigh nodded as knowingly as she could ; though, pink or blue, I defy anybody to know what these cooks mean by their jargon.

'If you please, Madam, we will go down below and examine the scene of operations,' Monsieur Cavalcadour said ; and so he was marshalled down the stairs to the kitchen, which he didn't like to name, and appeared before the cook in all his splendour.

He cast a rapid glance round the premises, and a smile of something like contempt lighted up his features. 'Will you bring pen and ink, if you please, and I will write down a few of the articles which will be necessary for us ? We shall require, if you please, eight more stewpans, a couple of braising-pans, eight sauté-pans, six bain-marie pans, a freezing-pot with accessories, and a few more articles of which I will inscribe the names ;' and Mr. Cavalcadour did so, dashing down, with the rapidity of genius, a tremendous list of ironmongery goods, which he handed over to Mrs. Timmins. She and her mamma were quite frightened by the awful catalogue.

'I will call three days hence and superintend the progress of matters ; and we will make the stock for the soup the day before the dinner.'

'Don't you think, Sir,' here interposed Mrs. Gashleigh, 'that one soup—a fine rich mock-turtle, such as I have seen in the best houses in the West of England, and such as the late Lord Fortyskewer——'

'You will get what is wanted for the soups, if you please,'

Mr. Cavalcadour continued, not heeding this interruption, and as bold as a captain on his own quarter-deck: 'for the stock of clear soup, you will get a leg of beef, a leg of veal, and a ham.'

'We, Munseer,' said the cook, dropping a terrified curtsy. 'A leg of beef, a leg of veal, and a ham.'

'You can't serve a leg of veal at a party,' said Mrs. Gashleigh; 'and a leg of beef is not a company dish.'

'Madam, they are to make the stock of the clear soup,' Mr. Cavalcadour said.

'What?' cried Mrs. Gashleigh; and the cook repeated his former expression.

'Never, whilst I am in this house,' cried out Mrs. Gashleigh indignantly; 'never in a Christian *English* household; never shall such sinful waste be permitted by me. If you wish me to dine, Rosa, you must get a dinner less *expensive*. The Right Honourable Lord Fortyskewer could dine, Sir, without these wicked luxuries, and I presume my daughter's guests can.'

'Madam is perfectly at liberty to decide,' said M. Cavalcadour. 'I came to oblige Madam and my good friend Mirobolant, not myself.'

'Thank you, Sir, I think it *will* be too expensive,' Rosa stammered, in a great flutter; 'but I am very much obliged to you.'

'*Il n'y a point d'obligation, Madam,*' said Monsieur Alcide Camille Cavalcadour in his most superb manner; and, making a splendid bow to the lady of the house, was respectfully conducted to the upper regions by little Buttons, leaving Rosa frightened, the cook amazed and silent, and Mrs. Gashleigh boiling with indignation against the dresser.

Up to that moment, Mrs. Blowser, the cook, who had come out of Devonshire with Mrs. Gashleigh (of course that lady garrisoned her daughter's house with servants, and expected them to give her information of everything which took place there); up to that moment, I say, the cook had been quite contented with that subterraneous station which she occupied in life, and had a pride in keeping her kitchen neat, bright, and clean. It was, in her opinion, the comfortablest room in the house (we all thought so when we came down of a night to smoke there); and the handsomest kitchen in Lilliput Street.

But after the visit of Cavalcadour, the cook became quite

discontented and uneasy in her mind. She talked in a melancholy manner over the area railings to the cooks at twenty-three and twenty-five. She stepped over the way, and conferred with the cook there. She made inquiries at the baker's and at other places about the kitchens in the great houses in Brobdingnag Gardens, and how many spits, bang-marry pans, and stoo-pans they had. She thought she could not do with an occasional help, but must have a kitchen-maid. And she was often discovered by a gentleman of the police force, who was, I believe, her cousin, and occasionally visited her when Mrs. Gashleigh was not in the house or spying it;—she was discovered, seated with *Mrs. Rundell* in her lap, its leaves bespattered with her tears. 'My pease be gone, Pelisse,' she said, 'zins I zaw that ther Franchman : ' and it was all the faithful fellow could do to console her.

'—— the dinner,' said Timmins, in a rage at last : 'having it cooked in the house is out of the question : the bother of it, and the row your mother makes are enough to drive one mad. It won't happen again, I can promise you, Rosa—order it at Fubsby's at once. You can have everything from Fubsby's—from footmen to saltspoons. Let's go and order it at Fubsby's.'

'Darling, if you don't mind the expense, and it will be any relief to you, let us do as you wish,' Rosa said : and she put on her bonnet, and they went off to the grand cook and confectioner of the Brobdingnag quarter.

CHAPTER V

ON the arm of her Fitzroy, Rosa went off to Fubsby's, that magnificent shop at the corner of Parliament Place and Alycompayne Square,—a shop into which the rogue had often cast a glance of approbation as he passed ; for there are not only the most wonderful and delicious cakes and confections in the window, but at the counter there are almost sure to be three or four of the prettiest women in the whole of this world, with little darling caps of the last French make, with beautiful wavy hair, and the neatest possible waists and aprons.

Yes, there they sit ; and others, perhaps, besides Fitz have cast a sheep's eye through those enormous plate-glass window

panes. I suppose it is the act of perpetually living amongst such a quantity of good things that makes those young ladies so beautiful. They come into the place, let us say, like ordinary people, and gradually grow handsomer and handsome; until they blow out into the perfect angels you see. It can't be otherwise: if you and I, my dear fellow, were to have a course of that place, we should become beautiful too. They live in an atmosphere of the most delicious pineapples, blancmanges, creams (some whipped, and some so good that of course they don't want whipping), jellies, tipsy-cakes, cherry-brandy—one hundred thousand sweet and lovely things. Look at the preserved fruits, look at the golden ginger, the outspreading ananas, the darling little rogues of China oranges ranged in the gleaming crystal cylinders. *Mon Dieu!* look at the strawberries in the leaves. Each of them is as large nearly as a lady's reticule, and looks as if it had been brought up in a nursery to itself. One o' those strawberries is a meal for those young ladies behind the counter; they nibble off a little from the side, and if they are very hungry, which can scarcely ever happen, they are allowed to go to the crystal canisters and take out a rout-cake or macaroon. In the evening they sit and tell each other little riddles out of the bon-bons; and when they wish to amuse themselves, they read the most delightful remarks, in the French language, about Love, and Cupid, and Beauty, before they place them inside the crackers. They always are writing down good things into Mr. Fubsby's ledgers. It must be a perfect feast to read them. Talk of the Garden of Eden! I believe it was nothing to Mr. Fubsby's house; and I have no doubt that after those young ladies have been there a certain time, they get to such a pitch of loveliness at last, that they become complete angels, with wings sprouting out of their lovely shoulders, when (after giving just a preparatory balance or two) they fly up to the counter and perch there for a minute, hop down again, and affectionately kiss the other young ladies, and say, 'Good-bye, dears, we shall meet again *là-haut*,' and then with a whirr of their deliciously scented wings, away they fly for good, whisking over the trees of Brobdingnag Square, and up into the sky, as the policeman touches his hat.

It is up there that they invent the legends for the crackers, and the wonderful riddles and remarks on the bon-bons. No mortal, I am sure, could write them.

I never saw a man in such a state as Fitzroy Timmins in the presence of those ravishing houris. Mrs. Fitz having explained that they required a dinner for twenty persons, the young ladies asked what Mr. and Mrs. Fitz would like, and named a thousand things, each better than the other, to all of which Fitz instantly said yes. The wretch was in such a state of infatuation that I believe if that lady had proposed to him a fricasseed elephant, or a boa-constrictor in jelly, he would have said, 'Oh, yes, certainly ; put it down.'

That Peri wrote down in her album a list of things which it would make your mouth water to listen to. But she took it all quite calmly. Heaven bless you ! *they* don't care about things that are no delicacies to them ! But whatever she chose to write down, Fitzroy let her.

After the dinner and dessert were ordered (at Fubsby's they furnish everything : dinner and dessert, plate and china, servants in your own livery, and if you please, guests of title too), the married couple retreated from that shop of wonders ; Rosa delighted that the trouble of the dinner was all off their hands, but she was afraid it would be rather expensive.

'Nothing can be too expensive which pleases *you*, dear,' Fitz said.

'By the way, one of those young women was rather good-looking,' Rosa remarked ; 'the one in the cap with the blue ribbons.' (And she cast about the shape of the cap in her mind, and determined to have exactly such another.)

'Think so ? I didn't observe,' said the miserable hypocrite by her side ; and when he had seen Rosa home, he went back, like an infamous fiend, to order something else which he had forgotten, he said, at Fubsby's. Get out of that Paradise, you cowardly, creeping, vile serpent, you !

Until the day of the dinner, the infatuated fop was *always* going to Fubsby's. *He was remarked there.* He used to go before he went to Chambers in the morning, and sometimes on his return from the Temple ; but the morning was the time which he preferred ; and one day, when he went on one of his eternal pretexts, and was chattering and flirting at the counter, a lady who had been reading yesterday's paper and eating a halfpenny bun for an hour in the back shop (if that paradise may be called a shop)—a lady stepped forward, laid down the *Morning Herald*, and confronted him.

That lady was Mrs. Gashleigh. From that day the miser-

able Fitzroy was in her power ; and she resumed a sway over his house, to shake off which had been the object of his life, and the result of many battles. And for a mere freak—for on going into Fubsby's a week afterwards he found the Peris drinking tea out of blue cups, and eating stale bread-and-butter, when his absurd passion instantly vanished)—I say, for a mere freak, the most intolerable burden of his life was put on his shoulders again—his mother-in-law.

On the day before the LITTLE DINNER took place—and I promise you we shall come to it in the very next chapter—a tall and elegant middle-aged gentleman, who might have passed for an earl, but that there was a slight incompleteness about his hands and feet, the former being uncommonly red, and the latter large and irregular, was introduced to Mrs. Timmins by the page, who announced him as Mr. Truncheon.

'I'm Truncheon, Ma'am,' he said, with a low bow.

'Indeed !' said Rosa.

'About the dinner, M'm, from Fubsby's, M'm. As you have no butler, M'm, I presume you will wish me to act as such. I shall bring two persons as haids to-morrow ; both answers to the name of John. I'd best, if you please, inspect the primisis, and will think you to allow your young man to show me the pantry and kitching.'

Truncheon spoke in a low voice, and with the deepest and most respectful melancholy. There is not much expression in his eyes, but from what there is, you would fancy that he was oppressed by a secret sorrow. Rosa trembled as she surveyed this gentleman's size, his splendid appearance, and gravity. 'I am sure,' she said, 'I never shall dare to ask him to hand a glass of water.' Even Mrs. Gashleigh, when she came on the morning of the actual dinner-party, to superintend matters, was cowed, and retreated from the kitchen before the calm majesty of Truncheon.

And yet that great man was, like all the truly great—affable.

He put aside his coat and waistcoat (both of evening cut, and looking prematurely splendid as he walked the streets in noonday), and did not disdain to rub the glasses and polish the decanters, and to show young Buttons the proper mode of preparing these articles for a dinner. And while he operated, the maids, and Buttons, and Cook, when she could—and what had she but the vegetables to boil ?—

crowded round him, and listened with wonder as he talked of the great families as he had lived with. That man, as they saw him there before them, had been cab-boy to Lord



Tantallan, Valet to the Earl of Bareacres, and Groom of the Chambers to the Duchess Dowager of Fitzbattleaxe. Oh, it was delightful to hear Mr. Truncheon !

CHAPTER VI



IN the great, momentous, stupendous day of the dinner, my beloved female reader may imagine that Fitzroy Timmins was sent about his business at an early hour in the morning, while the women began to make preparations to receive their guests. 'There will be no need of your going to Fubsby's,' Mrs. Gashleigh said to him, with a look that drove him out of doors. 'Everything that we require has been ordered *there*! You will please to be back here at six o'clock, and not

sooner: and I presume you will acquiesce in my arrangements about the *wine*.'

'Oh, yes, mamma,' said the prostrate son-in-law.

'In so large a party—a party beyond some folks' *means*—expensive *wines* are *absurd*. The light sherry at 26s., the champagne at 42s.; and you are not to go beyond 36s. for the claret and port after dinner. Mind, coffee will be served; and you come upstairs after two rounds of the claret.'

'Of course, of course,' acquiesced the wretch: and hurried out of the house to his Chambers, and to discharge the commissions with which the womankind had entrusted him.

As for Mrs. Gashleigh, you might have heard her bawling over the house the whole day long. That admirable woman was everywhere; in the kitchen, until the arrival of Truncheon, before whom she would not retreat without a battle; on the stairs; in Fitzroy's dressing-room; and in Fitzroy minor's nursery, to whom she gave a dose of her own composition, while the nurse was sent out on a pretext to make purchases of garnish for the dishes to be served for the Little Dinner. Garnish for the dishes! As if the folks at

Fubsby's could not garnish dishes better than Gashleigh, with her stupid old-world devices of laurel leaves, parsley, and cut turnips ! Why, there was not a dish served that day that was not covered over with skewers, on which truffles, crayfish, mushrooms, and forced-meat were impaled. When old Gashleigh went down with her barbarian bunches of holly and greens to stick about the meats, even the cook saw their incongruity, and, at Trunccheon's orders, flung the whole shrubbery into the dusthouse, where, while poking about the premises, you may be sure Mrs. G. saw it.

Every candle which was to be burned that night (including the tallow candle, which she said was a good-enough bed-light for Fitzroy) she stuck into the candlesticks with her own hands, giving her own high-shouldered plated candlesticks of the year 1798 the place of honour. She upset all poor Rosa's floral arrangements, turning the nosegays from one vase into the other without any pity, and was never tired of beating, and pushing, and patting, and *wapping* the curtain and sofa draperies into shape in the little drawing-room.

In Fitz's own apartments she revelled with peculiar pleasure. It has been described how she had sacked his study and pushed away his papers, some of which, including three cigars, and the commencement of an article for the *Law Magazine*, 'Lives of the Sheriffs' Officers,' he has never been able to find to this day. Mamma now went into the little room in the back regions, which is Fitz's dressing-room (and was destined to be a cloak-room), and here she rummaged to her heart's delight.

In an incredibly short space of time she examined all his outlying pockets, drawers, and letters ; she inspected his socks and handkerchiefs in the top drawers ; and on the dressing-table, his razors, shaving-strop, and hair-oil. She carried off his silver-topped scent-bottle out of his dressing-case, and a half-dozen of his favourite pills (which Fitz possesses in common with every well-regulated man), and probably administered them to her own family. His boots, glossy pumps, and slippers she pushed into the shower-bath, where the poor fellow stepped into them the next morning, in the midst of a pool in which they were lying. The baby was found sucking his boot-hooks the next day in the nursery ; and as for the bottle of varnish for his shoes (which he generally paints upon the trees himself, having a pretty

taste in that way), it could never be found to the present hour ; but it was remarked that the young Master Gashleighs, when they came home for the holidays, always wore lacquered highlows; and the reader may draw his conclusions from *that* fact.

In the course of the day all the servants gave Mrs. Timmins warning.

The cook said she coodn't abear it no longer, aving Mrs. G. always about her kitching, with her fingers in all the saucepans. Mrs. G. had got her the place, but she preferred one as Mrs. G. didn't get for her.

The nurse said she was come to nuss Master Fitzroy, and knew her duty ; his grandmamma wasn't his nuss, and was always aggrawating her.—Missus must shoot herself elsewhere.

The housemaid gave utterance to the same sentiments in language more violent.

Little Buttons bounced up to his mistress, said he was butler of the family, Mrs. G. was always poking about his pantry, and dam if he'd stand it.

At every moment Rosa grew more and more bewildered. The baby howled a great deal during the day. His large china christening-bowl was cracked by Mrs. Gashleigh altering the flowers in it, and pretending to be very cool, whilst her hands shook with rage.

' Pray go on, Mamma,' Rosa said, with tears in her eyes. ' Should you like to break the chandelier ? '

' Ungrateful, unnatural child ! ' bellowed the other ; ' only that I know you couldn't do without me, I'd leave the house this minute.'

' As you wish,' said Rosa ; but Mrs. G. *didn't* wish : and in this juncture Truncheon arrived.

That officer surveyed the dining-room, laid the cloth there with admirable precision and neatness ; ranged the plate on the sideboard with graceful accuracy, but objected to that old thing in the centre, as he called Mrs. Gashleigh's silver basket, as cumbrous and useless for the table, where they would want all the room they could get.

Order was not restored to the house, nor, indeed, any decent progress made, until this great man came : but where there was a revolt before, and a general disposition to strike work and to yell out defiance against Mrs. Gashleigh, who was sitting bewildered and furious in the drawing-room—

where there was before commotion, at the appearance of the master-spirit, all was peace and unanimity : the cook went back to her pans, the housemaid busied herself with the china and glass, cleaning some articles and breaking others, Buttons sprang up and down the stairs, obedient to the orders of his chief, and all things went well and in their season.

At six, the man with the wine came from Binney and Latham's. At a quarter-past six, Timmins himself arrived.

At half-past six, he might have been heard shouting out for his varnished boots—but we know where *those* had been hidden—and for his dressing things ; but Mrs. Gashleigh had put them away.

As in his vain inquiries for these articles he stood shouting, ' Nurse ! Buttons ! Rosa, my dear ! ' and the most fearful execrations up and down the stairs, Mr. Truncheon came out on him.

' I gscuse me, Sir,' says he, ' but it's impawsable. We can't dine twenty at that table—not if you set 'em out awinder, we can't.'

' What's to be done ? ' asked Fitzroy, in an agony ; ' they've all said they'd come.'

' Can't do it,' said the other ; ' with two top and bottom—and your table is as narrow as a bench—we can't hold more than heighteen, and then each person's helbows will be into his neighbour's cheer.'

' Rosa ! Mrs. Gashleigh ! ' cried out Timmins, ' come down and speak to this gentl—this—'

' Truncheon, Sir,' said the man.

The women descended from the drawing-room. ' Look and see, ladies,' he said, inducting them into the dining-room ; ' there's the room, there's the table laid for heighteen, and I defy you to squeeze in more.'

' One person in a party always fails,' said Mrs. Gashleigh, getting alarmed.

' That's nineteen,' Mr. Truncheon remarked : ' we must knock another hoff, mam ; ' and he looked her hard in the face.

Mrs. Gashleigh was very red and nervous, and paced, or rather squeezed round the table (it was as much as she could do)—the chairs could not be put any closer than they were. It was impossible, unless the *convive* sat as a centre-piece in the middle, to put another guest at that table.

'Look at that lady movin round, Sir. You see now the difficklty ; if my men wasn't thinner, they couldn't hoperate at all,' Mr. Truncheon observed, who seemed to have a spite to Mrs. Gashleigh.

'What is to be done ?' she said, with purple accents.

'My dearest mamma,' Rosa cried out, 'you must stop at home—how sorry I am !' And she shot one glance at Fitzroy, who shot another at the great Truncheon, who held down his eyes. 'We could manage with heighteen,' he said, mildly.

Mrs. Gashleigh gave a hideous laugh.

She went away. At eight o'clock she was pacing at the corner of the street, and actually saw the company arrive. First came the Topham Sawyers in their light-blue carriage, with the white hammer-cloth, and blue and white ribbons—their footmen drove the house down with the knocking.

Then followed the ponderous and snuff-coloured vehicle, with faded gilded wheels and brass Earl's coronets all over it, the conveyance of the House of Bungay. The Countess of Bungay and daughter stepped out of the carriage. The fourteenth Earl of Bungay couldn't come.

Sir Thomas and Lady Gulpin's fly made its appearance, from which issued the General with his star, and Lady Gulpin in yellow satin. The Rowdy's brougham followed next ; after which Mrs. Butt's handsome equipage drove up.

The two friends of the house, young gentlemen from the Temple, now arrived in cab No. 9,996. We tossed up, in fact, which should pay the fare.

Mr. Ranville Ranville walked, and was dusting his boots as the Templars drove up. Lord Castlenoddy came out of a twopenny omnibus. Funnyman, the wag, came last, whirling up rapidly in a hansom, just as Mrs. Gashleigh, with rage in her heart, was counting that two people had failed, and that there were only seventeen after all.

Mr. Truncheon passed our names to Mr. Billiter, who bawled them out on the stairs. Rosa was smiling in a pink dress, and looking as fresh as an angel, and received her company with that grace which has always characterized her.

The moment of THE DINNER arrived, old Lady Bungay scuffled off on the arm of Fitzroy, while the rear was brought up by Rosa and Lord Castlemouldy, of Ballyshanvanvoght Castle, Co. Tipperary. Some fellows who had the luck, took

down ladies to dinner. I was not sorry to be out of the way of Mrs. Rowdy, with her dandyfied airs, or of that high and mighty county princess, Mrs. Topham Sawyer.

CHAPTER VII



OF course it does not become the present writer, who has partaken of the best entertainment which his friends could supply, to make fun of their (somewhat ostentatious, as it must be confessed) hospitality. If they gave a dinner beyond their means, it is no business of mine. I hate a man who goes and eats a friend's meat, and then blabs the secrets of the mahogany. Such a man deserves never to be asked to dinner again; and, though at the close of a London season that seems no great loss, and you sicken of a whitebait as you

would of a whale—yet we must always remember that there's another season coming, and hold our tongues for the present.

As for describing, then, the mere victuals on Timmins's table, that would be absurd. Everybody—(I mean of the genteel world, of course, of which I make no doubt the reader is a polite ornament)—everybody has the same everything in London. You see the same coats, the same dinners, the same boiled fowls and mutton, the same cutlets, fish, and cucumbers, the same lumps of Wenham Lake ice, &c. The waiters, with white neckcloths, are as like each other everywhere as the peas which they hand round with the ducks of the second course. Can't any one invent anything new?

The only difference between Timmins's dinner and his neighbour's was, that he had hired, as we have said, the greater part of the plate, and that his cowardly conscience magnified faults and disasters of which no one else probably took heed.

But Rosa thought, from the supercilious air with which

Mrs. Topham Sawyer was eyeing the plate and other arrangements, that she was remarking the difference of the ciphers on the forks and spoons—which had, in fact, been borrowed from every one of Fitzroy's friends—I know, for instance, that he had my six, among others, and only returned five, along with a battered, old, black-pronged, plated abomination, which I have no doubt belongs to Mrs. Gashleigh, whom I hereby request to send back mine in exchange)—their guilty consciences, I say, made them fancy that every one was spying out their domestic deficiencies; whereas, it is probable that nobody present thought of their failings at all. People never do; they never see holes in their neighbours' coats—they are too indolent, simple, and charitable.

Some things, however, one could not help remarking; for instance, though Fitz is my closest friend, yet, could I avoid seeing and being amused by his perplexity and his dismal efforts to be facetious? His eye wandered all round the little room with quick uneasy glances, very different from those frank and jovial looks with which he is accustomed to welcome you to a leg of mutton; and Rosa, from the other end of the table, and over the flowers, *entrée* dishes, and wine-coolers, telegraphed him with signals of corresponding alarm. Poor devils! why did they ever go beyond that leg of mutton?

Funnyman was not brilliant in conversation, scarcely opening his mouth, except for the purposes of feasting. The fact is, our friend Tom Dawson was at table, who knew all his stories, and in his presence the great wag is always silent and uneasy.

Fitz has a very pretty wit of his own, and a good reputation on Circuit; but he is timid before great people. And indeed the presence of that awful Lady Bungay on his right hand was enough to damp him. She was in Court-mourning (for the late Prince of Schlippen-Schloppen). She had on a large black funereal turban and appurtenances, and a vast breastplate of twinkling, twiddling black bugles. No wonder a man could not be gay in talking to *her*.

Mrs. Rowdy and Mrs. Topham Sawyer love each other as women do who have the same receiving nights, and ask the same society; they were only separated by Ranville Ranville, who tries to be well with both: and they talked at each other across him.

Topham and Rowdy growled out a conversation about Rum, Ireland, and the Navigation Laws, quite unfit for print. Sawyer never speaks three words without mentioning the House and the Speaker.

The Irish Peer said nothing (which was a comfort); but he ate and drank of everything which came in his way; and cut his usual absurd figure in dyed whiskers and a yellow under-waistcoat.

General Gulpin sported his star, and looked fat and florid, but melancholy. His wife ordered away his dinner, just like honest Sancho's physician at Barataria.

Botherby's stories about Lamartine are as old as the hills, since the barricades of last month; and he could not get in a word or cut the slightest figure. And as for Tom Dawson, he was carrying on an undertoned small talk with Lady Barbara St. Mary's, so that there was not much conversation worth record going on *within* the dining-room.

Outside, it was different. Those houses in Lilliput Street are so uncommonly compact that you can hear everything which takes place all over the tenement; and so,

In the awful pauses of the banquet, and the hall-door being furthermore open, we had the benefit of hearing

The cook, and the occasional cook, below stairs, exchanging rapid phrases regarding the dinner;

The smash of the soup-tureen, and swift descent of the kitchenmaid and soup-ladle down the stairs to the lower regions. This accident created a laugh, and rather amused Fitzroy and the company, and caused Funnyman to say, bowing to Rosa, that she was mistress of herself, though China fall. But she did not heed him, for at that moment another noise commenced, namely, that of

The baby in the upper rooms, who commenced a series of piercing yells, which, though stopped by the sudden clapping to of the nursery-door, were only more dreadful to the mother when suppressed. She would have given a guinea to go upstairs and have done with the whole entertainment.

A thundering knock came at the door very early after the dessert, and the poor soul took a speedy opportunity of summoning the ladies to depart, though you may be sure it was only old Mrs. Gashleigh, who had come with her daughters—of course the first person to come. I saw her

red gown whisking up the stairs, which were covered with plates and dishes, over which she trampled.

Instead of having any quiet after the retreat of the ladies, the house was kept in a rattle, and the glasses jingled on the table, as the flymen and coachmen plied the knocker, and the *soirée* came in. From my place I could see everything; the guests as they arrived (I remarked very few carriages, mostly cabs and flies), and a little crowd of blackguard boys and children, who were formed round the door, and gave ironical cheers to the folks as they stepped out of their vehicles.

As for the evening party, if a crowd in the dog-days is pleasant, poor Mrs. Timmins certainly had a successful *soirée*. You could hardly move on the stair. Mrs. Sternhold broke in the bannisters and nearly fell through. There was such a noise and chatter you could not hear the singing of the Miss Gashleighs, which was no great loss. Lady Bungay could hardly get to her carriage, being entangled with Colonel Wedgewood in the passage. An absurd attempt was made to get up a dance of some kind, but before Mrs. Crowder had got round the room, the hanging-lamp in the dining-room below was stove in and fell with a crash on the table, now prepared for refreshment.

Why, in fact, did the Timminses give that party at all? It was quite beyond their means. They have offended a score of their old friends, and pleased none of their acquaintances. So angry were many who were not asked that poor Rosa says she must now give a couple more parties and take in those not previously invited. And I know for a fact that Fubsby's bill is not yet paid; nor Binney and Latham's, the wine-merchants; that the breakage and hire of glass and china cost ever so much money; that every true friend of Timmins has cried out against his absurd extravagance, and that now, when every one is going out of town, Fitz has hardly money to pay his Circuit, much more to take Rosa to a watering-place, as he wished and promised.

As for Mrs. Gashleigh, the only feasible plan of economy which she can suggest is that she should come and live with her daughter and son-in-law, and that they should keep house together. If he agrees to this, she has a little sum at the banker's, with which she would not mind easing his present difficulties; and the poor wretch is so utterly

bewildered and crestfallen that it is very likely he will become her victim.

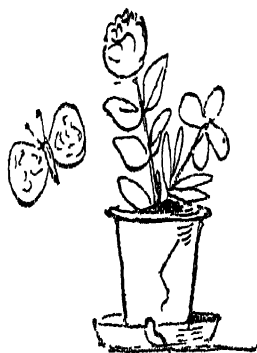
The Topham Sawyers, when they go down into the country, will represent Fitz as a ruined man and reckless prodigal; his uncle, the attorney, from whom he has expectations, will most likely withdraw his business, and adopt some other member of his family—Blanche Crowder for instance, whose husband, the doctor, has had high words with poor Fitzroy already, of course at the women's instigation—and all these accumulated miseries fall upon the unfortunate wretch because he was good natured, and his wife would have a Little Dinner.

SIMPLE MELODIES

(From a Sketch-book in the British Museum.)

SIMPLE MELODIES

with illustrations



CHOISY LE ROI.

PRINTED FOR EDWARD TURRE.

1892

8

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1

LITTLE MISS PERKINS

Little Miss Perkins
Much loved pickled Gerkins
And went to the cupboard and
 stole some
But they gave her such pain
She ne'er ate them again
She found them so shocking
 unwholesome.

2

SUKY JONES AND MARY GRIG

Dear Suky Jones
Though all skin and bones
Has a slim and an elegant figure
But Miss Mary Grig
Is as fat as a pig
And each day she grows bigger
 and bigger.

3

DICKY SNOOKS AND TOM SPRY

Good Dicky Snooks
Is fond of his books
And is loved by his Usher and
 Master
But naughty Tom Spry
Has got a black eye
And carries his nose in a plaster.

4

MISS MARY KNIGHT AND HER BROTHER

Miss Mary Knight
Has a small appetite
But Thomas her brother's a
 glutton
For breakfast he takes
Two pounds of beefsteaks
And for dinner a roast leg of
 mutton.

5

TOM KNIGHT

I tremble to write
The fate of Tom Knight
For here the poor fellow's in bed
 seen
And see how he takes
Instead of beefsteaks
All sorts of the nastiest med'cine.

6

NED TORRE

Little Ned Torre
Thinks of nothing but war
Of helmet of sword and of
 trumpet
And when he can come
In the way of a drum
Our Neddy does nothing but
 thump it.

1

LITTLE MISS PERKINS



Little Miss Perkins
Much loved fuddled Gerkins
And went to the Cup board & stole some
But they gave her such pain
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2

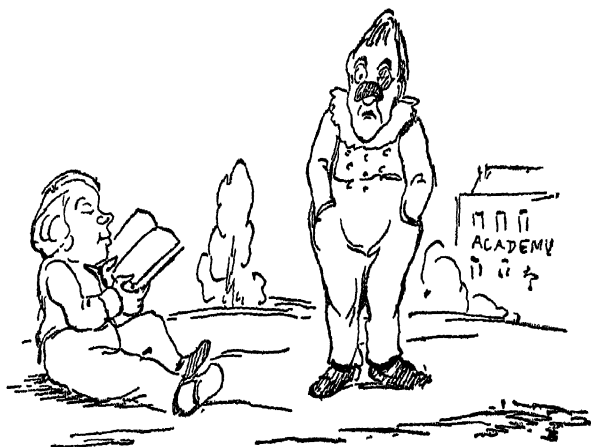
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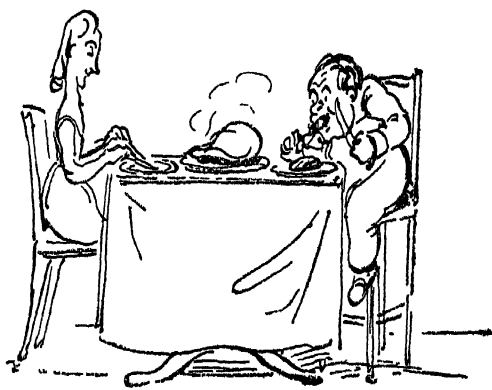
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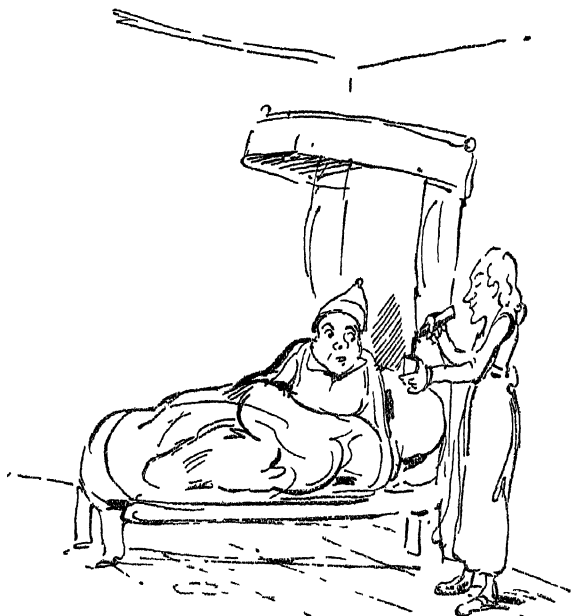
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In the way of a drum
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at war

■

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